Carl A. Rudisill Library
0 1976 0005698 4

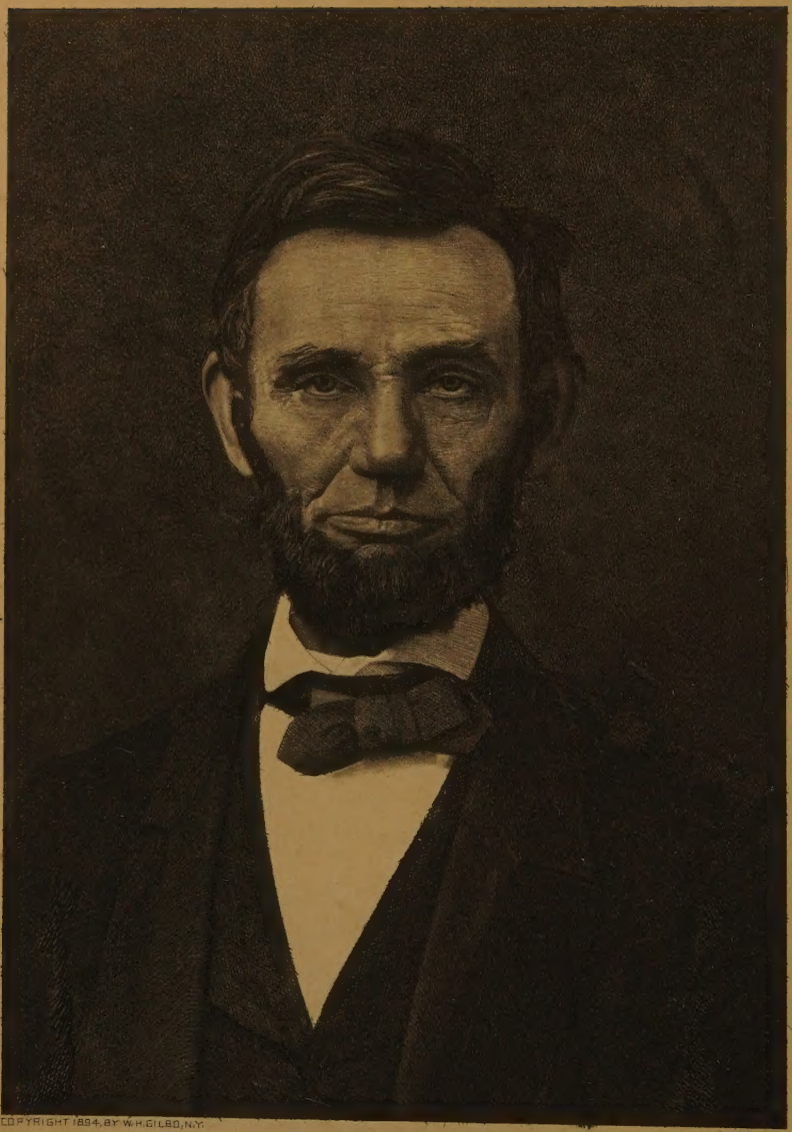
CARL A. RUDISILL LIBRARY
LENOIR RHYNE COLLEGE
HICKORY, N. C. 28601

PN
6121
.L6
1902
v 8

14863

DATE DUE

DISCARDED



COPYRIGHT 1894, BY W.H. GILBO, N.Y.

GILBO & CO.

THE LIBRARY OF ORATORY

Ancient and Modern

with CRITICAL STUDIES *of the* WORLD'S GREAT ORATORS *by* EMINENT ESSAYISTS

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, LL.D.

United States Senator from the State of New York

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

CAROLINE TICKNOR THOMAS CHARLES QUINN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Edition de Luxe

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME VIII.

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED BY

E. R. DU MONT

NEW YORK CHICAGO

CARL A. RUDISILL LIBRARY
LENOIR RHYNE COLLEGE
HICKORY, N. C. 28601

COPYRIGHT, 1902,
BY
J. C. TICHENOR

PN
6121
.L6
1902
V8
14863

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME VIII

	BORN.	PAGE.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	1809	1
Farewell Address		2
Cooper Institute Speech		2
Gettysburg Address		26
First Inaugural		27
Second Inaugural		38
ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP	1809	41
Eulogy on Edward Everett.		
HANNIBAL HAMLIN	1809	51
Speech on the Compromise Bill.		
CAVOUR	1810	62
Rome and Italy.		
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE	1810	70
Why Am I a Unitarian?		
JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL	1810	92
The Tariff and the Public Debt.		
THEODORE PARKER	1810	108
Sermon: The State of the Nation.		
CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY	1810	134
Address at Yale College.		
ROBERT TOOMBS	1810	143
On Secession; Secessionist Opinion.		

Lenoir Rhyne College
LIBRARY

	BORN.	PAGE.
JOHN BRIGHT	1811	156
The "Trent Affair."		
On Slavery in America		188
WENDELL PHILLIPS	1811	200
The Lost Arts.		
The Murder of Lovejoy		218
Eulogy on William Lloyd Garrison		228
AUGUST T. BLANCHE	1811	242
Address on the Dethronement of Gustavus IV.		
JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN	1811	245
On the Property Doctrine, or the Right of Property in Slaves.		
CHARLES SUMNER	1811	262
On the Crime against Kansas.		
On the True Grandeur of Nations		284
HORACE GREELEY	1811	315
On the Union of Workers.		
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY	1811	324
Lecture: Charity and Humor.		
MATTHEW SIMPSON	1811	344
Sermon on the Resurrection of Our Lord.		
ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS	1812	363
On the Evils of Secession.		
Corner-Stone Speech at Savannah		368
HENRY WILSON	1812	377
Speech on Bill to Confiscate the Property and Free the Slaves of Rebels.		
HENRY WARD BEECHER	1813	390
Effect of the Death of Lincoln.		
Oration at the Raising of "The Old Flag" at Fort Sumter		395

	BORN.	PAGE.
STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS	1813	420
First Lincoln and Douglas Debate.		
ALLEN GRANBERY THURMAN	1813	437
Address at the University of Virginia.		
ZACHARIAH CHANDLER	1813	447
Campaign Speech.		
HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWS	1814	454
Oration at Funeral of William Cullen Bryant.		
SAMUEL JONES TILDEN	1814	469
Address on Administrative Reform.		
EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN	1814	475
Eulogy on Horace Greeley.		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VIII

OPP. PAGE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . . *Frontispiece*

COUNT CAVOUR 62

ROBERT TOOMBS 143

JOHN BRIGHT 156

WENDELL PHILLIPS 200

CHARLES SUMNER 262

HORACE GREELEY 315

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS 420

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, sixteenth President of the United States, and intimately associated with the great struggle of the Civil War, was born in a humble cabin in Hardin Co., Ky., Feb. 12, 1809, and assassinated by John Wilkes Booth at Washington, D. C., April 14, 1865, dying on the following day. In 1816, his parents, who were both Virginians, crossed the Ohio from Kentucky into Indiana, settling on a small farm, where young Lincoln did much rough out-door work and had but a year's schooling. Two years later he lost his mother, Nancy Hanks, by death, and his father marrying again, the future President owed to his stepmother not a little in the formation of his character. What education he had was meanwhile picked up as chance and his studious habits enabled him to acquire in an early life of assiduous labor as "rail-splitter" and flatboatman. The family now removed to a farm in Illinois near Decatur, and Lincoln in the neighborhood made his first political speech, and after occupying himself in various ways settled at New Salem, Ill., where he was successively clerk in a drugstore, village postmaster, and surveyor. In 1832, he took part in the Black Hawk War, and in 1834 was elected Whig member to the Illinois State legislature, studied law, and in 1837 was admitted to the Bar. He then removed to Springfield, Ill., soon to become capital of the State, and there he pursued the profession of law, and in 1846 was elected to Congress. In 1858, in his own State, as Republican candidate for the United States Senate, he held a series of remarkable discussions with the Democratic nominee, Stephen A. Douglas, during which Lincoln delivered himself of his views on slavery, taking strong ground as an opponent of the vile traffic, and directing prominent attention to himself as a possible candidate for the Presidency. His election to that high office followed in November, 1860, at the Republican convention in Chicago, and he was inaugurated President in the following March. Immediately the secession movement in the Southern States occurred and civil war was precipitated. In his Inaugural he voiced the sentiment of the entire North by declaring the Union perpetual and all acts of secession void, while announcing the determination of the Federal government to maintain the integrity of the nation and its decision to uphold its authority. This was followed by placing the Southern ports under blockade, and in September, 1862, appeared the proclamation emancipating all slaves in any State which should be in rebellion to the Federal authority on Jan. 1, 1863. In March, 1865, Lincoln entered upon his second term of office, which was so soon to have its sad and calamitous ending. The patriot and martyr sleeps in the cemetery at Springfield, Ill., where a noble monument has been erected to his memory. Comparisons have sometimes been made between Lincoln and Washington to show the service rendered by each at a crisis in the history of the nation and bring out the fact that both statesmen, in their respective eras, were equal to the emergency of the time. Each was in the highest sense a providential man raised up for his era, and filled with those eminent qualities that enabled him to do the great work of the hour. What Washington accomplished was, first, the successful maintainance, despite the weak-

ness and want of unity and resources, and spirit of independence in the colonies; and, secondly, the wise administration, at its outset, of the Federal government, by which the nation was started in its great career. Lincoln's great work was to restore the dissevered Union, to guide the country safely through the tempestuous scenes of a terrible Civil war, and to rid the land of the blighting curse of slavery. See "Abraham Lincoln, a History," by Nicolay and Hay.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 11, 1861

MY FRIENDS,—No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

COOPER INSTITUTE SPEECH

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1860

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF NEW YORK,—The facts with which I shall deal this evening are mainly old and familiar; nor is there anything new in the general use I shall make of them. If there shall be any novelty it will be in the mode of pre-

senting the facts and the inferences and observations following that presentation.

In his speech last autumn at Columbus, Ohio, as reported in the New York "Times," Senator Douglas said:

"Our fathers, when they framed the government under which we live, understood this question just as well and even better than we do now."

I fully indorse this and I adopt it as a text for this discourse. I so adopt it because it furnishes a precise and an agreed starting point for a discussion between Republicans and that wing of the Democracy headed by Senator Douglas. It simply leaves the enquiry: "What was the understanding those fathers had of the question mentioned?"

What is the frame of government under which we live?

The answer must be: "The constitution of the United States." That constitution consists of the original, framed in 1787 (and under which the present government first went into operation), and twelve subsequently framed amendments, the first ten of which were framed in 1789.

Who were our fathers that framed the constitution? I suppose the "thirty-nine" who signed the original instrument may be fairly called our fathers who framed that part of the present government. It is almost exactly true to say they framed it, and it is altogether true to say they fairly represented the opinion and sentiment of the whole nation at that time.

Their names, being familiar to nearly all, and accessible to quite all, need not now be repeated.

I take these "thirty-nine" for the present as being our "fathers who framed the government under which we live."

What is the question which according to the text those fathers understood "just as well and even better than we do now?"

It is this: Does the proper division of local from Federal authority, or anything in the constitution, forbid our Federal government to control as to slavery in our Federal territories?

Upon this Senator Douglas holds the affirmative and Republicans the negative. This affirmation and denial form an issue, and this issue—this question—is precisely what the text declares our fathers understood "better than we."

Let us now enquire whether the "thirty-nine" or any of them acted upon this question; and if they did how they acted upon it—how they expressed that better understanding.

In 1789, by the first Congress which sat under the constitution, an act was passed to enforce the Ordinance of 1787, including the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory. The bill for this act was reported by one of the "thirty-nine," Thomas Fitzsimmons, then a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania. It went through all its stages without a word of opposition and finally passed both branches without yeas and nays, which is equivalent to a unanimous passage. In this Congress there were sixteen of the thirty-nine fathers who framed the original constitution. They were John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman, William S. Johnson, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsimmons, William Few, Abraham Baldwin, Rufus King, William Paterson, George Clymer, Richard Bassett, George Read, Pierce Butler, Daniel Carroll, James Madison.

This shows that in their understanding no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor anything in the constitution,

properly forbade Congress to prohibit slavery in the Federal territory; else both their fidelity to correct principles and their oath to support the constitution would have constrained them to oppose the prohibition.

Again: George Washington, another of the "thirty-nine," was then President of the United States and as such approved and signed the bill; thus completing its validity as a law and thus showing that in his understanding no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor anything in the constitution, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in Federal territory.

No great while after the adoption of the original constitution North Carolina ceded to the Federal government the country now constituting the State of Tennessee; and, a few years later, Georgia ceded that which now constitutes the States of Mississippi and Alabama. In both deeds of cession it was made a condition by the ceding States that the Federal government should not prohibit slavery in the ceded country. Besides this slavery was then actually in the ceded country. Under these circumstances Congress, on taking charge of these countries, did not absolutely prohibit slavery within them. But they did interfere with it—take control of it—even there, to a certain extent. In 1798 Congress organized the Territory of Mississippi. In the act of organization they prohibited the bringing of slaves into the Territory from any place without the United States by fine, and giving freedom to slaves so brought. This act passed both branches of Congress without yeas and nays. In that Congress were three of the "thirty-nine" who framed the original constitution. They were John Langdon, George Read, and Abraham Baldwin. They all probably voted for it. Certainly they would have placed their opposition to it upon record if in their

understanding any line dividing local from Federal authority or anything in the constitution properly forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in Federal territory.

In 1803 the Federal government purchased the Louisiana country. Our former territorial acquisitions came from certain of our own States; but this Louisiana country was acquired from a foreign nation. In 1804 Congress gave a territorial organization to that part of it which now constitutes the State of Louisiana. New Orleans, lying within that part, was an old and comparatively large city. There were other considerable towns and settlements, and slavery was extensively and thoroughly intermingled with the people. Congress did not, in the Terrritorial Act, prohibit slavery; but they did interfere with it—take control of it—in a more marked and extensive way than they did in the case of Mississippi. The substance of the provision therein made in relation to slaves was:

First. That no slave should be imported into the Territory from foreign parts.

Second. That no slave should be carried into it who had been imported into the United States since the first day of May, 1798.

Third. That no slave should be carried into it except by the owner and for his own use as a settler; the penalty in all the cases being a fine upon the violator of the law and freedom to the slave.

This act also was passed without yeas and nays. In the Congress which passed it there were two of the "thirty-nine." They were Abraham Baldwin and Jonathan Dayton. As stated in the case of Mississippi it is probable they both voted for it. They would not have allowed it to pass without recording their opposition to it if in their understanding it vio-

lated either the line properly dividing local from Federal authority or any provision of the constitution.

In 1819-20 came and passed the Missouri question. Many votes were taken, by yeas and nays, in both branches of Congress, upon the various phases of the general question. Two of the "thirty-nine"—Rufus King and Charles Pinckney—were members of that Congress. Mr. King steadily voted for slavery prohibition and against all compromises, while Mr. Pinckney as steadily voted against slavery prohibition and against all compromises. By this Mr. King showed that in his understanding no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor anything in the constitution, was violated by Congress prohibiting slavery in Federal territory; while Mr. Pinckney by his vote showed that in his understanding there was some sufficient reason for opposing such prohibition in that case.

The cases I have mentioned are the only acts of the "thirty-nine," or of any of them, upon the direct issue which I have been able to discover.

To enumerate the persons who thus acted, as being four in 1784, two in 1787, seventeen in 1789, three in 1798, two in 1804, and two in 1819-20, there would be thirty of them. But this would be counting John Langdon, Roger Sherman, William Few, Rufus King, and George Read each twice and Abraham Baldwin three times. The true number of those of the "thirty-nine" whom I have shown to have acted upon the question which by the text they understood better than we is twenty-three, leaving sixteen not shown to have acted upon it in any way.

Here, then, we have twenty-three out of our thirty-nine fathers "who framed the government under which we live," who have, upon their official responsibility and their corporal oaths, acted upon the very question which the text affirms

they "understood just as well and even better than we do now;" and twenty-one of them—a clear majority of the whole "thirty-nine"—so acting upon it as to make them guilty of gross political impropriety and wilful perjury if in their understanding any proper division between local and Federal authority or anything in the constitution they had made themselves and sworn to support, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. Thus the twenty-one acted; and, as actions speak louder than words, so actions, under such responsibility, speak still louder.

Two of the twenty-three voted against Congressional prohibition of slavery in the Federal Territories in the instances in which they acted upon the question. But for what reasons they so voted is not known. They may have done so because they thought a proper division of local from Federal authority or some provision or principle of the constitution stood in the way; or they may, without any such question, have voted against the prohibition on what appeared to them to be sufficient grounds of expediency. No one who has sworn to support the constitution can conscientiously vote for what he understands to be an unconstitutional measure, however expedient he may think it; but one may and ought to vote against a measure which he deems constitutional if at the same time he deems it inexpedient. It therefore would be unsafe to set down even the two who voted against the prohibition as having done so because in their understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority or anything in the constitution forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in Federal territory.

The remaining sixteen of the "thirty nine" so far as I have discovered have left no record of their understanding upon the direct question of Federal control of slavery in the

Federal Territories. But there is much reason to believe that their understanding upon that question would not have appeared different from that of their twenty-three compeers had it been manifested at all.

For the purpose of adhering rigidly to the text, I have purposely omitted whatever understanding may have been manifested by any person, however distinguished, other than the thirty-nine fathers who framed the original constitution; and for the same reason I have also omitted whatever understanding may have been manifested by any of the "thirty-nine" even on any other phase of the general question of slavery. If we should look into their acts and declarations on those other phases, as the foreign slave-trade and the morality and policy of slavery generally, it would appear to us that on the direct question of Federal control of slavery in Federal Territories the sixteen, if they had acted at all, would probably have acted just as the twenty-three did. Among that sixteen were several of the most noted anti-slavery men of those times,—as Dr. Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and Gouverneur Morris,—while there was not one now known to have been otherwise, unless it may be John Rutledge of South Carolina.

The sum of the whole is that, of our thirty-nine fathers who framed the original constitution, twenty-one—a clear majority of the whole—certainly understood that no proper division of local from Federal authority, nor any part of the constitution, forbade the Federal government to control slavery in the Federal Territories; whilst all the rest probably had the same understanding. Such unquestionably was the understanding of our fathers who framed the original constitution; and the text affirms that they understood the question "better than we."

But so far I have been considering the understanding of the question manifested by the framers of the original constitution. In and by the original instrument a mode was provided for amending it; and as I have already stated the present frame of "the government under which we live" consists of that original and twelve amendatory articles framed and adopted since. Those who now insist that Federal control of slavery in Federal Territories violates the constitution, point us to the provisions which they suppose it thus violates; and as I understand they all fix upon provisions in these amendatory articles and not in the original instrument. The Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case plant themselves upon the fifth amendment, which provides that no person shall be deprived of "life, liberty, or property without due process of law;" while Senator Douglas and his peculiar adherents plant themselves upon the tenth amendment, providing that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution" "are reserved to the States respectively or to the people."

Now it so happens that these amendments were framed by the first Congress which sat under the constitution—the identical Congress which passed the act already mentioned, enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory. Not only was it the same Congress but they were the identical same individual men who at the same session and at the same time within the session had under consideration and in progress toward maturity these constitutional amendments, and this act prohibiting slavery in all the territory the nation then owned. The constitutional amendments were introduced before and passed after the act enforcing the Ordinance of 1787; so that during the whole pendency of the act to enforce the ordinance the constitutional amendments were also pending.

The seventy-six members of that Congress, including sixteen of the framers of the original constitution, as before stated, were pre-eminently our fathers who framed that part of "the government under which we live" which is now claimed as forbidding the Federal government to control slavery in the Federal Territories.

Is it not a little presumptuous in any one at this day to affirm that the two things which that Congress deliberately framed and carried to maturity at the same time are absolutely inconsistent with each other? And does not such affirmation become impudently absurd when coupled with the other affirmation from the same mouth, that those who did the two things alleged to be inconsistent understood whether they really were inconsistent better than we—better than he who affirms that they are inconsistent?

It is surely safe to assume that the thirty-nine framers of the original constitution and the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the amendments thereto, taken together do certainly include those who may be fairly called "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." And, so assuming, I defy any man to show that any one of them ever in his whole life declared that, in his understanding, any proper division of local from Federal authority or any part of the constitution forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. I go a step further. I defy any one to show that any living man in the whole world ever did prior to the beginning of the present century (and I might almost say prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century) declare that, in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority or any part of the constitution forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories.

To those who now so declare I give not only "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed among whom to search, and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them.

Now and here let me guard a little against being misunderstood. I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience—to reject all progress, all improvement. What I do say is, that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case we should do so upon evidence so conclusive and argument so clear, that even their great authority fairly considered and weighed cannot stand; and most surely not in a case whereof we ourselves declare they understood the question better than we.

If any man at this day sincerely believes that proper division of local from Federal authority or any part of the constitution forbids the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories, he is right to say so and to enforce his position by all truthful evidence and fair argument which he can. But he has no right to mislead others who have less access to history and less leisure to study it into the false belief that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" were of the same opinion—thus substituting falsehood and deception for truthful evidence and fair argument. If any man at this day sincerely believes "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" used and applied principles in other cases which ought to have led them to understand that a proper division of local from Federal authority, or some part of the constitution, forbids the Federal government to control as to slavery in the

Federal Territories he is right to say so. But he should at the same time brave the responsibility of declaring that, in his opinion he understands their principles better than they did themselves; and especially should he not shirk that responsibility by asserting that they "understood the question just as well and even better than we do now."

But enough! "Let all who believe that 'our fathers who framed the government under which we live understood this question just as well and even better than we do now," speak as they spoke and act as they acted upon it. This is all Republicans ask—all Republicans desire—in relation to slavery. As those fathers marked it, so let it be again marked, as an evil not to be extended, but to be tolerated and protected only because of and so far as its actual presence among us makes that toleration and protection a necessity. Let all the guaranties those fathers gave it be not grudgingly, but fully and fairly maintained. For this Republicans contend and with this, so far as I know or believe, they will be content.

And now, if they would listen—as I suppose they will not—I would address a few words to the southern people.

I would say to them: You consider yourselves a reasonable and a just people; and I consider that in the general qualities of reason and justice you are not inferior to any other people. Still when you speak of us Republicans you do so only to denounce us as reptiles or at the best as no better than outlaws. You will grant a hearing to pirates or murderers, but nothing like it to "Black Republicans." In all your contentions with one another each of you deems an unconditional condemnation of "Black Republicanism" as the first thing to be attended to. Indeed such condemnation of us seems to be an indispensable prerequisite—license so to speak—among you to be admitted or permitted to speak at all.

Now can you or not be prevailed upon to pause and to consider whether this is quite just to us or even to yourselves? Bring forward your charges and specifications and then be patient long enough to hear us deny or justify.

You say we are sectional. We deny it. That makes an issue and the burden of proof is upon you. You produce your proof and what is it? Why that our party has no existence in your section—gets no votes in your section. The fact is substantially true; but does it prove the issue? If it does, then in case we should, without change of principle, begin to get votes in your section, we should thereby cease to be sectional. You cannot escape this conclusion; and yet are you willing to abide by it? If you are you will probably soon find that we have ceased to be sectional, for we shall get votes in your section this very year. You will then begin to discover, as the truth plainly is, that your proof does not touch the issue. The fact that we get no votes in your section is a fact of your making and not of ours. And if there be fault in that fact that fault is primarily yours and remains so until you show that we repel you by some wrong principle or practice. If we do repel you by any wrong principle or practice the fault is ours; but this brings you to where you ought to have started —to a discussion of the right or wrong of our principle. If our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section for the benefit of ours or for any other object, then our principle and we with it are sectional and are justly opposed and denounced as such. Meet us, then, on the question of whether our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section; and so meet us as if it were possible that something may be said on our side. Do you accept the challenge? No! Then you really believe that the principle which "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" thought so

clearly right as to adopt it and endorse it again and again upon their official oaths is in fact so clearly wrong as to demand your condemnation without a moment's consideration.

Some of you delight to flaunt in our faces the warning against sectional parties given by Washington in his Farewell Address. Less than eight years before Washington gave that warning he had, as President of the United States, approved and signed an act of Congress enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory, which act embodied the policy of the government upon that subject up to and at the very moment he penned that warning; and about one year after he penned it he wrote Lafayette that he considered that prohibition a wise measure, expressing in the same connection his hope that we should at some time have a confederacy of free States.

Bearing this in mind and seeing that sectionalism has since arisen upon this same subject, is that warning a weapon in your hands against us or in our hands against you? Could Washington himself speak, would he cast the blame of that sectionalism upon us, who sustain his policy, or upon you who repudiate it? We respect that warning of Washington and we commend it to you, together with his example pointing to the right application of it.

But you say you are conservative—eminently conservative—while we are revolutionary, destructive, or something of the sort. What is conservatism? Is it not adherence to the old and tried against a new and untried? We stick to, contend for, the identical old policy on the point in controversy which was adopted by "our fathers who framed the government under which we live;" while you with one accord reject and scout and spit upon that old policy and insist upon substituting something new. True, you disagree among yourselves as

to what that substitute shall be. You are divided on new propositions and plans, but you are unanimous in rejecting and denouncing the old policy of the fathers. Some of you are for reviving the foreign slave-trade; some for a Congressional Slave-Code for the Territories; some for Congress forbidding the Territories to prohibit slavery within their limits; some for maintaining slavery in the Territories through the judiciary; some for the "gur-reat pur-rinciple" that "if one man would enslave another, no third man should object," fantastically called "Popular Sovereignty;" but never a man among you in favor of Federal prohibition of slavery in Federal Territories, according to the practice of "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." Not one of all your various plans can show a precedent or an advocate in the century within which our government originated. Consider then whether your claim of conservatism for yourselves and your charge of destructiveness against us are based on the most clear and stable foundations.

Again: you say we have made the slavery question more prominent than it formerly was. We deny it. We admit that it is more prominent, but we deny that we made it so. It was not we, but you, who discarded the old policy of the fathers. We resisted and still resist your innovation; and thence comes the greater prominence of the question. Would you have that question reduced to its former proportions? Go back to that old policy. What has been will be again under the same conditions. If you would have the peace of the old times, readopt the precepts and policy of the old times.

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry! John Brown!! John Brown was no Republican; and you have

failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter you know it or you do not know it. If you do know it you are inexcusable for not designating the man and proving the fact. If you do not know it you are inexcusable for asserting it and especially for persisting in the assertion after you have tried and failed to make the proof. You need not be told that persisting in a charge which one does not know to be true is simply malicious slander.

Some of you admit that no Republican designedly aided or encouraged the Harper's Ferry affair; but still insist that our doctrines and declarations necessarily lead to such results. We do not believe it. We know we hold to no doctrine and make no declaration which were not held to and made by "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." You never dealt fairly by us in relation to this affair. When it occurred some important State elections were near at hand and you were in evident glee with the belief that by charging the blame upon us you could get an advantage of us in those elections. The elections came and your expectations were not quite fulfilled. Every Republican man knew that, as to himself at least, your charge was a slander and he was not much inclined by it to cast his vote in your favor. Republican doctrines and declarations are accompanied with a continued protest against any interference whatever with your slaves or with you about your slaves. Surely this does not encourage them to revolt. True we do, in common with "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," declare our belief that slavery is wrong; but the slaves do not hear us declare even this. For anything we say or do the slaves would scarcely know there is a Republican party. I believe they would not, in fact, generally know it but for your

misrepresentations of us in their hearing. In your political contests among yourselves each faction charges the other with sympathy with Black Republicanism; and then, to give point to the charge, defines Black Republicanism to simply be insurrections, blood, and thunder among the slaves.

Slave insurrections are no more common now than they were before the Republican party was organized. What induced the Southampton insurrection twenty-eight years ago, in which at least three times as many lives were lost as at Harper's Ferry? You can scarcely stretch your very elastic fancy to the conclusion that Southampton was "got up by Black Republicanism." In the present state of things in the United States I do not think a general or even a very extensive slave insurrection is possible. The indispensable concert of action cannot be attained. The slaves have no means of rapid communication; nor can incendiary freemen, black or white, supply it. The explosive materials are everywhere in parcels; but there neither are nor can be supplied the indispensable connecting trains.

Much is said by southern people about the affections of slaves for their masters and mistresses; and a part of it, at least, is true. A plot for an uprising could scarcely be devised and communicated to twenty individuals before some one of them, to save the life of a favorite master or mistress, would divulge it. This is the rule; and the slave revolution in Hayti was not an exception to it, but a case occurring under peculiar circumstances. The gunpowder plot of British history, though not connected with slaves, was more in point. In that case only about twenty were admitted to the secret; and yet one of them, in his anxiety to save a friend, betrayed the plot to that friend, and by consequence averted the calamity. Occasional poisonings from the kitchen, and open

or stealthy assassinations in the field, and local revolts, extending to a score or so, will continue to occur as the natural results of slavery; but no general insurrection of slaves, as I think, can happen in this country for a long time. Whoever much fears or much hopes for such an event will be alike disappointed.

In the language of Mr. Jefferson, uttered many years ago, "it is still in our power to direct the progress of emancipation and deportation peaceably, and in such slow degrees as that the evil will wear off insensibly; and their places be *pari passu*, filled up by free white laborers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up."

Mr. Jefferson did not mean to say, nor do I, that the power of emancipation is in the Federal government. He spoke of Virginia; and, as to the power of emancipation, I speak of the slave-holding States only. The Federal government however as we insist has the power of restraining the extension of the institution—the power to ensure that a slave insurrection shall never occur on any American soil which is now free from slavery.

John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts related in history at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon and John

Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry were, in their philosophy, precisely the same. The eagerness to cast blame on old England in the one case and on New England in the other does not disprove the sameness of the two things.

And how much would it avail you if you could, by the use of John Brown, Helper's Book, and the like break up the Republican organization? Human action can be modified to some extent but human nature cannot be changed. There is a judgment and a feeling against slavery in this nation which cast at least a million and a half of votes. You cannot destroy that judgment and feeling—that sentiment—by breaking up the political organization which rallies around it. You can scarcely scatter and disperse an army which has been formed into order in the face of your heaviest fire; but if you could, how much would you gain by forcing the sentiment which created it out of the peaceful channel of the ballot-box into some other channel? What would that other channel probably be? Would the number of John Browns be lessened or enlarged by the operation?

But you will break up the Union rather than submit to a denial of your constitutional rights.

That has a somewhat reckless sound; but it would be palliated, if not fully justified, were we proposing, by the mere force of numbers, to deprive you of some right plainly written down in the constitution. But we are proposing no such thing.

When you make these declarations you have a specific and well-understood allusion to an assumed constitutional right of yours to take slaves into the Federal Territories and to hold them there as property. But no such right is specifically written in the constitution. That instrument is literally silent about any such right. We on the contrary

deny that such a right has any existence in the constitution even by implication.

Your purpose, then, plainly stated, is that you will destroy the government unless you be allowed to construe and enforce the constitution as you please on all points in dispute between you and us. You will rule or ruin in all events.

This, plainly stated, is your language. Perhaps you will say the Supreme Court has decided the disputed constitutional question in your favor. Not quite so. But, waiving the lawyer's distinction between dictum and decision, the court have decided the question for you in a sort of way. The court have substantially said it is your constitutional right to take slaves into the Federal Territories and to hold them there as property. When I say the decision was made in a sort of way, I mean it was made in a divided court by a bare majority of the judges, and they not quite agreeing with one another in the reasons for making it; that it is so made as that its avowed supporters disagree with one another about its meaning, and that it was mainly based upon a mistaken statement of fact—the statement in the opinion that "the right of property in a slave is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the constitution."

An inspection of the constitution will show that the right of property in a slave is not "distinctly and expressly affirmed" in it. Bear in mind, the judges do not pledge their judicial opinion that such right is impliedly affirmed in the constitution; but they pledge their veracity that it is "distinctly and expressly" affirmed there—"distinctly," that is, not mingled with anything else; "expressly," that is, in words meaning just that, without the aid of any inference, and susceptible of no other meaning.

If they had only pledged their judicial opinion that such

right is affirmed in the instrument by implication it would be open to others to show that neither the word "slave" nor "slavery" is to be found in the constitution, nor the word "property," even, in any connection with language alluding to the things slave or slavery; and that wherever in that instrument the slave is alluded to he is called a "person;" and wherever his master's legal right in relation to him is alluded to it is spoken of as "service or labor which may be due,"—as a debt payable in service or labor. Also, it would be open to show by contemporaneous history that this mode of alluding to slaves and slavery, instead of speaking of them, was employed on purpose to exclude from the constitution the idea that there could be property in man.

To show all this is easy and certain.

When this obvious mistake of the judges shall be brought to their notice, is it not reasonable to expect that they will withdraw the mistaken statement and reconsider the conclusion based upon it?

And then it is to be remembered that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live"—the men who made the constitution—decided this same constitutional question in our favor long ago: decided it without division among themselves when making the decision; without division among themselves about the meaning of it after it was made, and so far as any evidence is left without basing it upon any mistaken statement of facts.

Under all these circumstances do you really feel yourselves justified to break up this government, unless such a court decision as yours is shall be at once submitted to as a conclusive and final rule of political action? But you will not abide the election of a Republican president! In that supposed event you say you will destroy the Union; and

then, you say, the great crime of having destroyed it will be upon us! That is cool. A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear and mutters through his teeth, "Stand and deliver or I shall kill you, and then you will be a murderer!"

To be sure, what the robber demanded of me—my money—was my own; and I had a clear right to keep it. But it was no more my own than my vote is my own; and the threat of death to me to extort my money, and the threat of destruction to the Union to extort my vote, can scarcely be distinguished in principle.

A few words now to Republicans. It is exceedingly desirable that all parts of this great confederacy shall be at peace and in harmony one with another. Let us Republicans do our part to have it so. Even though much provoked, let us do nothing through passion and ill-temper. Even though the southern people will not so much as listen to us, let us calmly consider their demands and yield to them if in our deliberate view of our duty we possibly can. Judging by all they say and do and by the subject and nature of their controversy with us, let us determine if we can what will satisfy them.

Will they be satisfied if the Territories be unconditionally surrendered to them? We know they will not. In all their present complaints against us the Territories are scarcely mentioned. Invasions and insurrections are the rage now. Will it satisfy them if in the future we have nothing to do with invasions and insurrections? We know it will not. We so know because we know we never had anything to do with invasions and insurrections; and yet this total abstaining does not exempt us from the charge and the denunciation.

The question recurs, What will satisfy them? Simply this: We must not only let them alone but we must somehow convince them that we do let them alone. This we know by ex-

perience is no easy task. We have been so trying to convince them from the very beginning of our organization but with no success. In all our platforms and speeches we have constantly protested our purpose to let them alone; but this has had no tendency to convince them. Alike unavailing to convince them is the fact that they have never detected a man of us in any attempt to disturb them.

These natural and apparently adequate means all failing, what will convince them? This, and this only: cease to call slavery wrong and join them in calling it right. And this must be done thoroughly—done in acts as well as in words. Silence will not be tolerated: we must place ourselves avowedly with them. Senator Douglas's new sedition law must be enacted and enforced, suppressing all declarations that slavery is wrong, whether made in politics, in presses, in pulpits, or in private. We must arrest and return their fugitive slaves with greedy pleasure. We must pull down our free-State constitutions. The whole atmosphere must be disinfected from all taint of opposition to slavery before they will cease to believe that all their troubles proceed from us.

I am quite aware they do not state their case precisely in this way. Most of them would probably say to us, "Let us alone, do nothing to us, and say what you please about slavery." But we do let them alone—have never disturbed them; so that after all it is what we say which dissatisfies them. They will continue to accuse us of doing until we cease saying.

I am also aware they have not as yet in terms demanded the overthrow of our free-State constitutions. Yet those constitutions declare the wrong of slavery with more solemn emphasis than do all other sayings against it; and when all these other sayings shall have been silenced the overthrow

of these constitutions will be demanded, and nothing be left to resist the demand. It is nothing to the contrary that they do not demand the whole of this just now. Demanding what they do, and for the reason they do, they can voluntarily stop nowhere short of this consummation. Holding as they do that slavery is morally right and socially elevating, they cannot cease to demand a full national recognition of it as a legal right and a social blessing.

Nor can we justifiably withhold this on any ground save our conviction that slavery is wrong. If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality—its universality; if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension—its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant, if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong, is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. Thinking it right as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition as being right; but thinking it wrong as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with their view and against our own? In view of our moral, social, and political responsibilities, can we do this?

Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we while our votes will prevent it allow it to spread into the national Territories and to overrun us here in these free States? If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so indus-

triously plied and belabored—contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man; such as a policy of "don't care" on a question about which all true men do care; such as Union appeals beseeching true Union men to yield to disunionists, reversing the divine rule and calling, not the sinners, but the righteous to repentance; such as invocations to Washington, imploring men to unsay what Washington said and undo what Washington did.

Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government or of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

AT GETTYSBURG

NOVEMBER 19, 1863

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor

long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

MARCH 4, 1861

Fellow Citizens of the United States:

IN COMPLIANCE with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist, among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There never has been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most

ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"*Resolved,* That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its judgment exclusively, is essential to the balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States, when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is

as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause, "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or State authority, but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him, or to others, by what authority it is done. And should any one, in any case, be content that his oath should go unkept, on a mere unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well, at the same time, to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause of the Constitution which guarantees

that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States"?

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservation, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period, fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the Executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national government, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was "to form a more perfect union."

But if destruction of the Union, by one, or by a part only, of the States, be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows, from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be

faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or, in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego, for the time, the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised, according to circumstances actu-

ally existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the certain ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from —will you risk the omission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union, if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to

every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by National or State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other. If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which, in turn, will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union, as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects

it, does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism, in some form, is all that is left. . . .

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. It is impossible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before. Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always, and when after much loss on both sides and no gain on either you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. . . . I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, in

cluding that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision now to be implied constitutional law, I have no objections to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose, but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor. Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people. By the frame of the government under which we live, the same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliber-

ately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in this dispute there is still no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL

MARCH 4, 1865

Fellow Countrymen:

AT THIS second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it with war —seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but local-

ized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the Territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's

two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP, American statesman and orator, and a descendant of Governor John Winthrop, was born at Boston, Mass., May 12, 1809, and died there Nov. 16, 1894. After graduating from Harvard University he studied law with Daniel Webster, and in 1831 was admitted to the Bar. For several years he was a member and speaker of the Massachusetts State legislature, and from 1841 to 1850, with a brief intermission, represented his State in Congress, and was speaker of the House during the years 1847–49. When Webster became Secretary of State, in 1850, Winthrop was appointed to fill his unexpired term in the Senate. In 1851, he was Whig candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated and thereafter declined all political nominations. In Congress, he proved himself to be an able and effective speaker, but he will be longest remembered by his historical addresses, which are as eloquent as they are scholarly, and display his culture as well as his learning. Among the best of his many orations are those on the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument, in 1848, and on the dedication of the monument in 1885. Admirable also are his eulogy on Edward Everett, here given; his oration at the Boston Centennial, 1876; and that, in 1881, at the Yorktown Centennial. His published writings comprise "Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions" (1853–67); "Memoir of Nathan Appleton" (1861); "Life and Letters of John Winthrop" (1867); "Washington, Bowdoin, and Franklin" (1876); and "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel" (1894). He also contributed to the "North American Review," and was for many years president of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

EULOGY OF EDWARD EVERETT

DELIVERED IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, JANUARY 19, 1865

I HARDLY know, fellow citizens and friends, I hardly know either how to speak or how to be silent here to-day. I dare not trust myself to any off-hand, impulsive utterance on such a theme. And yet I cannot but feel how poor and how inadequate to the occasion is the best preparation which I am capable of making. I am sincerely and deeply sensible how unfitted I am by emotions which I should in vain attempt to restrain for meeting the expectations and the demands of such an hour or for doing justice to an event which has hardly left a heart unmoved or an eye unmoistened in our whole community. Most gladly would I

still be permitted to remain a listener only and to indulge a silent but heartfelt sorrow for the loss of so illustrious a fellow citizen and so dear a friend.

I have so often been privileged to follow him on these public occasions of every sort that I almost feel at a loss how to proceed without the encouragement of his friendly countenance and the inspiration of his matchless tones. I seem to myself to be still waiting for his ever welcome, ever brilliant lead. I find it all but impossible to realize the fact that we are assembled here in Faneuil Hall at a meeting at which whatever is most eloquent, whatever is most impressive, whatever is most felicitous and most finished, ought justly to be heard, and that Edward Everett is not here with us to say the first, the best, the all-sufficient word. I feel myself impelled to exclaim—and you will all unite with me in the exclamation,

> "Oh, for the sound of a voice that is hushed,
> And the touch of a vanished hand."

Certainly, my friends, I can find no other words to begin with than those which he himself employed when rising to speak in this hall on the death of that great statesman whose birthday, by a strange but touching coincidence, we are so sadly commemorating to-day by this public tribute to his life-long friend and chosen biographer. "There is but one voice," said Mr. Everett of Daniel Webster, and certainly I may repeat it of himself to-day, "There is but one voice that ever fell upon my ear which could do justice to such an occasion. That voice, alas, we shall hear no more forever."

Yes, fellow citizens, as a celebrated Roman historian said of the consummate orator of his own land and age, that to praise him worthily required the eloquence of Cicero himself, so we cannot fail to feel that full justice to the career

and character of our American Cicero could only be rendered by the best effort of his own unequalled powers. It is hardly an exaggeration to say of him that he has left behind him no one sufficient to pronounce his eulogy as it should be pronounced; no one who can do for him all that he has done for so many others who have gone before him.

But, indeed, my friends, the event which has called us together has occurred too suddenly, too unexpectedly, for any of us to be quite prepared either for attempting or for hearing any formal account of our departed friend's career or any cold analysis of his public or private character. There must be time for us to recover from the first shock of so overwhelming a loss before his eulogy can be fitly undertaken or calmly listened to. His honored remains are still awaiting those funeral rites in which our whole community will so eagerly and so feelingly unite to-morrow. The very air we are breathing at this moment is still vocal and vibrating with his last public appeal. It seems but an instant since he was with us on this platform pleading the cause of humanity and Christian benevolence in as noble strains as ever fell from human lips. And no one, I think, who had the privilege of hearing that appeal can fail to remember a passage which did not find its way into any of the printed reports, but which made a deep impression on my own heart as I stood on yonder floor a delighted listener to one whom I could never hear too often. It was the passage in which in terms quite unusual for him, and which seemed as if the shadow of coming events were passing over his mind, he spoke of himself as "an old man who had nothing but his lips left for contributing to the public good." Nothing but his lips left! Ah, my friends, what lips those were! If ever since the days of the infant Plato, of whom the story is told, if ever since that

age of cunning fable and of deep philosophy with which he was so familiar, the Attic bees have lighted upon any human lips and left their persuasive honey there without a particle of their sting, it must have been on those of our lamented friend. What lips they were! And what have they not accomplished since they were first opened in mature, articulate speech? What worthy topic have they not illustrated? What good and noble cause have they not advocated and adorned? On what occasion of honor to the living or to the dead—at what commemoration of the glorious past—in what exigency of the momentous present—have those lips ever been mute? From what call of duty or of friendship, of charity or of patriotism, have they ever been withheld?

Turn to those three noble volumes of his works and follow him in that splendid series of orations which they contain—from the earliest at Cambridge, in which he pronounced that thrilling welcome to Lafayette a little more than forty years ago, down to that on the 4th of July, 1858, which he concluded by saying that in the course of nature he should go to his grave before long and he wished no other epitaph to be placed upon it than this: "Through evil report and through good report he loved his whole country." Follow him, I say, in his whole career as unfolded in those noble volumes—the best manual of American eloquence—and then take up the record of those other orations and addresses which are still to be included in his collected works, the record of the last few years as it is impressed upon the minds and hearts of every patriot in our land—with all its grand appeals for Mount Vernon and the memory of Washington, for the sufferers of East Tennessee, for the preservation of the Union, for the defence of the country against rebellion and treason, for the support of the national administration agree-

ably to his own honest convictions of duty. Follow him, I say again, along the radiant pathway of that whole career, illuminated as it is from his earliest manhood to the last week of his life by the sparkling productions of his own genius, and then tell me, you who can, what cause of education or literature, what cause of art or industry, what cause of science or history, what cause of religion or charity, what cause of philanthropy or patriotism, has not been a debtor —a debtor beyond the power of payment—and now, alas! beyond the power of acknowledgment—to his voice or to his pen! Who has ever more fairly won the title of "the golden-mouthed," since the sainted Chrysostom of old, than he who by the music of his voice and the magic of his tongue has so often coined his thoughts into eagles and turned his words into ingots, at one moment for the redemption of the consecrated home and grave of the Father of his Country and at another for the relief of an oppressed and suffering people?

And who, my friends, as he reviews this marvellous career can fail to remember how singularly applicable to him, in view of his earliest as well as of his later callings, are those words in which the immortal dramatist has described the curious felicity and facility of speech, and the extraordinary versatility of powers, of one of the great princes and sovereigns of England:

> "Hear him but reason in divinity,
> And, all admiring, with an inward wish,
> You would desire the king were made a prelate;
> Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
> You'd say, it hath been all-in-all his study;
> List his discourse of war, and you shall hear,
> A fearful battle rendered you in music;
> Turn him to any cause of policy,
> The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
> Familiar as his garter; that when he speaks,
> The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
> To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

It is hardly too much to say of him that he established a new standard of American eloquence, that he was the founder of a new school of occasional oratory, of which he was at once the acknowledged master and the best pupil and in which we were all proud to sit at his feet as disciples. Would that we had been better scholars! Would that, now that he has been snatched so suddenly from our sight, and as we follow him to the skies with our parting acclamations of admiration and affection we could feel that there were some shoulders not wholly unworthy to wear, not altogether incapable of sustaining, his falling mantle!

I need not dwell for a moment, my friends, upon the details of his official life. We all remember his earlier and his later relations to the university to which he was so ardently attached and which has ever counted him among its proudest ornaments. We all remember how long and how faithfully he served the State and the nation in their highest departments at home and abroad. But public office was not necessary to his fame, and he never held his title to consideration at the precarious tenure of public favor or popular suffrage. Office gave no distinction to the man; but the man gave a new distinction and a new dignity to every office which he held. Everywhere he was the consummate scholar, the brilliant orator, the Christian gentleman—greater even as a private citizen than in the highest station to which he ever was, or ever could have been called.

I need not dwell for a moment, either, my friends, upon the purity and beauty of his daily life, upon his devotion to his family, his fidelity to his friends, his integrity as a man, his untiring willingness and eagerness to do kind and obliging things for all who, reasonably or unreasonably, asked them at his hands, at any cost of time or trouble to himself.

I can never fail, certainly, to remember his countless acts of kindness to myself during a friendship of thirty years. I do not forget that at least once in my life I have differed from him on important questions, and that recently; but I can honestly say that there was no living man from whom I differed with a deeper regret, or with a greater distrust of my own judgment. Nor can I fail to remember with inexpressible joy at this hour that within a week, I had almost said within a day, after that difference was avowed and acted upon, he reciprocated most kindly and most cordially an assurance that our old relations of friendship and affection should suffer no estrangement or interruption and that we would never distrust each other's sincerity or each other's mutual regard. "I am not afraid [he wrote me] that we shall give each other cause of offence and we will not let others put us at variance."

Fellow citizens, I knew not how to commence these imperfect and desultory remarks and I know not how to close them. There is, I am sensible, much to console us in our bereavement, severe and sudden as it is. We may well rejoice and be grateful to God that our illustrious and beloved friend was the subject of no lingering illness or infirmity, that he was permitted to die while in the full possession of his powers, while at the very zenith of his fame, and while he had a hold on the hearts of his countrymen such as even he had never before enjoyed. We may well rejoice, too, that his voice was last heard in advocating a measure of signal humanity which appealed to every heart throughout the land, and that he lived to see of the fruit of his lips and to be satisfied. I hold in my hand one of his last notes—written on Thursday evening to our munificent and excellent fellow citizen, Mr. William Gray, and which, in his own neces-

sary and regretted absence, he has kindly permitted me to read:

"Summer St., Jan. 12, 1865.

"My Dear Mr. Gray:—I am greatly obliged to you for sending me word of the success of the Savannah subscription. What a large-hearted, open-handed place we live in! It is on these occasions that I break the tenth commandment and covet the wealth of you millionaires. I have been in bed almost ever since Monday, having narrowly escaped an attack of pneumonia. I had been in the court house all the morning, and had to return to it for three hours in the afternoon to attend to a harassing arbitration case, and left Faneuil Hall with my extremities ice and my lungs on fire. But in such a cause one is willing to suffer.

"Ever sincerely yours,
"EDWARD EVERETT."

This little note, my friends, in his own unmistakable and inimitable hand written within two days of his death shows clearly what thoughts were uppermost in that noble heart before it so suddenly ceased to beat. In such a cause he was willing to suffer. In such a cause he was not unwilling to die.

But whatever consolation may be found in the circumstances of his death, or in the occupation of his last years or months or days, we cannot still but feel that no heavier public calamity could at this moment if at any moment have befallen our community. We cannot but feel that not Boston only, not Massachusetts only, not New England only, but our whole country is called to deplore the loss of its most accomplished scholar, its most brilliant orator, its most valuable citizen. More and more as the days and the years roll on will that loss be perceived and felt by all who have known, admired, and loved him. The public proceedings of this day, the sad ceremonials to-morrow, will find their place on the page of history. All the customary tributes of respect and gratitude to our lamented friend will at no distant day be completed. We shall hang his portrait on these hallowed walls in fit companionship with the patriot forms which already adorn them.

We shall place a statue of him in due time, I trust, on yonder terrace, not far from that of his illustrious and ever honored friend. But neither portrait nor statue, nor funeral pomp nor public eulogy will have done for his memory what he has done for it himself. The name and the fame of Edward Everett will in no way more surely be perpetuated than by the want which will be experienced, by the aching void which will be felt on all our occasions of commemoration, on all our days of jubilee, on every literary anniversary, at every festive board, in every appeal for education, for charity, for country, in every hour of peril, in every hour of triumph, from the loss of that ever-ready, ever-welcome voice, which has so long been accustomed to say the best, the most appropriate, the most effective word, in the best, the most appropriate, the most effective manner. For nearly half a century no public occasion has ever seemed complete without his presence. By a thousand conspicuous acts of public service, by a thousand nameless labors of love for young and old, for rich and poor, for friends and for strangers, he has rendered himself necessary—so far as any one human being ever can be necessary—to the welfare and the honor of the community in which he lived. I can find no words for the oppression I feel in common I am sure, with all who hear me, at the idea that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more. As I looked on his lifeless form a few hours only after his spirit had returned to God who gave it—as I saw those lips which we had so often hung upon with rapture, motionless and sealed in death—and as I reflected that all those marvellous acquisitions and gifts, that matchless memory, that exquisite diction, that exhaustless illustration, that infinite variety which no age could wither and no custom stale—that all, all, were henceforth lost to us forever, I could only recall the touching lines which I remem-

bered to have seen applied to the sudden death not many years ago of a kindred spirit of old England—one of her greatest statesmen, one of his most valued friends:—

> "Could not the grave forget thee and lay low
> Some less majestic, less beloved head?
> Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee
> And Freedom's heart grow heavy at thy loss!"

HANNIBAL HAMLIN

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, an American statesman, was born at Paris, Me., Aug. 27, 1809, and died at Bangor, Me., July 4, 1891. In early youth he learned the printer's trade, then studied law, and was admitted to the Maine Bar in 1833. He practiced his profession at Hampden, Penobscot Co., Me., until 1848, but had meanwhile served in the State legislature, and been Democratic representative in Congress during the years 1842–46. From 1848 to 1851, and for a further period on to 1857, he sat in the United States Senate, but resigned in the latter year to accept the governorship of Maine, to which office he had been elected as a Republican. A month later, having again and for a full period been chosen senator, he resigned the governorship and returned to the Senate. In 1861, he became Vice-president of the United States, having been elected on the Republican ticket with Abraham Lincoln the previous year, and he presided over the Senate during his entire term as Vice-president. He was collector of the port of Boston, 1865–66, and Minister to Spain, 1881–83. Hamlin was originally a Democrat, but being opposed to the extension of slavery he separated from his political allies, and in a speech in the Senate, June 12, 1856, detailed his reasons for his change of party. During his term of office as Vice-president the most cordial relations existed between him and President Lincoln. In both Congress and Senate, he warmly espoused the anti-slavery cause.

SPEECH ON THE COMPROMISE BILL

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, JULY 22, 1848

I AM admonished, Mr. President, by the whisperings within these walls that we are to be pressed to a decision of this great question at the present sitting. If therefore I would offer any suggestions which will control my vote and command my action, I must embrace the present as the only opportunity.

The question which we are now called upon to decide is of momentous importance. Yet from its decision I have no disposition to shrink. It is indeed startling that in the middle of the nineteenth century—in this model republic, with the sun of liberty shining upon us, and while the governments

of Europe are tottering to their base from the lights reflected from our own, and while they are striking down the shackles of tyranny over the minds of men—we have been gravely discussing the proposition whether we will not create by law the institution of human slavery in Territories now free.

Such in direct terms has been the question which we have had before us; such is the issue in fact now. Sophistry cannot evade it—metaphysics cannot escape it. If there have been those who have heretofore believed a discussion of this matter premature, all, or nearly all, have declared a willingness to meet the issue when it should be practically presented.

That crisis is now upon us, and as men faithfully representing the constituencies who have sent us here, we must meet it. I had hoped—nay, I had believed—that there were those common grounds of concession, union, and harmony, dictated by a lofty patriotism, upon which all would meet and by which we would settle this vexed question. Of all things, I have been desirous that we might be able to arrive at such a decision of this matter as would quiet the public mind and be just to all the people of all the States.

The character of the debate connected directly with this subject within the last few weeks must necessarily associate itself with the question immediately before us for our decision. This bill sprang from that discussion. They are one and the same. That was a bill for the establishment of a government for the Territory of Oregon. This includes also the Territories of California and New Mexico. As there is no connection in these matters I had hoped to have seen each bill presented by itself—to stand upon its own merits, or fall upon its demerits. The Senate has decided that they shall not be separated and we must meet it as it is presented.

I will state the reasons why I am compelled to withhold from it my vote.

We have acquired the Territories over which this bill extends. They are embraced within the Union and it now becomes our duty to legislate for them. It is proper and just that we should extend over them the laws of our country and adopt such other legislation as the case shall demand. It is a solemn and responsible trust committed to our hands.

We are about to shape and mold the character of these Territories which in time shall become a mighty empire. Their destiny is in our hands; the responsibility is upon us. Whether that country shall present all the elements of a free government in which man is elevated as an intellectual and moral being, or whether the despotism of slavery shall imprint its soil, are matters depending entirely upon us. Let wisdom guide us in the path of duty and let not the light of the past be lost upon us in our action. We must act; it now presents a point from which no man can shrink. The issue cannot be avoided; and let no one imagine that an intelligent public can doubt as to the character of that issue. No matter in what form presented it will be clearly understood.

True, the bill, like the proposition discussed by the Senate, does not profess to establish slavery by law. It leaves it to extend itself by the "silent operation" of the law without restriction. It does not guarantee it; but will it not permit it? And after it has found an existence will it not demand a guarantee? Thus, without inhibition, will it not become certain and fixed by the process of time? Is it too much that freedom of the soil shall be asked and demanded from this aggressive march of slavery?

I solemnly believe that this bill will allow of the extension

of slavery as certainly as if it created it in express words. The bill, as I understand it, concedes practically all that the ultra doctrines of the South demand, or will in its operations end in that. Let us, then, erect a barrier to this tide of moral evil.

With such a bill as this, I cannot hesitate to give the aid of my voice and my vote to arrest it. To know and understand the views of those who sustain it will enable us to judge of its merits. The public mind will be startled through all the North; it will thrill through all the country like an electric shock, that the acquisition of territory from a foreign power necessarily subjects it to the institution of slavery—that the flag of this Union carries that institution with it wherever it floats.

This is a new principle in the doctrines of slavery propagandism. It is not the doctrine of the founders of the republic. Democracy has been called progressive, but my word for it, she goes along in the old-fashioned stage-coach style, while this doctrine of slavery propagandism has mounted the railroad cars, if it has not assumed the speed of electricity.

I repeat, that it will startle the North when it is known that it is gravely discussed here that the constitution of the United States, whenever it extends over territory which we may acquire, carries with it and establishes the institution; that it in fact abrogates the laws of the free and gives instead the power of servitude.

This is a doctrine of a later day. It is not the doctrine that accords with the sterling patriotism of the founders of our republic. Far from it! While such are the views of aggressive slavery which are promulgated here, it makes our path of duty as clear as sunlight. We must prevent this tide, by positive law, from spreading over our free soil. This ex-

traordinary demand of this power leaves us but one course to pursue. We shall be faithless to ourselves—faithless to those we represent—faithless to our country, the age in which we live, and the principles of Christianity, if we falter. We have but to press on; and if, from any or various influences which shall be brought to bear against us, we shall not suceed, or shall suffer a partial defeat, yet—

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> While Error, wounded, writhes in pain
> And dies amid its worshippers."

While I do not admit the force or justice of these demands so pertinaciously insisted upon, yet they must be met or they will be certain to prevail. In my judgment these doctrines are not deduced from the constitution, but are in derogation of its letter and spirit; that instrument is in all its terms and in all its scope an anti-slavery instrument. It was conceived, it was enacted, it was approved by the States of this Union, not in the spirit of extension or creation of slavery, but in a spirit which looked to the future emancipation of the slave in this country. It looked not to the extension of the institution but to the time when this anomaly in our system of government should cease to exist.

I do not propose to follow gentlemen who have discussed this point at length nor do I propose to detain the Senate with the views and opinions which I entertain and which I have drawn from the constitution and which have brought my mind to a different conclusion.

It is necessary, however, that I state briefly my views; that I state the points without attempting to elaborate them. I deny, then, utterly and entirely this new doctrine which has been presented to us, that the constitution of the United States contains within its provisions a power to extend and

establish over territory now free the institution of slavery. If I understand the argument upon which it is based, it is simply this: that these Territories are the property of the people of the United States; that as such they are open to settlement by all the people of the United States; and that as the constitution recognized the institution of slavery at its adoption, it therefore authorizes the institution in those Territories which belong to the United States and in which the people of the United States may wish to reside with their slaves. The constitution does recognize slavery as existing, but it does not create or establish it.

Article I, section 2, says:

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within the Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons including those bound to service for a term of years and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other persons."

This, surely, is not establishing slavery by the constitution; it makes slaves a basis of representation and taxation. That is all. But in another place the constitution declares, Article IV, section 2:

"No person held to service or labor in one State by the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

From these extracts it would seem to be perfectly clear that the constitution does not create or establish; it only recognizes a class of persons held to service in the States by "the laws thereof," not by virtue of the constitution. That

clause when fairly construed is only an inhibition upon the free States, that they shall not pass laws to prevent the owners of slaves from reclaiming them. The argument that slavery is recognized by the constitution is used as equivalent to establishing. The laws of the State support and maintain it, not the constitution. It is a State institution, resting on the local law of the State, without the aid, without the support, without the maintenance of the constitution in any way whatever.

Yet in the face of all this it is contended and attempted to be proved by metaphysical reasoning that the constitution extends beyond the States in which slavery is established; that it carries it into free Territories and guarantees it there. Can this be so? and if so, where will the power end? If the institution is one which has its foundation in the constitution and not one resting upon laws of the States, where is the limit to its extension? What is the next step in the application of the argument? After you have overrun your Territories what power can prevent the slave-holder from coming into the free State with his slaves?

If his right is a constitutional one; if he rests his claim there and is correct, a State law could not affect him, because it would be in conflict with the constitution. I cannot see how this conclusion can be avoided. If the premises are correct that result must follow.

But I neither admit the premises nor the conclusion. The constitution gives no right, it creates no right; it merely recognizes a right which is created by the laws of the State. That it is a local institution there can be no doubt. The courts of nearly all the States have so decided. Authorities to any extent could be cited; they are familiar to all. The moment a slave goes beyond the limits of the State where

slavery exists he becomes free. It must therefore look alone to local laws for its support.

I hold that the constitution, in and of itself, by its express language authorizes Congress to inhibit this institution in our Territories. I hold that the article in the constitution which gives to Congress the power to make all needful rules and regulations respecting its Territories, includes full and absolute authority over this whole matter. What is the language of this clause of the constitution?

"Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States."

What is this grant of power?

1. Congress may dispose of its public domain.

2. It may make "all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States."

To dispose of is to give, grant, or convey the public lands; but to make all needful rules and regulations implies and carries with it full and ample power of legislation in all cases where the constitution does not otherwise prohibit. There can be no doubt as to the meaning of the terms "rules and regulations." The constitution itself interprets them. A law is defined to be "a rule of action prescribed by the supreme power in the State." The constitution gives Congress power to "regulate commerce"—to make "rules concerning captures"—"to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

It also provides that persons escaping from one State into another shall not be discharged from service in "consequence of any law or regulation therein." In this case both terms are used—"all needful rules and regulations"—to give the widest scope to the power. But it is said that the

concluding words in the clause quoted—" or other property " —limit and confine our legislation over the territory to the same as property.

Grant that our Territories are denominated as property, whether inhabited or not, does not the same power exist to pass all needful rules and regulations for its settlement and its final admission into the Union as a State? The power is clearly within the scope and meaning of that clause.

The history of the manner in which that clause became a part of the constitution would settle the question if there could be a reasonable doubt. In the articles of confederation by which the States were united before the constitution was formed no such power was found. This grant of power was therefore made in the forming of the constitution for the purpose of giving Congress the power. The doings of the convention and the declarations of Mr. Madison are clear upon this point.

But, aside from this view of the case we have the uninterrupted use of the power by the general government for about sixty years. Hardly a Congress has existed which has not acted upon this power, from 1787 to this time. This power has been exercised by Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Van Buren. The Supreme Court of the United States has settled this question. Congress has already exercised the power and that power has been declared valid by the Supreme Court. In 1 Peters' Rep., 543, Chief Justice Marshall says:

" Whatever may be the source whence this power is derived the possession of it is unquestionable."

In 5th Peters' Rep., 44, again the court says:

" Rules and regulations respecting the Territories of the United States necessarily include complete jurisdiction."

Again the power is contained in the bill upon which we are acting. It continues the laws of Oregon in force for three months after the meeting of the legislature. It provides, in the Territories of California and New Mexico, that the legislative power shall not pass any laws on the subject of religion or slavery. Here we use the power in its broadest sense. We inhibit the use or exercise of any power on either of said subjects, and some others.

Could there be any doubt still remaining, and if we had no grant of power in the constitution at all there would yet be another source from which we must gather it. If the constitution was silent, as it is not, yet under that power which we can acquire we could most certainly govern. It matters little where you find the power to acquire; if you do acquire you must have the power to govern. The first is the major, the second is the minor proposition. It would not be good sense to contend that we have a power to acquire public domain and yet could not pass needful rules and regulations for its government. The case, when stated, is its own best argument. The sovereignty to acquire must contain the lesser power to govern.

These are briefly the reasons which force conviction upon my mind. Casuists have been known to deny their own existence and satisfactorily to prove it to their own minds. That may be a plausible and a practical doctrine when contrasted with the one that we have no power to govern our Territories. It is "too late" at the noon of the nineteenth century to deny that right or for us to avoid the duty of acting.

Having the power to act, what is the responsible duty which I feel imposed upon me? (for I speak for none other). It is that I should exert all the power which the constitution

gives to exclude the institution of slavery from our Territories now free, because it is a social, moral, and political evil. That such is its character needs no argument to prove. They are conceded facts—supported by the declarations and admonitions of the best and wisest men of the South—

"In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

I would resist that introduction of that institution in justice to a superior race of men—men who are capable of a higher state of social and political refinement. I would institute such governments as are best calculated to advance the true interests of our own Caucasian race and not degrade the dignity of labor by fastening upon it the incubus of slavery. I would resist it because I would not invoke or use the name of Democracy to strike down, as with the iron mace of a despot, the principles of social equality and freedom. I would not profane the sacred name of freedom while using it to impose a tyranny upon the minds or persons of men. Jefferson has said that "God has no attribute which can take sides with us in such a cause." The eloquent Pinckney has declared, "That the earth itself, which teems with profusion under the cultivating hand of the free-born laborer, shrinks into barrenness from the contaminating sweat of the slave."

Sir, my course is a plain one and clear from all doubt. Our position is unquestionable. We stand in defence of free soil and resist aggressive slavery. And we demand enactments for the protection of free soil against this aggression. We will not disturb that institution but we will stand in defence of the freedom of our soil as right in principle and beneficial to free white labor in all parts of our common country.

COUNT CAVOUR

CAMILLO BENSO, COUNT DI CAVOUR, great Italian statesman, "the regenerator of Italy," was born at Turin, Aug. 10, 1810, and died there, June 6, 1861. In 1826, after an education at a military academy, he obtained a commission in the Engineers, which, however, in 1831, he resigned. During the next sixteen years he devoted himself to the promotion of his country's material interests, particularly in agriculture. He introduced great improvements on the estates of his family, and in 1841 was one of the founders of the Agricultural Society of Piedmont. He was also public-spirited in the erection of manufactories and in the furtherance of railways. Toward the close of 1847, Cavour, with some friends, founded at Turin a newspaper to be the organ of their moderate liberal opinions, and sat in the legislative chamber as one of the members for the capital. From 1850 to 1852 he was an active member of D'Azeglio's administration, and from the last-named year until his death, Cavour was, save for a short interval, Prime Minister and virtual ruler of Sardinia. It was he who brought about the alliance of Italy with the Western powers against Russia, and thereby secured her admission to the Congress subsequently held at Paris. In the autumn of 1858, at Plombières, he concerted with the French Emperor the programme of the war against Austria, which took place in 1859. Disappointed as he was with the peace of Villafranca, he nevertheless managed to avoid a collision with France or Austria, while giving time for public opinion in Central and Southern Italy to declare itself for a united Italy under Victor Emmanuel. Scarcely, however, had he seen the dream of his youth fulfilled, than he died, after a few days' illness. Cavour may not have been eloquent, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but if the force of words is to be measured by their effect upon the will and conduct of men, he was one of the most powerful speakers and patriotic of statesmen that ever lived. Few statesmen, it has been said of him, have left behind them a more stainless name.

ROME AND ITALY

ROME should be the capital of Italy. There can be no solution of the Roman question without the acceptance of this premise by Italy and by all Europe. If any one could conceive of a united Italy with any degree of stability, and without Rome for its capital, I would declare the Roman question difficult, if not im-

possible, of solution. And why have we the right, the duty of insisting that Rome shall be united to Italy? Because without Rome as the capital of Italy, Italy cannot exist.

This truth being felt instinctively by all Italians, being asserted abroad by all who judge Italian affairs impartially, needs no demonstration, but is upheld by the judgment of the nation.

And yet, gentlemen, this truth is susceptible of a very simple proof. Italy has still much to do before it will rest upon a staple basis; much to do in solving the grave problems raised by her unification; much to do in overcoming all the obstacles which time-honored traditions oppose to this great undertaking. And if this end must be compassed, it is essential that there be no cause of dissidence, of failure. Until the question of the capital of Italy is determined, there will be endless discords among the different provinces.

It is easy to understand how persons of good faith, cultured and talented, are now suggesting, some on historical, some on artistic grounds, and also for many other reasons, the advisability of establishing the capital in some other city of Italy. Such a discussion is quite comprehensible now, but if Italy already had her capital in Rome, do you think this question would be even possible? Assuredly not. Even those who are now opposed to transferring the capital to Rome, if it were once established there, would not dream of removing it. Therefore, it is only by proclaiming Rome the capital of Italy that we can put an end to these dissensions among ourselves.

I am grieved that men of eminence, men of genius, men who have rendered glorious service to the cause of Italian

unity, should drag this question into the field of debate, and there discuss it with (dare I say it) puerile arguments. The question of the capital, gentlemen, is not determined by climate, by topography, nor even by strategical considerations. If these things affected the selection, I think I may safely say that London would not be the capital of England, nor, perhaps, Paris of France. The selection of the capital is determined by great moral reasons. It is the will of the people that decides this question touching them so closely.

In Rome, gentlemen, are united all the circumstances, whether historic, intellectual, or moral, that should determine the site of the capital of a great state. Rome is the only city with traditions not purely local. The entire history of Rome from the time of Cæsar to the present day is the history of a city whose importance reaches far beyond her confines; of a city destined to be one of the capitals of the world. Convinced, profoundly convinced, of this truth, I feel constrained to declare it solemnly to you and to the nation, and I feel bound to appeal in this matter to the patriotism of every citizen of Italy, and to the representatives of her most eminent cities that discussions may cease, and that he who represents the nation before other powers may be able to proclaim that the necessity of having Rome as the capital is recognized by all the nation. I think I am justified in making this appeal even to those who, for reasons which I respect, differ with me on this point. Yet more; I can assume no Spartan indifference in the matter. I say frankly that it will be a deep grief to me to tell my native city that she must renounce resolutely and definitively all hope of being the seat of government.

Yes, gentlemen, as far as I am personally concerned, it is no pleasure to go to Rome. Having little artistic taste, I feel sure that in the midst of the splendid monuments of ancient and modern Rome I will lament the plain and unpoetic streets of my native town. But one thing I can say with confidence; knowing the character of my fellow-citizens; knowing from actual facts how ready they have always been to make the greatest sacrifices for the sacred cause of Italy; knowing their willingness to make sacrifices when their city was invaded by the enemy and their promptness and energy in its defence; knowing all this, I have no fear that they will not uphold me when, in their name and as their deputy, I say that Turin is ready to make this great sacrifice in the interests of united Italy.

I am comforted by the hope—I may even say the certainty—that when Italy shall have established the seat of government in the Eternal City, she will not be ungrateful to this land which was the cradle of liberty; to this land in which was sown that germ of independence which, maturing rapidly and branching out, has now reached forth its tendrils from Sicily to the Alps.

I have said and I repeat: Rome, and Rome only, should be the capital of Italy.

But here begin the difficulties of the problem. We must go to Rome, but there are two conditions: we must go there in concert with France, otherwise the union of Rome with the rest of Italy will be interpreted by the great mass of Catholics, within Italy and without, as the signal of the slavery of the Church. We must go, therefore, to Rome in such a way that the true independence of the Pontiff will not be diminished. We must go to Rome, but the civil power must not extend to spiritual

things. These are the two conditions that must be fulfilled if this united Italy is to exist.

As to the first, it would be folly, in the present condition of affairs in Europe, to think of going to Rome in the face of the opposition of France. Yet more: even if, through events which I believe improbable and impossible, France were reduced to a condition which forbade material interference with our actions, we should none the less avoid uniting Rome to the rest of Italy, if, by so doing, we caused loss to our allies.

We have contracted a great debt toward France. I do not claim that the narrow moral code which affects individual actions should be applied *ad literam* to international relations. Still there are certain moral principles which even nations may not violate with impunity.

I know that many diplomats profess contrary views. I remember hearing a famous Austrian statesman applauded a few years ago when he laughingly declared that in a short time Austria would astound Europe by her ingratitude to Russia. As a matter of fact, Austria kept her word; you already know, and if you do not, I can testify to the fact, that at the Congress of Paris no power showed more hostility to Russia nor tried harder to aggravate the conditions of peace than Austria, whose sword had done nothing toward imposing peace upon her old ally. But, gentlemen, the violation of that great moral principle did not go unpunished. After a few years Russia had her revenge, and we should be glad of it, for I do not hesitate to attribute to the unforgotten ingratitude of Austria the facility with which friendly relations were established between Russia and ourselves, relations now unfortunately interrupted, but, I hope, without changing the

feelings of Russia for Italy, and without any alteration of the sympathy for us which has always dwelt in the bosom of the Czar.

Gentlemen, we have an even graver motive for co-operating with France. When, in 1859, we invoked French aid, when the emperor consented to descend into Italy at the head of his legions, he made no secret of his pledges to the court of Rome. We accepted his aid without protest against those pledges. Now, after reaping such advantages from that alliance, we can protest against the pledges only to a certain point. But then, you will object, the solution of the Roman question is impossible!

I answer: if the second of our conditions is fulfilled, the first will offer few obstacles. That is, if we can so act that the reunion of Rome to Italy does not cause alarm to Catholic society. By Catholic society I mean the great mass of people who profess religious belief from conviction and not for political ends, and who are free from vulgar prejudices. If, I say, we can persuade the great mass of Catholics that the uniting of Rome to Italy can be accomplished without sacrificing the liberty of the Church, the problem will, I think, be solved.

We must not deceive ourselves; there are many who, while not prejudiced against Italy nor against liberal ideas, yet fear that if Rome were united to Italy, the seat of Italian government established there and the king seated in the Quirinal, the Pontiff would lose both dignity and independence; they fear that the Pope, instead of being the head of Catholicism, would be reduced to the rank of grand almoner or head chaplain.

If these fears were well founded, if the fall of the temporal power would really have this consequence, I

would not hesitate to say that the union of Rome to the Italian State would be fatal not only to Catholicism but to the existence of Italy itself. Yet, further, I can imagine no greater misfortune for a cultured people than to see in the hands of its rulers not only the civil but also the religious power.

The history of centuries proves to us that wherever this union was consummated, civilization immediately ceased to advance and, therefore, necessarily began to retrograde; the most detestable of despotisms followed, and this, whether a caste of priests usurped the temporal power or a caliph or sultan seized control of things spiritual. Everywhere this fatal union has produced the same result; God forbid that it should ever be so here! . . .

When these doctrines have received the solemn sanction of the national Parliament, when it will be no longer lawful to doubt the feelings of Italians, when it is clear to the world that they are not hostile to the religion of their fathers, but wish to preserve this religion in their country, when it is no longer necessary to show them how to prosper and to develop their resources by combating a power which was an obstacle, not only to the reorganization of Italy, but also to the spread of Catholicity, I believe that the greater part of Catholic society will absolve the Italians and will place where it belongs the responsibility of the fatal struggle which the Pope insists upon waging against the country in whose midst he lives.

But God avert this fatal chance! At the risk of being considered Utopian, I believe that when the proclamation of the principles which I have just declared, and when the indorsement of them that you will give are known and considered at Rome and in the Vatican, I believe, I say, that

those Italian fibres which the reactionary party has, as yet, been unable to remove from the heart of Pius IX. will again vibrate, and there will be accomplished the greatest act that any people have yet performed. And so it will be given to the same generation to have restored a nation, and to have done what is yet greater, yet more sublime, an act of which the influence is incalculable, that is, to have reconciled the papacy with the civil power, to have made peace between Church and State, between the spirit of religion and the great principles of liberty. Yes, I hope that it will be given us to compass these two great acts which will most assuredly carry to the most distant posterity the worthiness of the present generation of Italians.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, an eminent American Unitarian clergyman and author, was born at Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810, and died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 8, 1888. Educated at Harvard University and at Cambridge Divinity School, he became pastor of a Unitarian church at Louisville, Ky., from 1833 to 1840. In 1841, he established at Boston the Church of the Disciples, where he officiated until his death. A conservative Unitarian, he was, however, a man of broad sympathies, and although differing widely in doctrinal matters from Theodore Parker, he exchanged pulpits with him on one occasion, because, as he said, he "could not sit still and see an honest man tabooed for his opinions." He took interest in politics from a high ethical standpoint, and never hesitated to express his personal convictions, whether they were likely to be popular or not. He took an active interest in the philanthropic reforms of his time, both local and national, and as a writer exercised a wide and beneficent influence. His published works include "Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness" (1852); "Christian Doctrine of Prayer" (1854); "Orthodoxy, its Truths and Errors" (1866); "Ten Great Religions," his best-known work (1871–81); "Exotics," a collection of fine verse translations (1876); and "Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion" (1878.)

WHY AM I A UNITARIAN?

"But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers."—Acts xxiv, 14.

WHY am I a Unitarian? Why are we Unitarians? Is it because we like to stand apart from the rest of the Christian Church? Is it because there is any special pleasure or satisfaction in being known as heretics? Is it because we would not enjoy as others enjoy being in the sympathy and in the brotherhood of the whole Christian Church? By no means. We should all like that. We are not Unitarians and do not call ourselves Unitarians, because there is any special pleasure in standing thus alone and apart from our brethren whom we respect and honor, though they differ from us.

Why then did the early Unitarians in this country; why did he who first professed himself avowedly a Unitarian in this city and in this country, Dr. Freeman; why did William Ellery Channing and Henry Ware; the late revered and beloved James Walker of Cambridge, and Francis William Pitt Greenwood, that pure apostolic soul,—why did these come out from the rest of the Christian Church and stand apart? It was because they thought that it was necessary to bear witness to some truths which they believed had been neglected or forgotten, and they were willing to encounter any possible obloquy or opposition in the defence of what seemed to them to be important truth. And now I propose to show you why some of us still believe the same, and think that the time for this protest against many of the popular doctrines of the Christian Church is not over.

Perhaps some present may say, "What do you mean when you speak of a Unitarian? Unitarians have no creed, and therefore they have no common belief at all. There is nothing which can be represented as Unitarian belief, since there is among them no fixed or avowed creed." It is very true that for reasons which I shall presently state we have not any formal creed or Confession of Faith; but it does not by any means follow from this that we have no common belief. There may be a common belief when there is no definite, precise, or formal statement of it. Take a great party for instance like the Democratic party or the Republican party; they have no Thirty-nine Articles, they have no Confession of Faith; nevertheless they have a belief. There are certain great ideas which unite them together and which make their faith.

Suppose that you should go into one of our universities and should find there certain professors calling themselves

geologists, teachers of geology; or of chemistry; or of astronomy; and you should say to them, "Where are your Thirty-nine Articles of astronomy? Where is your Confession of Faith of chemistry?" and they should reply, "We have nothing of the sort."

"Why then you cannot have any common belief; the astronomers in one university probably teach an entirely different doctrine from the astronomers in another; and so do the chemists and geologists."

"No," they would answer, "we have a common belief which is determined by certain convictions which we all share, certain knowledge which we all possess; and though we may differ in details from each other you will find that the professors of astronomy in Oxford in England and Cambridge in the United States and in the University of Paris, teach essentially the same thing, though they have not formulated their doctrines into any creed."

You can express the union of men in a common faith in two ways just as you can express the union of a flock of sheep in two ways. You can put a flock of sheep into a fold and build a fence around it, and that will distinguish it from any other flock. You will say, "The flock that I refer to is in that fold." Or else you may say, "The flock of sheep which I refer to is the flock which has such a man for its shepherd."

If you are travelling over the hills of Syria you may see two great flocks of sheep coming from different directions, and meeting each other and passing each other; each with its shepherd at the head, each following its common shepherd, and never confounding themselves together, although they have no fence around them to separate them.

And so parties in the Church and parties in the State can

have a fence put around them, and you call it a creed; or they can be inwardly animated by the same great ideas which lead them as the shepherd leads his flock; and because they love these ideas they are sufficiently identified in their faith.

We believe that there is a mischief in these fences which men set up and call creeds or articles, and therefore we refuse to submit to them or to accept them. The tendency of the creed we think is to prevent progress, because it defines beforehand the limits of opinion and tells men, before they begin to inquire, what results they are to arrive at, and so prevents progress; as Lord Bacon long ago said, that "system, because it has a show of completeness, doth arrest men as if they were already at the farthest."

And another difficulty about the creed is that it tends to hypocrisy. Far be it from me to say that those great denominations which have creeds are hypocrites. They are as honest no doubt as we are. Nevertheless the tendency of the creed is that way. It is a remark which I have found in one of those charming volumes of Mrs. Stowe, in which she put so many of the experiences of her early life, when she was in the habit of sitting a quiet little girl and noticing the conversation of the friends of her father, the Orthodox clergymen who came to see him,—it is one of her remarks that "it is a custom of theologians to assume that theology is a progressive science, and at the same time to maintain that we must hold exactly the same things which were held a hundred years ago."

Now it is very true that you will find creeds which do not represent the present opinions of those who profess to hold the creeds. It would be very hard I think to-day to find in the Presbyterian Church of the United States many clergymen who would teach the doctrine that infants dying in

infancy were lost; and yet what does the creed say in respect to that? It says, "Elect infants shall be saved;" and it does not give us the least hope or promise that all children dying in infancy are elect any more than they would all be elect were they to grow up and die then.

And yet though the creed certainly shows as far as it shows anything that the Presbyterian Church believes in the damnation of a large proportion of infants, its members would be shocked and horrified if we were to accuse them of that. And it was not a great while ago in a convocation of the Church of England,—which church ordains and commands that every one of its thirty thousand ministers shall four times a year read in the open church the creed of St. Athanasius, which ends by stating that all who do not believe its metaphysical distinctions shall without doubt perish everlastingly,—that in that convocation of the Church of England a bishop arose and declared without a single voice dissenting that there was not a man in the whole body who believed that affirmation in the creed.

Well the tendency of all this is certainly toward hypocrisy; toward professing to believe what we do not believe. And for these two reasons, because creeds tend to prevent progress of thought, and because they tend toward making men profess what they have ceased to believe and have passed by we reject them.

I am speaking to-night for myself; and yet I believe in speaking for myself I am speaking for many more. In saying why I am a Unitarian, I do not profess to say that others who are not Unitarians may not believe a great many things that I do, and believe them more fully than I do. But in giving my views to-night on this subject I give this as one reason for my belief: that

the views commonly held by Unitarians can all be stated in the simple, distinct language of the New Testament, while few of the opinions which we reject can be so stated.

That is a reason for being a Unitarian, that we are able to state what we believe in the simple language of the New Testament; while the doctrines which we reject cannot be so stated. If we are asked to give our views concerning God for instance we can say in the words of Scripture, "that though there be called gods many, yet to us there is but one God the Father from whom are all things and we in him," and that "in him we live and move and have our being;" that "he is light and in him is no darkness at all;" that "he is love, and whoso loveth dwelleth in God and God in him." And if we are asked to give our belief concerning Christ, we can also express that belief in the simple words of Scripture: "There is one Lord and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus;" "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you, by miracles and wonders and signs which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know."

These are the expressions which define precisely our views concerning God and Christ; but while the New Testament teaches so plainly that the Father is the only true God it nowhere teaches that there are three subsistences or three persons in God. It nowhere uses the word Trinity at all or Triad or Triune in relation to God, these having all been subsequently invented for that purpose; but moreover it does not say anywhere that "the Father is God and the Son is God and the Holy Ghost is God; and yet there are not three Gods but one God."

It does not anywhere say that Christ is God the Son, the second person in the Trinity. It nowhere teaches that when

Christ prayed to God he was praying to himself; that when he was tempted he was the being whom the Scriptures say cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempts any man, that when he said, "I can do nothing of myself," what he meant was that he could do everything of himself; that when he said, "My Father is greater than I," he meant by that to state that he was equal with God; and that when he says, "No man hath seen God at any time," the meaning of that is that Christ whom so many had seen was the unseen God.

I am a Unitarian for this reason to begin with: that we can state every one of our opinions in the plain, simple language of Scripture, while it is impossible to state the old doctrines in such language. You cannot state the doctrine of the Trinity in the language of the New Testament. You cannot state the deity of Christ in relation to the Trinity in the language of the New Testament. You cannot state the Calvinistic doctrine concerning sin—namely, of inherited guilt, of total depravity, of the imputation of Adam's sin—in the language of the New Testament. Therefore it seems to me we have an advantage here as far as it goes. Moreover it is very certain—at least it is certain to us—that if all the creeds and all the teaching in accordance with the creeds should cease to exist, and that if men should study only the New Testament, it would be impossible for them by the simple reading of the New Testament to find the doctrine of the Trinity or the deity of Christ in that volume.

We have seen many instances of the truth of this. I have myself known many persons who, having been educated to believe the doctrine of the Trinity from childhood by the simple reading of the New Testament,—never having seen a Unitarian, never having read a Unitarian book, never having heard a Unitarian sermon, and some of them not knowing

that there was any such person in the world as a Unitarian Christian,—have nevertheless come by the simple reading of the New Testament to the Unitarian belief, and have been very much amazed when they found that there were others besides themselves in the world holding that doctrine.

Another reason for being a Unitarian is,—and this perhaps may surprise some who have been accustomed to think that Unitarians believe correctly as far as they go, but that they do not go far enough,—another reason is that our views enable us, as it seems to us, to believe more concerning God and Christ and the Bible and sin and salvation than we could if we accepted the usual creeds of the Church. We are not Unitarians in order to believe less, but we are Unitarians because Unitarianism opens wide the gate through which we can pass up and on into higher, larger, and nobler truths. We can believe more in the power of redeeming love and redeeming grace, more in the beauty and glory of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I do not say that we are more religious or that we have more faith than those who differ from us; but I do say that we have the power, if we use it aright, of going down into a deeper religion and going up into a higher faith than if we were bound by the creeds of the churches.

Take for example the Trinity. We are able, as it seems to me, to believe more about God by omitting that doctrine; to have more faith in God, not less. For what is the Trinity but essentially a system of negations? The substance of the Trinity is this: that you must not believe this on that side, and you must not believe this on the other side, but something indefinite and undefined between. The Trinity declares that in the nature of the Deity there are three persons, and that these three are one. But you must not sup-

pose the three persons to be three persons in the sense in which three men are persons,—in which Peter and James and John are three persons.

You must not go as far as that on that side, and on the other side you must not believe that three persons are only three manifestations, or three relations, or three modes of action of the Deity; you must believe more than that on the other side, and somewhere between you must stand; but exactly where, we are never told. Now I say that to believe that is not to have a positive conviction, but only a negative belief.

And if we demand the meaning of these terms,—subsistences if you please,—if we demand to have the definition in order to believe it, we are told that it is a mystery; it is a great mystery. And then if we say, "If it is a mystery then we cannot believe it," we are told, "Why not believe a mystery? You believe a great many things that are mysterious. You believe that the grass grows, and that is a mystery. You do not know how it grows." Then to that we always make the same reply, and that reply, to my mind, is perfectly satisfactory, and I have never heard any answer to it; and yet it is never accepted as an answer. If we are told that we believe that the grass grows, and it is a mystery because we do not know how it grows, we reply that the fact that the grass grows is not a mystery; it is a simple fact which we perfectly understand. How it grows is a mystery, and therefore we do not believe anything about the way in which the grass grows. We do not believe the how, because it is a mystery. We do believe that the grass grows; that is not a mystery.

It is perfectly true, and must always be true, according to the constitution of the human mind, that where mystery begins the belief ends, and it ends just at that point. Suppose

we set aside this whole doctrine as something which is the work of man,—a system of metaphysics grown up in the Church; suppose we set it all aside, and then, instead of looking for God in this system of dialectics, in this logical puzzle, we open our eyes, and minds, and hearts, and we find him everywhere in nature, in life, in all beauty, in all history.

We see him in the slow, majestic processes of creation; we see him in the reaches of terrible power in the universe; we see him in the immense revolutions of the stars, and in the wonderful structure of the little insect, just perceptible to the most powerful microscope, on the leaf of the little plant; we see him in the long years which, in the geological ages, preceded the formation of this earth.

Everywhere that divine power is working around us. We see it in all the beauty which is manifested in the mountains, clouds, and seas, and brooks, and sunrise; in all the history of the human race; in childhood, and youth, and society; in business, in pain, and in joy; in all the riches of the world; because in all of them there is some manifestation of the divine truth and love, and he has left no race and no family of mankind orphans without some knowledge of himself. And in the soul, in the distinction between right and wrong born in us all, in the vast idea of cause by which we go backward to the beginning of the universe, and in the great conception of the infinite by which we, little creatures of the dust and of the day, are able to reach out beyond all knowledge and all understanding and grasp the eternal,—in all these we find him. In this we have vastly more, not less, than in the belief that in the Godhead there are three persons and that yet those three persons are not three Gods but one God, and that a person is more than a mode, but less than a personal man. Now

we find God above, around, beneath, and within, and we gladly accept the great words of the poet, and say of him:

> "All are but parts of one majestic whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
> Who, changed in all, and yet in all the same,
> Great is the earth as in the starry frame;
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent.
> To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
> He fills, he bounds, connects, and blesses all."

And thus, too, in rejecting the technical and theological doctrine of the deity of Christ we do not believe Christ less divine, but more. To say that Christ is God, unless we know what we mean by it when we say it, does not show us God in Christ; does not make him a revelation of God. It is to see something divine in Christ which brings us to God, and that is what he came for—to bring us to God. To say that he is perfect God and at the same time perfect man confuses the mind and leaves it in darkness and not in light. But we see something of God in Christ whenever we see that the goodness of this highest child of earth, of this greatest of all human souls which God ever sent into this world, that his goodness must be a revelation of the Maker, because he comes nearer to the Maker than any other; and therefore in his goodness, in his daily life, in the happiness of his soul, we study and find more and more of the Deity.

When we accept him as a pure man, as a simple man, made in all things like his brethren, and yet without sin, then we know that man was not meant to be a sinner, and that God did not make it necessary for man to sin, and that the time is surely to come in which men following Christ will rise above sin. When conscience of evil, conscious that we are ourselves sinners, doubting and distrusting the pardoning love of God,

we open the New Testament, and we find Christ saying to the sinful woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more;" when we find him saying, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee," making no condition, but teaching that the moment we come in simplicity of heart, seeking for pardon, he loves to bestow it, in that we see something of the divine fatherly affection which comes to us through the eyes of Jesus, and shows to us that God also, when we come to him with the same longing for pardon, will say, as Jesus said, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee."

And so we find more of God in Christ, not less, because we do not embarrass ourselves by these technical and theological distinctions, but accept him as he appears everywhere to be—a simple man—a man who, by the divine gift and help and inspiration, was able to rise till he came so near to God that when we see him we catch something of the reflected light of the Deity shining in his face. An old English religious poet has said:

"A man who looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleases, through it pass,
And then the heavens espy."

Christ as a man is the glass. If we please we can look on the glass, stay our eyes on that. Then we see his human character. Or we can look through the glass and see that he is a mediator of God, who shines through his mind and heart, and so fills us with a sense of the great Deity. So we are able to see more and not less of God in Christ than if we held the common view.

And also by setting aside all technical and theological views concerning the Holy Spirit, we can believe more and not less in the Holy Ghost. To us God is so near to the human heart, he is so full of overflowing love for man, and he is so ready

to bestow the best gifts on his children that it is a universal law, as universal and sure as the law of gravitation, that whenever we open our souls to him, seeking for his influence and help, and for what is true and what is right, something of that divine life will pass into our souls; that there is no accident in the gift of the Holy Spirit; that it does not come here to-day and there to-morrow; that it does not attend the path of some great revival; that it is not monopolized by prophets or saints or the professors of any particular religion; but that it is everywhere, just as the sun shines and the rain falls on the evil and on the good whenever they are ready to receive it.

So God's love, God's truth, the influence of his Holy Spirit, descends into the heart, whether of saint or sinner, good man or bad, orthodox or heretic, the moment he, looking up, opens his soul and says, "O Lord help me to know thee and be a better man!" Thus we can believe more and not less in the Holy Spirit by setting aside the old theology.

And we can believe, as it seems to me, more in the Bible and not less by not believing in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. We believe that those who wrote the Bible were inspired men, led and filled by the power of God; and we believe it because of the greatness of the book itself, because it has done so much and is doing so much. It must have God in it else it could not do the work it has done.

One of the chief proofs of the inspiration of the Bible is that it is able to withstand the ten thousand perversions that have been put upon it. There is hardly an error or villainy but has been defended out of the Bible. The Bible has been made in our time to defend slavery. The president of one of our New England colleges argued from the Bible, in a book which he took occasion to write in the middle of the great struggle between freedom and slavery,—this orthodox presi-

dent of one of the orthodox colleges of New England wrote a book in which he argued that slavery was a divine institution; and he almost went the length of saying what is logically to be implied, that we in New England were committing a sin against God because we did not hold slaves here.

The Bible has been used to defend almost every wrong that man has ever practised on man. Most terrible doctrines have been taught out of it and defended out of it. Because Noah is reported, after he came out of the ark, to have cursed Canaan, it was argued that this is a proof that the negroes—who were not descended from Canaan—ought to be made slaves. Because Noah, at the period when he was not entirely free from faults of his own, declared that whosoever sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed, an argument was drawn in support of capital punishment.

The Bible has been set against astronomy, science, and almost every discovery of man, and yet the Bible lives. That is a proof of its inspiration. It has so much good in it that it cannot be put down by its own friends; and there is nothing that has more occasion than the Bible to say "Save me from my friends."

But the Sermon on the Mount will never grow old; the Lord's Prayer rises to God every morning from the lips of infancy and is chanted every day in the liturgies of nations; and there is nothing in human thought or in human love which is not fed and strengthened and helped out of the Bible. And because we see that we believe in it.

But we do not believe that the Bible came down from heaven translated into the English, and printed, and having the proof corrected, and being bound up, and coming to us in that inspired form. We believe it was liable to mistakes all the way through; that the men who wrote the Bible were not

infallible, though they were inspired; that they saw some great truths and uttered them, and for the sake of those truths the Bible has lived and will live. But they were not free from mistakes.

Consequently the Bible is a human book, only the best human book there is; and the Bible being a human book we can read it freely as we read any other human book; and if we find something we cannot understand we may wait until we do understand it. If you find something that contradicts your moral sense do not believe it; set it aside. You need not say it is false, because perhaps you do not understand what it is and what it means. But never accept anything, if it is in the Bible, as true which you cannot see to be true, and never accept anything in the Bible to be good when it seems to be in contradiction to your moral sense; and so using the Bible it will help you a thousand times more than if you make it a master and your mind its slave.

The faith of Unitarians enables them to believe more in all these ways. I do not say we do believe more than others or that we have any more faith than others; but we have the power. We can also believe more fully in sin and the evil of sin than if we accepted the common doctrines about sin. The common doctrines about sin are theological doctrines and they have a theological and metaphysical sound. They do not seem to bear on human life or conduct. When we are told that sin came into the world by Adam; and that through Adam we have become sinners; and that the sin we committed is Adam's sin; and that somehow or other Adam's sin is imputed to us; and that we inherit from our federal head the guilt of sin; and that somehow or other we are totally depraved and yet are bound to do right and are very sinful if we do wrong; that we cannot do anything of ourselves that is

right because no one ever does or can, but nevertheless we are bound to do right,—when we are told these things what is the effect on the mind as regards sin?

The whole effect is to make a man think that sin is a sort of metaphysical thing with which he has not anything to do,—except perhaps in church. But when we consider that sin is that which separates us from the divine truth and divine love; that sin is falsehood and that sin is selfishness; and that because God is true and God is love, then whenever we are selfish and whenever we are false we are separating ourselves from that divine friend and plunging downward instead of going upward,—then we can understand the evil of sin.

Moreover I think, as Unitarians, we can believe more in punishment and not less than those who believe the theological doctrine. I do not believe in everlasting punishment because it seems to me to be dishonorable to God. The doctrine of everlasting punishment, as it is held to-day, is that man is sent into this world by his Maker in such a condition that he is capable of plunging himself into eternal ruin by what he can do in this world, so that he may reach a state in which he may be forever and forever a sufferer, without any power of reform or return.

Now, there is not a man, I will not say a good man, I will not say a saint; but there is not a decent man, with decent human feelings, who would be willing to be accused of such a thing as is thus ascribed to the Almighty. It is one of the saddest things in the world that theology can so pervert the common human sense and human heart that we can ascribe to the infinite blessedness and the infinite love that which we should consider disgraceful if performed by a human being.

And therefore I say that we can believe more in punish-

ment and not less when we see that punishment follows sin as its medicine, intended for its cure; and that though there may be hells in the future life, as well as heavens in the future life, hell below hell and heaven above heaven, yet the hells as well as the heavens in the future world, if there are hells and heavens there, are all the angels of God, all ministers of his love, all sent for our good, all sent to bring us back to him; and that there is no suffering inflicted upon any child in this or in any other world which is not intended to help or to save. Believing this, we can believe in punishments hereafter as in punishments here, because we can believe in them and still believe in the perfect goodness of our Heavenly Father,—knowing that he has made us free and that he respects our freedom and that he does not mean to make us good against our will here or anywhere else, but that he surrounds our evil with his infinite and perfect methods.

Since Jesus has taught us in this world that we are to overcome evil with good, therefore that we can overcome the evil with good, then the Lord who sent Jesus into this world must have as much power as he attributes to us here; and with his infinite good he must sooner or later overcome all evil. Feeling this, we can believe in punishment as a means of reform and we can believe more in the glory and beauty of the gospel and in Jesus as the representative of good in this world, standing as the medium through whom God's love and light flow to us.

We can believe more fully in it if we believe that he helps us with that divine power which is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God through him in this world or in any other world. We do not believe that the sovereignty of God is such a limited sovereignty that after man's death God is not able to do anything more to help him, but is shut out

from his creature by the mere fact of his death, so that his love can no longer reach him.

We do not believe that the sovereignty of God is a sovereignty which rules over one part of the universe, leaving the devil and his fiends and the sinners to have their own way in another part of the universe.

We believe that the sovereignty of God is that which shall extend through all worlds and which shall redeem all worlds; a sovereignty whose power will never be balked by anything which men or Satan can do, and which shall in the end cause every knee to bow and every tongue to confess that Jesus, regarded as the representation of truth and of love, the manifestation of the divine beauty and glory, is the true Lord of the universe. So we can believe more in redeeming love, not less, since we believe it can extend to other worlds as well as to this.

Now I have shown you some of the reasons why I am a Unitarian. It is not because I wish to believe less in God, Christ, or religion, but because I wish to believe more; to have more faith in God, more faith in man, more faith in Christ, more faith in religion, more faith in the Bible, and more faith in the triumph of divine love. It seems to me that our views are more intelligible than those which have been so carefully arranged on the metaphysical anvils of the middle ages. Those were hammered out with a great deal of skill and a great deal of care, but they are mediæval doctrines and they do not belong to the nineteenth century; they are an anachronism here at the present time. God has given to us all common sense, and when he speaks to us he speaks to our common sense.

Christ rejoiced, not that his doctrines were mysterious, but that they were revelations; and he said "I thank thee, O

Father, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent,"—who probably in those days as in these were hemmed in and shut up by their metaphysical doctrines and theologies,—" that thou hast hidden these things from the pure and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes."

That seems to me to be proof, so far as it goes, that the doctrine which is the most intelligible is likely to be the most true. The Unitarian doctrine is also the most rational, because it does not demand of us to believe a contradiction. It is the one which opens a vaster future to mankind. It does not shut up Christ in any one belief or in any one church or any one party. Jesus said of himself when Pilate asked him whether he was king, " Thou hast said it; I am king, and this is my royalty. For this thing was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth; and every one who is of the truth hears my voice, becomes my servant, belongs to me and I to him."

Every true man belongs to Christ,—for Christ is the manifestation of good,—whether he knows it or does not know it. He may call himself a deist, he may call himself an infidel, he may call himself a Mohammedan, he may call himself a Brahmin; but if he loves the truth and is following the truth, desiring to know it that he may do it; seeking to do good to his fellow men; seeking to love the infinite beauty more and more,—then he belongs to Jesus and he is a Christian without knowing it and will be so accepted on the last day. If that is not so then the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew does not contain the truth, because in that chapter Jesus himself tells us what shall be the judgment of the Gentiles.

On that day shall the Gentiles be called before him and then he shall say: " Come to my right; you belong to me." And they shall say: " We did not know we had done any

good for you." He will say: "When I was hungry you fed me; when I was thirsty you gave me drink; when I was a stranger you took me in; when I was naked you clothed me." And they will say: "We were only doing it to our fellow men." And he shall reply: "When you did it to them you did it to me."

That is the royalty of Christ; that everything that is good and true in this world is tending toward him, and that he is to reign until all truth and all good under his guidance and lead shall have conquered all the powers of evil. Therefore we are Unitarians because this doctrine seems to us to open a better future to the human race than any other. It is good to live by and it is good to die by. It is certainly good to live by, because it shows us that this world is not the devil's world but God's world: that things here are good in their essence, tending toward good and toward God. If there is evil and sin around us here it is that we shall fight with it and struggle against it and overcome it by the power of divine love. It is a good world to live in, no matter whether we suffer or whether we are joyful.

Unitarianism makes this a good world to live in, for it teaches that an infinitely good Being has made it for us, and an infinitely good Being has placed us here; and he is our providence, our shield, and our support evermore. It is a good religion also to die by. It is a good religion to die by because it tells us it is a good thing to die: it is a good thing to die when death comes and not a bad thing. Death is not the king of terrors to us. Death is a friend. Since God has sent death to all his creatures, just as he has sent life to all his creatures, death must be just as good, when it comes, as life while it remains. We believe in that infinite love which is just the same in the other world that it is here. We believe that

the mercy of the Lord endureth forever and not merely for the seventy short years of human life. We believe that through all eternity, as through all time, we shall be surrounded by that divine grace and wrapt in the arms of that blessed tenderness; and that so we are safe everywhere while we trust in God and lean on him.

And, as we find no little polyp in tropical seas, brought into being under the providence of God, without having a place arranged beforehand for its home, and having its food prepared for it beforehand, and all the conditions of life cared for carefully before it comes, we may be sure that when we, who are better than they, as Jesus tells us, and nearer to God than they, pass on in his providence into the other world, there will be at least an equal care for us there and an equal arrangement made for our reception there and homes as good and suited to all the needs of our nature there as here. Christ said to his disciples, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you."

So natural it was that they should believe it, that if it were not so he would have told them; but he hardly thought it worth while to tell them, since it was so. "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you to myself." We see in these words the evidence that in the other life, as here in this, there will be homes prepared and made ready for us; that the friendships of this life shall not come to an end here.

Jesus could not live in heaven unless he had his human friends to be with him there. He could not drink the cup of joy alone in the heavenly world. "I will come again to receive you unto myself, that where I am you may be also." If even that holy life required for its full satisfaction and completeness that its earthly love should be carried over there

and that he should not be separated from his earthly friends in the heavenly world, we may be sure that the same divine law will apply to us and those whom we love.

And so we can feel safe and happy when the Lord calls us away, because we know it is the same infinite love which waits for us there which has surrounded us here; and that the same wonderful Providence which has arranged our human life will arrange our life in the heavenly beyond; and that the same sweet and tender affections which God has caused to spring up in our hearts below will be waiting for us also there.

These are the reasons, or some of them, my friends, for which I am ready still to call myself a Unitarian.

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

USTIN SMITH MORRILL, an American Republican politician, chiefly known by his connection with "the Morrill tariff," was born at Stratford, Vt., April 14, 1810, and died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 28, 1898. He received a common-school education and was successively merchant and farmer. His taste and ambition alike inspired him to study deeply and to read widely, so that ere long he became one of the best-informed men in his State. In 1855, he was elected to Congress, where he was one of the founders of the Republican party. He was an able advocate of protection, the speech which he delivered on the Tariff Bill of 1857 attracting considerable notice. During the Civil War, Morrill acted in 1864–65 as chairman of the committee of ways and means, was in charge of the national measures for revenue, and the principal framer of the Tariff Bill of 1861, called by his name. In 1866, he was elected to the Senate, and at the time of his death had been the oldest congressman in point of years, as well as the one longest in continuous service. His latest speech was delivered against the annexation of Hawaii. He wrote a work, entitled "Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons," which was published at Boston in 1887.

THE TARIFF AND THE PUBLIC DEBT

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, DECEMBER 8, 1881

FREE trade would almost seem to be an aristocratic disease, from which workingmen are exempt, and those that catch it are as proud of it as they would be of the gout — another aristocratic distinction.

It might be more modest for these "nebulous professors" of political economy to agree among themselves how to define and locate the leading idea of their "dismal science," whether in the value in exchange, or value in use, in profits of capital or wages, whether in the desire for wealth, or aversion to labor, or in the creation, accumulation, distribution, and consumption of wealth, and whether rent is the recompense for the work of nature or the consequence of a monopoly of prop-

erty, before they ask a doubting world to accept the flickering and much disputed theory of free trade as an infallible truth, about which they have themselves never ceased to wrangle.

The weight of nations against it is as forty to one. It may be safe to say that when sea serpents, mermaids, and centaurs find a place in natural history, free trade will obtain recognition as a science; but till then it must go uncrowned, wearing no august title, and be content with the thick-and-thin championship of the "Cobden Club."

All the principal British colonies from the rising to the setting of the sun — India alone possibly excepted — are in open and successful revolt against the application of the free-trade tryanny of their mother country, and European states not only refuse to copy the loudly-heralded example, but they are retreating from it as though it were charged with dynamite. Even the London "Times," the great "thunderer" of public opinion in Great Britain, does not refrain from giving a stunning blow to free trade when it indicates that it has proved a blunder, and reminds the world that it predicted it would so prove at the start. The ceremony of free trade, with only one party responding, solitary and alone, turns out as dull and disconsolate as that of a wedding without a bride. The honeymoon of buying cheap and selling dear appears indefinitely postponed.

There does not seem to be any party coming to rescue England from her isolated predicament. Bismarck, while aiming to take care of the interests of his own country, as do all ministers, on this question, perhaps, represents the attitude of the greater part of the far-sighted statesmen of Europe, and he, in one of his recent parliamentary speeches, declared:

"Without being a passionate protectionist, I am as a financier, however, a passionate imposer of duties, from the conviction that the taxes, the duties levied at the frontier, are almost exclusively borne by the foreigner, especially for manufactured articles, and that they have always an advantageous, retrospective, protectionist action."

Practically the nations of continental Europe acquiesce in this opinion, and are a unit in their flat refusal of British free trade. They prefer the example of America. Before self-confident men pronounce the whole world of tariff men, at home and abroad, "half-educated or half-witted," they would do well to see to it that the stupidity is not nearer home, or that they have not themselves cut adrift from the logic of their own brains, only to be wofully imposed upon by free-trade quackery, which treats man as a mere fact, no more important than any other fact, and ranks labor only as a commodity to be bought and sold in the cheapest or dearest markets.

So long as statesmen are expected to study the prosperity and advancement of the people for whose government and guidance they are made responsible, so long free-trade theories must be postponed to that Utopian era when the health, strength, and skill, capital, and labor of the whole human race shall be reduced or elevated to an entire equality, and when each individual shall dwell in an equal climate, upon an equal soil, freely pasture his herds and flocks where he pleases, and love his neighbor better than himself.

At present the Russians, the Germans, the French, the British, and also most of the less populous nations are pitted against each other for empire upon land and sea, and each and all are striving for the mastery in trade, arts, and manufactures, regardless as well of natural impediments as of

the sentiments of their competitors. To this end they make war to extend or maintain territorial possession, subsidize steamships around the world, push railroads across continents, tunnel mountains, open inland seas, and at last establish technological schools for the better instruction of their own skilled artisans.

Never was keener foresight and overmastering earthly mindedness among all nations more alert and potential, directly and indirectly, in securing those material advantages likely to win the profits of industry and trade, than in the nineteenth century. Some pay bounties on exports, a greater number have levied or advanced protective duties on imports; and no nation has directly taxed her people more extravagantly, and solely for the benefits of her manufactures, than has Great Britain, by her costly and imperial maintenance of colonial and far-off markets.

Even China, powerless and docile, is persuaded with gunpowder, to trade in cotton-stuffs, hardware, and opium — though it kills a half million of her opium eaters annually — and the British drum-beat of war is rarely hushed in India before it breaks forth in Africa, for all the benefits of the Manchester and Birmingham trade. The cost of their military and naval protection to commerce in the Mediterranean cannot be less than $20,000,000 annually, a sum far transcending all possible gains upon their entire export traffic to the Mediterranean. In other places it is even worse. The expense of the military and naval forces on the West India station, it is fair to say, must often exceed the total value taken there of British exports.

To be unmindful of the movements of those whose rivalry is unescapable and everywhere present, is to consent to be vanquished, and to stand in their rear as inferiors forever.

To lag behind, while all the world is on the move, is to accept the fate of the decrepit and dull-pated bison, who lingers on the prairie in the rear of the ongoing herd, only to be devoured by wolves.

We are no longer enduring the serfdom of colonies, but as a great republic, with a matchless destiny, we must prove American capacity, when intrusted with great affairs, able to cope with all rivals, and, if we have any, with all enemies, copying only their virtues and shunning their faults. Americans speak the English language, but it does not follow that our soldiers should wear red coats. We revere Old England's common law, but it does not follow that we may flog our wives with a stick not bigger than our thumbs. We borrowed their trial by jury, but did not import the English tread-mill; nor should we transplant any other legislative exotics to an uncongenial soil. We have to legislate for a continent, not for an island. Glad as we may be to somewhat abate taxation upon our own people, it will not be necessary to provoke the laughter of English statesmen at our imbecility by an abandonment of the policy of American protection.

Ireland, with its splendid harbors, once enjoyed a valuable export trade, and was the seat of prosperous manufactures; but these, after the union, losing protection and outrun under English competition, were completely extirpated by hostile, even vindictive legislation, and the Emerald Isle now only furnishes food for cattle, and potatoes for men. The question will not be impertinent to ask, when famines overtake their ill-starred people, "From whence comes earliest relief?" Protection answers, that "in America there is always something to spare."

Italy, in early ages the land of liberal arts, of heroes and

poets, also once adorned the world with her manufactures in silks, gold, and velvet, and Genoa, Florence, and Venice flourished as the greatest of commercial cities, but after the discovery of the New World, domestic quarrels and the temporal rule of the clergy eclipsed all Roman and industrial ambition, and now, for ages past, classic Italy has only been able, beyond the beauty and grandeur of her natural scenery, to claim as her chief jewels the broken monuments of her ancient glories.

India is now, as once was Canada, the sure refuge of the cheapest and poorest wares and manufactures of its British conquerors, who throw almost as many obstacles in the way of Indian growth in the useful arts, as the same power one hundred years ago brought to bear against the American colonies.

"If America," said Lord Chatham, "makes a stocking or a horse-nail, I would advise that she be made to feel the whole weight of England."

The churchmen of England are more tolerant in India of Brahminism than of the power-loom. The sentiment of the people of India favored moderate protective duties on cotton fabrics, or such as would lead to the gradual restoration of home manufactures; but this sentiment finds little favor, and may be doomed to imperial subordination, for the reason that India has not asserted — has nobody to assert — that local independence which it might be dangerous to withhold from Canada, from New Zealand, from Victoria, or from New South Wales.

Almost every year the Crown of Great Britain gives its royal assent to colonial acts imposing fresh protective duties upon foreign manufactures, including British as well as all other, and yet the whole phalanx of British free traders alter-

nately wheedle or denounce Americans for persisting in the same line of policy! Some of the members of Parliament, who may have advised the Crown to assist to frequent colonial protective tariffs in Australia and Canada, are disgusted with the great American nation, because it has not outgrown such folly, and traverse our country as itinerant preachers of a free-trade gospel, which has no longer power to work miracles, or even to make converts at home.

The emancipated slaves of the South are not only better fed and better clothed than two hundred and fifty-two and one-half millions of the native population of India, each one barely made respectable by a yard or two of cotton cloth, but they are better fed, better clothed, and better housed than the average agricultural laborers of England or Ireland.

At home, from ocean to ocean, and from perpetual summer to perpetual winter, fifty millions of American people enjoy all the advantages of that free trade which is legitimate and beneficent, with no depressing effects upon domestic labor, nor upon the multiplied industries which now begin to decorate all portions of the American continent. Here, not the execrable cosmopolitanism lurking in the British theory, but true free trade reigns triumphant. The products of the fields, of the loom, and of the anvil, travel without a passport, everywhere meet to claim kith and kin, and yield to no pre-eminence, save that fairly won by superior merit.

Over this large and unequalled area, and among these millions, free trade that is honest and unselfish has just and unlimited scope. Its benefits fall upon American citizens, one as much as another; upon our own household, rather than upon aliens and strangers, or those who, possibly, when the next war-trump sounds, may not be among our friends, and some of whom, till then, would encourage that sort of trade

which must hold us forever dependent upon the inconstancy of foreign markets. Our laws are even denounced as "barbarous," because they do not open and perpetuate an exchange of two days' work in Illinois or Vermont for one in Birmingham or Manchester. They have piped unto us and we have not danced.

How different are the regulations of some other countries, even of France, where internal taxation is to be met at every step. A chicken, a bottle of wine, or a basket of fruit or vegetables, cannot be taken from one town to another without the payment of a special "octroi" duty. This amounts in the aggregate to about three hundred million francs annually, and has been collected for more than one hundred years past. We hardly appreciate the convenience of American free trade over our immense territory, until we see how some foreign farmers are hailed at every step for tribute. The "octroi" is also enforced in Austria; and, let me add, the system prevails all over India, where Great Britain, never forgetting the power of the conqueror, governs as she pleases. Towns and municipalities there obtain their principal revenues from this petty system of tariffs, enacted by multitudinous and petty localities of an ostentatiously free-trade empire.

All the markets around the world do not furnish, even to Great Britain, one third part of that constant and healthful trade we may ever rely upon at home; and, but for this home market, our farmers would be unable to buy foreign manufactures at any price. They would have no surplus to spend. British policy caters to foreign incapables. Our policy looks up to and trusts robust ability at home.

But we place no obstacles in the way of finding a market at home or abroad for all articles of American growth or production. Trade in all such articles is wholly untram-

melled. No export duties can be imposed in the face of the constitutional inhibition. Other nations may buy of us all they please, free from any export duties, though this freedom is far from being reciprocated. Sugars are subjected to an export duty in the British West India Islands, as well as in Cuba; Mexico exacts an export duty on silver; Australia and New Zealand, on gold; India, on rice and indigo; Chili, on guano; France, on rags; Canada, on timber and shingle bolts.

In India, salt is a government monopoly protected by an enormous duty; and over forty-two millions of dollars of revenue is annually obtained on the monopoly of opium exported to China. Most certainly export duties are wholly antagonistic to free trade, and no less an impediment than duties on imports. Their tendency is to greatly discourage home production, which duties on imports do not.

Is it not enough that all American out-going trade, more than half of the whole, ever has been and ever must be wholly and absolutely free? Our free trade is something in the right place; but British free trade is like Lord Palmerston's witty definition of dirt — "something in the wrong place."

In Great Britain, where so-called free trade has had its loudest support, in addition to the inconsistencies I have mentioned in point of practice, there is little free trade in gold, as the Bank of England is clothed with protective power to intercept its flow outward by raising the rate of interest, which is practically equivalent to a prohibitory export tariff. Nor have they free trade in land, far more important than free trade in iron, cotton, or wool; but transfers are hedged in either by perpetual hindrances or by expensive difficulties, too great to be overcome.

A large part of the land, being entailed can neither be sold nor pledged as a basis of credit, upon which even to make improvements, and it passes from one generation to the next by hereditary descent, and by the laws of primogeniture. Though they may be life estates they are grotesque caricatures upon any idea of true ownership. Land is thus mainly a first-class monopoly, and now, as ever, the ancient and unimpaired feudal prop of the aristocracy. In India it is much worse, for there the British government holds the perpetual proprietorship of all land as the conqueror, and collects an annual rental upon every cultivated acre. A regular appropriation for famines, made annually in advance, is a sufficient commentary.

In America, however, not only is there entire free trade in land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to buy or to sell, to lease or to hypothecate, but we offer land to all the landless, a free homestead forever, to every one having the will and strength to go and occupy it. Nor is it at last subject to tithes for the support of an established church by those who do or do not subscribe to its faith. Such is American free trade.

Another great restriction upon the freedom of trade in Great Britain is that tobacco, cigars, and wine, and some other articles, are not allowed to be imported, except into such ports as shall be approved by the commissioners of customs.

A very large proportion of the duties imposed upon foreign merchandise has to be met by foreign concessions in prices. A removal of existing duties is often followed by almost an equal rise in foreign prices. We have experience of our own which forcibly illustrates these facts. The duty on Bessemer steel did not increase the selling price. The repeal of the

duty on coffee did not diminish the cost; nor did the hasty repeal of the duty on quinine greatly benefit the American consumer. If Americans pay all tariff duties, why are English free traders so sublimely anxious for their repeal?

The test of profitable farming is the state of the account at the end of the year. Under free trade the evidence multiplies that the English farmer comes to the end of the year with no surplus, often in debt, bare and discontented. Their laborers rarely know the luxury of meat, not over sixteen ounces per week, and never expect to own a rood of the soil.

But under the protective policy, the American farmer holds and cultivates his own land, has a surplus at the end of the year for permanent investments or improvements, and educates and brings up his sons and daughters with the advantages and comforts of good society. There are more American houses with carpets than in any other country in the world. I believe it will not be disputed that the downtrodden tillers of the soil in Great Britain are not well fed; that they are coarsely underclad, and that for lack of common school culture they would hardly be regarded as fit associates here for Americans who drive their teams afield, or for the young men who start in life as laborers upon farms. The claim that free trade is the true policy of the American farmer would seem to be, therefore, a very courageous falsehood.

It is an unfortunate tendency of the age that nearly one half of the population of the globe is concentrated in cities, often badly governed, and sharply exposed to extravagance, pauperism, immorality, and all the crimes and vices which overtake mankind reared in hotbeds. I would neither undervalue the men of brilliant parts, nor blot out the material

splendors of cities, but regret to see the rural districts depopulated for their unhealthy aggrandizement.

Free trade builds up a few of these custom-house cities, where gain from foreign trade is the chief object sought, where mechanics, greater in numbers than any other class, often hang their heads, though Crœsus rolls in Pactolian wealth, and Shylock wins his pound of flesh; but protection assembles artisans and skilled workmen in tidy villages and towns, details many squadrons of industry to other and distant localities, puts idle and playful waterfalls at work, opens, builds up, and illumines, as with an electric light, the whole interior of the country; and the farmer of Texas or of New England, of Iowa or of Wisconsin, is benefited by such re-enforcement of consumers, whether they are by his side or across the river, at Atlanta or South Bend, at Paterson or at Providence. The farmers own and occupy more than nineteen twentieths of our whole territory, and their interest is in harmony with the even-handed growth and prosperity of the whole country.

There is not a State whose interests would not be jeopardized by free trade, and I should like to dwell upon the salient facts as to Missouri, Kansas, Indiana, Alabama, Illinois, and many other States, but I shall only refer to one. The State of Texas, surpassing empires in its vast domains, doubling its population within a decade, and expending over $20,000,000 within a year in the construction of additional railroads, with a promised expenditure within the next fifteen months of over $27,000,000 more, has sent to market as raw material, the past year, 12,262,052 pounds of hides, 20,671,639 pounds of wool, and 1,260,247 bales of cotton. Her mineral resources, though known to be immense, are as yet untouched. Her bullocks, in countless herds on their way

to market, annually crowd and crop the prairies from Denver to Chicago. But now possessed of a liberal system of railroads, how long will the dashing spirit of the Lone Star State — where precious memories still survive of Austin, of Houston, of Rusk, and of Schleicher — be content to send off unmanufactured her immense bulk of precious raw materials, which should be doubled in value at home, and by the same process largely multiply her population.

With half as many in numbers now as had the original thirteen, and soon to pass our largest States, wanting indefinite quantities of future manufactures at home, Texas should also prepare to supply the opening trade with Mexico, in all its magnitude and variety, and far more worthy of ambition than in the golden days of Montezuma.

No State can run and maintain railroads unless the way-stations, active and growing settlements and towns, are numerous enough to offer a large, constant, and increasing support. The through business of long lines of railroads is of great importance to the termini, and gives the roads some prestige, but the prosperity and dividends mainly accrue from the local business of thrifty towns on the line of the roads.

It is these, especially manufacturing towns, which makes freight both ways, to and from, that free trade must ever fail to do, and while through freights, owing to inevitable competition, pay little or no profit, the local freights sustain the roads, and are, and must be, the basis of their chief future value. Without this efficient local support, cheap and rapid long transportation would be wholly impracticable.

The southern States, in the production of cotton, have possibly already reached the maximum quantity that can be cultivated with greatest profit, unless the demand of the world expands. A short crop now often brings producers a large

sum than a full crop. The amount of the surplus sent abroad determines the price of the whole crop. Production appears likely soon to outrun the demand. Texas alone has latent power to overstock the world.

Is it not time, therefore, to curtail the crop, or to stop any large increase of it, while sure to obtain as much or more for it, and to turn unfruitful capital and labor into other and more profitable channels of industry? The untrodden fields, where capital and labor wait to be organized for the development of southern manufacturers and mining, offer unrivalled temptations to leaders among men in search of legitimate wealth.

The same facts are almost equally applicable to general agriculture, but more particularly to the great grain-growing regions of the West. A great harvest frequently tends to render the labor of the whole year almost profitless, whenever foreign countries are blessed with comparatively an equal abundance. The export of corn last year, in October, was 8,535,067 bushels, valued at $4,604,840, but the export of only 4,974,661 bushels this year brings $3,605,813. An equal difference appears in the increased value of exports of flour. A much larger share of crops must be consumed nearer home if any sure and regular market is to be permanently secured. The foreign demand, fitful and uncertain as it is, rarely exceeds one twentieth of even the present home requirements, and the losses from long transportation, incident to products of great bulk, can never be successfully avoided except by an adequate home demand.

Farmers do not look for a market for grain among farmers, but solely among non-producing consumers, and these it is greatly to their interests to multiply rather than to diminish, by forcing them to join in producing or doubling crops for

which there may be an insufficient demand. Every shipload of wheat sent abroad tends to bring down foreign prices; and such far-off markets should be sought only when the surplus at home is excessive, or when foreign prices are extraordinarily remunerative.

The wheat regions of the West, superb as they undoubtedly are, it is to be feared, have too little staying character to be prodigally squandered, and their natural fertility noticeably vanishes in the rear, unless retained by costly fertilizers, almost as rapidly as new fields open in front. Some of the Middle States, as well as the New England, though seeking fertilizers far and near, already look to the West for much of their corn and bread; and there is written all over eastern fields, as western visitors may read, the old epitaph, "As we are now, so you may be." It will take time for this threatened decadence, but not long in the life of nations. The wheat crop runs away from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, and sinks in other localities as it looms up in Minnesota, Nebraska, and Dakota. Six years of cropping in California, it is said, reduces the yield per acre nearly one half.

There was, in 1880, devoted to wheat culture, over 35,000,000 acres, or nearly double the acreage of 1875. In twenty-five years 100,000,000 people will more than overtake any present or prospective surplus, and we may yet need all of our present magnificent wheat fields to give bread to our own people. Certainly we need not be in haste to slaughter and utterly exhaust the native fertility of our fields on the cheap terms now presented.

England, with all her faults, is great, but, unfortunately, has not room to support her greatness, and must have cheap food, and be able to offer better wages, or part with great numbers of her people. I most sincerely hope her statesmen

— and she is never without those of eminence — will prove equal to their great trust and to any crisis; but we cannot surrender the welfare of our republic to any foreign empire. Free trade may, or may not, be England's necessity. Certainly it is not our necessity; and it has not reached, and never will reach, the altitude of a science. An impost on corn there, it is clear, would produce an exodus of her laboring population, that would soon leave the banner of Victoria waving over a second-rate power.

Among the nations of the world the high position of the United States was never more universally and cordially admitted. Our rights are everywhere promptly conceded, and we ask nothing more. It is an age of industry, and we can only succeed by doing our best.

Our citizens, under a protective tariff, are exceptionally prosperous and happy, and not strangers to noble deeds nor private virtues. A popular government based on universal suffrage will be best, and most certainly, perpetuated by the elevation of laboring men through the more liberal rewards of diversified employments, which give scope to all grades of genius and intelligence, and tend to secure to posterity the blessings of universal education, and the better hope of personal independence.

THEODORE PARKER

THEODORE PARKER, American theologian and preacher, was born at Lexington, Mass., Aug. 24, 1810, and died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. Educated at Harvard University and at the Cambridge Divinity School, he was in 1837 ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian Church at West Roxbury, Mass., but his extremely radical views excited opposition in his own denomination, and, separating himself from the conservative element, he soon became known as a radical religious leader. In 1844, a controversy arose among the Unitarians because some of his brother clergymen in Boston had exchanged pulpits with him; this resulted in his leaving West Roxbury and forming, in 1846, the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, which for many years held its services in the Boston Music Hall. Parker was outspoken in his opposition to the Mexican War, to slavery and intemperance, as well as a staunch champion of the rights of labor. He was indicted in the United States court in 1854 for resistance to the fugitive slave law, but was never brought to trial. Parker was for years a factor in American thought, in matters both social and religious. In theological questions he not infrequently aroused opposition by his manner of statement rather than by the thing stated. He was a voluminous writer, but the ethical value of his work is superior to its literary worth. Among his works are "Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion" (1842); "Sermons for the Times" (1842); "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings" (1843); "Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology" (1853); "Ten Sermons on Religion" (1853); "West Roxbury Sermons" (1892), etc. His complete works, in 12 volumes, have been edited by Miss Frances Power Cobbe. A volume, entitled "Great Americans," was published after his death.

SERMON: THE STATE OF THE NATION

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, NOVEMBER 28, 1850

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."
—Prov. xiv, 34.

WE come together to-day by the governor's proclamation, to give thanks to God for our welfare, not merely for our happiness as individuals or as families, but for our welfare as a people. How can we better

improve this opportunity than by looking a little into the condition of the people? and accordingly I invite your attention to a sermon on the state of this nation. I shall try to speak of the condition of the nation itself, then of the causes of that condition, and in the third place of the dangers that threaten or are alleged to threaten the nation.

First, of our condition. Look about you in Boston. Here are a hundred and forty thousand souls living in peace and in comparative prosperity. I think, without doing injustice to the other side of the water, there is no city in the Old World of this population with so much intelligence, activity, morality, order, comfort, and general welfare, and at the same time with so little of the opposite of all these. I know the faults of Boston and I think I would not disguise them; the poverty, unnatural poverty, which shivers in the cellar; the unnatural wealth which bloats in the parlor; the sin which is hid in the corners of the jail; and the more dangerous sin which sets up Christianity for a pretence; the sophistry which lightens in the newspapers and thunders in the pulpit:—I know all these things and do not pretend to disguise them; and still I think no city of the Old World of the same population has so much which good men prize and so little which good men deplore.

See the increase of material wealth, the buildings for trade and for homes, the shops and ships. This year Boston will add to her possessions some ten or twenty millions of dollars honestly and earnestly got. Observe the neatness of the streets, the industry of the inhabitants, their activity of mind, the orderliness of the people, the signs of comfort. Then consider the charities of Boston, those limited to our own border and those which extend farther, those beautiful charities which encompass the earth with their sweet influence.

Look at the schools, a monument of which the city may well be proud in spite of their defects.

But Boston, though we proudly call it the Athens of America, is not the pleasantest thing in New England to look at; it is the part of Massachusetts which I like the least to look at, spite of its excellence. Look farther, at the whole of Massachusetts, and you see a fairer spectacle. There is less wealth at Provincetown in proportion to the numbers, but there is less want; there is more comfort; property is more evenly and equally distributed there than here, and the welfare of a country never so much depends upon the amount of its wealth as on the mode in which its wealth is distributed. In the State there are about 150,000 families—some 975,000 persons—living with a degree of comfort which I think is not anywhere enjoyed by such a population in the Old World. They are mainly industrious, sober, intelligent, and moral. Everything thrives; agriculture, manufactures, commerce. "The carpenter encourages the goldsmith; he that smites the anvil, him that smootheth with the hammer." Look at the farms where intelligent labor wins bread and beauty both out of the sterile soil and a climate not over-indulgent. Behold the shops all over the State; the small shops where the shoemaker holds his work in his lap and draws his thread by his own strong muscles, and the large shops where machines, animate with human intelligence, hold with iron grasp their costlier work in their lap and spin out the delicate staple of Sea Island cotton. Look at all this; it is a pleasant sight. Look at our hundreds of villages, by river, mountain, and sea; behold the comfortable homes, the people well fed, well clad, well instructed. Look at the school-houses, the colleges of the people; at the higher seminaries of learning; at the poor man's real college

farther back in the interior, where the mechanic's and farmer's son gets his education, often poor, still something to be proud of. Look at the churches where every Sunday the best words of Hebrew and of Christian saints are read out of this book, and all men are asked once in the week to remember they have a Father in heaven, a faith to swear by, and a heaven to live for, and a conscience to keep. I know the faults of these churches. I am not in the habit of excusing them, still I know their excellence and I will not be the last man to acknowledge that. Look at the roads of earth and iron which join villages together and make the State a whole. Follow the fisherman from his rocky harbor at Cape Ann; follow the mariner in his voyage round the world of waters; see the industry, the intelligence, and the comfort of the people. I think Massachusetts is a State to be thankful for. There are faults in her institutions and in her laws that need change very much. In her form of society, in her schools, in her colleges, there is much which clamors loudly for alteration,—very much in her churches to be Christianized. These changes are going quietly forward and will in time be brought about.

I love to look on this State, its material prosperity, its increase in riches, its intelligence and industry, and the beautiful results that are seen all about us to-day. I love to look on the face of the people in halls and churches, in markets and factories; to think of our great ideas; of the institutions which have come of them; of our schools and colleges and all the institutions for making men wiser and better; to think of the noble men we have in the midst of us in every walk of life who eat an honest bread, who love mankind and love God, who have consciences they mean to keep and souls which they intend to save.

The great business of society is not merely to have farms, and ships, and shops,—the greater shops and the less,—but to have men; men that are conscious of their manhood, self-respectful, earnest men, that have a faith in the living God. I do not think we have many men of genius. We have very few that I call great men—I wish there were more—but I think we have an intelligent, an industrious, and noble people here in Massachusetts, which we may be proud of.

Let us go a step farther. New England is like Massachusetts in the main, with local differences only. All the North is like New England in the main; this portion is better in one thing; that portion worse in another thing. Our ideas are their ideas; our institutions are the same. Some of the northern States have institutions better than we. They have added to our experience. In revising their constitutions and laws or in making new ones they go beyond us, they introduce new improvements, and those new improvements will give those States the same advantage over us which a new mill with new and superior machinery has over an old mill with old and inferior machinery. By and by we shall see the result and take counsel from it, I trust.

All over the North we find the same industry and thrift, and similar intelligence. Here attention is turned to agriculture, there to mining; but there is a similar progress and zeal for improvement. Attention is bestowed on schools and colleges, on academies and churches. There is the same abundance of material comfort. Population advances rapidly, prosperity in a greater ratio. Everywhere new swarms pour forth from the old hive and settle in some convenient nook far off in the West. So the frontier of civilization every year goes forward, further from the ocean. Fifty years ago it was on the Ohio, then on the Mississippi, then on the upper

Missouri; presently its barrier will be the Rocky Mountains, and soon it will pass over that bar and the tide of the Atlantic will sweep over to the Pacific—yea it is already there! The universal Yankee freights his schooner at Bangor, at New Bedford, and at Boston, with bricks, timber, frame houses, and other "notions" and by and by drops his anchor in the smooth Pacific in the bay of St. Francis. We shall see there ere long the sentiments of New England, the ideas of New England, the institutions of New England—the school-house, the meeting-house, the court-house, the town-house. There will be the same industry, thrift, intelligence, morality, and religion, and the idle ground that has hitherto borne nothing but gold will bear upon its breast a republic of men more precious than the gold of Ophir or the rubies of the East.

Here I wish I could stop. But this is not all. The North is not the whole nation; New England is not the only type of the people. There are other States differing widely from this. In the Southern States you find a soil more fertile under skies more genial. Through what beautiful rivers the Alleghanies pour their tribute to the sea! What streams beautify the land in Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi! There genial skies rain beauty on the soil. Nature is wanton of her gifts. There rice, cotton, and sugar grow; there the olive, the orange, the fig all find a home. The soil teems with luxuriance. But there is not the same wealth nor the same comfort. Only the ground is rich. You witness not a similar thrift. Strange is it, but in 1840 the single State of New York alone earned over $4,000,000 more than the six States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi! The annual earnings of little Massachusetts, with her 7,500 square miles, are $9,000,000

more than the earnings of all Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina! The little county of Essex, with 95,000 souls, in 1840 earned more than the large State of South Carolina with 595,000!

In those States we miss the activity, intelligence, and enterprise of the North. You do not find the little, humble schoolhouse at every corner; the frequent meeting-house does not point its taper finger to the sky. Villages do not adorn the margin of the mountain stream and sea; shops do not ring with industry, roads of earth and iron are poorer and less common. Temperance, morality, comfort are not there as here. In the slave States in 1840 there were not quite 302,000 youths and maidens in all the schools, academies, and colleges of the South; but in 1840 in the free States of the North there were more than 2,212,000 in such institutions! Little Rhode Island has 5,000 more girls and boys at school than large South Carolina. The State of Ohio alone has more than 17,000 children at school beyond what the whole fifteen slave States can boast. The permanent literature of the nation all comes from the North; your historians are from that quarter—your Sparkses, your Bancrofts, your Hildreths, and Prescotts, and Ticknors; the poets are from the same quarter—your Whittiers, and Longfellows, and Lowells, and Bryants; the men of literature and religion —your Channings, and Irvings, and Emersons—are from the same quarter! Preaching—it is everywhere, and sermons are as thick almost as autumnal leaves; but who ever heard of a great or famous clergyman in a southern State? of a great and famous sermon that rang through the nation from that quarter? No man. Your Edwards of old time and your Beechers, old and young, your Channing and Buckminster, and the rest, which throng to every man's lips, all

are from the North. Nature has done enough for the South —God's cup of blessing runs over—and yet you see the result! But there has been no pestilence at the South more than at the North; no earthquake has torn the ground beneath their feet; no war has come to disturb them more than us. The government has never laid a withering hand on their commerce, their agriculture, their schools and colleges, their literature and their church. . . .

In the last Congress it is plain the democratic idea was beaten. Congress said to California, "You may come in, and you need not keep slaves unless you please." It said, "You shall not bring slaves to Washington for sale, you may do that at Norfolk, Alexandria, and Georgetown, it is just as well, and this 'will pacify the North.'" Utah and New Mexico were left open to slavery and 50,000 or 70,000 square miles and $10,000,000 were given to Texas lest she should "dissolve the Union,"—without money or men! To crown all, the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law.

I think it is very plain that the democratic idea was defeated, and it is easy to see why. The three powers which are the allies of the despotic idea were ready and could act in concert—the Southern slaveholders, the leading politicians, the rich and educated men of the Northern cities, with their appendages and servile adherents. But since then the conduct of the people in the North and especially in this State show that the nation has not gone that way yet. I think the nation never will; that the idea of freedom will never be turned back in this blessed North. I feel sure it will at last overcome the idea of slavery.

I come to this conclusion, firstly, from the character of the tribe; this Anglo-Norman-Saxon tribe loves law, deliberation, order, method; it is the most methodical race that ever lived. But it loves liberty, and while it loves law, it

loves law chiefly because it keeps liberty; and without that it would trample law under foot.

See the conduct of England. She spent $100,000,000 in the attempt to wipe slavery from the West Indies. She keeps a fleet on the coast of Africa to keep down the slave-trade there—where we also have, I think, a sloop-of-war. She has just concluded a treaty with Brazil for the suppression of the slave-trade in that country, one of her greatest achievements in that work for many years.

See how the sons of the Puritans,—as soon as they came to a consciousness of what the despotic idea was,—took their charters and wiped slavery clean out, first from Massachusetts, and then from the other States one after another. See how every northern State in revising its constitution or in making a new one declares all men are created equal, that all have the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Then the religion of the North demands the same thing. Professors may try to prove that the Old Testament establishes slavery; that the New Testament justifies the existence of slavery; that Paul's epistle to Philemon was nothing more than another fugitive slave law; that Paul himself sent back a runaway; but it does not touch the religion of the North. We know better. We say if the Old Testament does that, and the New Testament, so much the worse for them both. We say, let us look and see if Paul was so benighted, and we can judge for ourselves that the professor was mistaken more than the Apostle.

Again the spirit of the age which is the public opinion of the nations is against slavery. It was broken down in England, France, Italy, and Spain; it cannot stand long against civilization and good sense; against the political economy and

the religious economy of the civilized world. The genius of freedom stands there year out, year in, and hurls firebrands into the owl's nest of the prince of darkness continually,—and is all this with no effect?

Besides that it is against the law of God. That guides this universe, treating with even-handed justice the great geographical parties, Austrian, Roman, British, or American, with the same justice wherewith it dispenses its blessings to the little local factions that divide the village for a day, marshalling mankind forward in its mighty progress toward wisdom, freedom, goodness toward men, and piety toward God.

Of the final issue I have no doubt; but no man can tell what shall come to pass in the meantime. We see that political parties in the State are snapped asunder: whether the national party shall not be broken up no man can say. In 1750, on the 28th day of November, no man in Old England or New England could tell what 1780 would bring forth. No man, north or south, can tell to-day what 1880 will bring to pass. He must be a bold man who declares to the nation that no new political machinery shall be introduced in the next thirty years to our national mill. We know not what a day shall bring forth, but we know that God is on the side of right and justice, and that they will prevail so long as God is God.

Now, then, to let alone details and generalize into one all the causes of our condition, this is the result: We have found welfare just so far as we have followed the democratic idea, and enacted justice into law. We have lost welfare so far as we have followed the despotic idea and made iniquity into a statute. So far as we have reaffirmed the ordinance of nature and re-enacted the will of God, we have succeeded.

So far as we have refused to do that we have failed. Of old it was written, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

III. And now a word of our dangers. There seems no danger from abroad; from any foreign State, unless we begin the quarrel; none from famine. The real danger in one word is this, that we shall try to enact injustice into a law, and with the force of the nation to make iniquity obeyed.

See some of the special forms of injustice which threaten us, or are already here. I shall put them into the form of ideas.

1. One common among politicians is that the State is for a portion of the people, not the whole. Thus it has been declared that the constitution of the United States did not recognize the three million slaves as citizens or extend to them any right which it guarantees to other men. It would be a sad thing for the State to declare there was a single child in the whole land to whom it owed no protection. What, then, if it attempts to take three millions from under its shield? In obedience to this false idea the counsel has been given that we must abstain from all "political agitation" of the most important matter before the people. We must leave that to our masters, for the State is for them, it is not for you and me. They must say whether we shall "agitate" and "discuss" these things or not. The politicians are our masters, and may lay their fingers on our lips when they will.

2. The next false idea is that government is chiefly for the protection of property. This has long been the idea on which some men legislated, but on the 19th day of this month the distinguished secretary of state, in a speech at New York, used these words: "The great object of government is the protection of property at home and respect and renown

abroad." You see what the policy must be where the government is for the protection of the hat, and only takes care of the head so far as it serves to wear a hat. Here the man is the accident and the dollar is the substance for which the man is to be protected. I think a notion very much like this prevails extensively in the great cities of America, north and south. I think the chief politicians of the two parties are agreed in this,—that government is for the protection of property, and everything else is subsidiary. With many persons politics are a part of their business; the state-house and the custom-house are only valued for their relation to trade. This idea is fatal to a good government.

Think of this, that "The great object of government is the protection of property." Tell that to Samuel Adams, and John Hancock, and Washington, and the older Winthrops, and the Bradfords, and Carvers! Why! it seems as if the buried majesty of Massachusetts would start out of the ground, and with its Bible in its hand say, This is false!

3. The third false idea is this: that you are morally bound to obey the law, let it be never so plainly wrong and opposed to your conscience. This is the most dangerous of all the false ideas yet named. Ambitious men, in an act of passion, make iniquity into a law, and then demand that you and I in our act of prayer shall submit to it and make it our daily life; that we shall not try to repeal and discuss and agitate it! This false idea lies at the basis of every despot's throne, the idea that men can make right wrong, and wrong right. It has come to be taught in New England, to be taught in our churches—though seldom there, to their honor be it spoken, except in the churches of commerce in the large towns—that if wrong is law, you and I must do what it demands, though conscience declares it is treason against man and treason

against God. The worst doctrines of Hobbes and Filmer are thus revived.

I have sometimes been amazed at the talk of men who call on us to keep the Fugitive Slave Law, one of the most odious laws in a world of odious laws—a law not fit to be made or kept. I have been amazed that they should dare to tell us the law of God, writ on the heavens and our hearts, never demanded we should disobey the laws of men! Well, suppose it were so. Then it was old Daniel's duty at Darius' command to give up his prayer; but he prayed three times a day with his windows up. Then it was John's and Peter's duty to forbear to preach of Christianity; but they said, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." Then it was the duty of Amram and Jochebed to take up their new-born Moses and cast him into the Nile, for the law of King Pharaoh commanding it was "constitutional," and "political agitation" was discountenanced as much in Goshen as in Boston. But Daniel did not obey; John and Peter did not fail to preach Christianity; and Amram and Jochebed refused "passive obedience" to the king's decree! I think it will take a strong man all this winter to reverse the judgment which the world has passed on these three cases. But it is "innocent" to try. However, there is another ancient case mentioned in the Bible in which the laws commanded one thing and conscience just the opposite. Here is the record of the law: "Now both the chief priests and the Pharisees had given a commandment, that if any one knew where he [Jesus] were he should show it that they might take him." Of course it became the official and legal business of each disciple who knew where Christ was to make it known to the authorities. No doubt James and John could leave all and

follow him with others of the people who knew not the law of Moses and were accursed; nay the women, Martha and Mary, could minister unto him of their substance, could wash his feet with tears and wipe them with the hairs of their head. They did it gladly, of their own free will, and took pleasure therein, I make no doubt. There was no merit in that—"Any man can perform an agreeable duty." But there was found one disciple who could "perform a disagreeable duty." He went, perhaps "with alacrity," and betrayed his Saviour to the marshal of the district of Jerusalem, who was called a centurion. Had he no affection for Jesus? No doubt, but he could conquer his prejudices, while Mary and John could not.

Judas Iscariot has rather a bad name in the Christian world; he is called "the son of perdition" in the New Testament and his conduct is reckoned a "transgression;" nay, it is said the devil "entered into him" to cause this hideous sin. But all this it seems was a mistake; certainly, if we are to believe our "Republican" lawyers and statesmen, Iscariot only fulfilled his "constitutional obligations." It was only "on that point" of betraying his Saviour that the constitutional law required him to have anything to do with Jesus. He took his "thirty pieces of silver"—about fifteen dollars—a Yankee is to do it for ten, having fewer prejudices to conquer—it was his legal fee for value received. True, the Christians thought it was "the wages of iniquity," and even the Pharisees—who commonly made the commandment of God of none effect by their traditions—dared not defile the temple with this "price of blood;" but it was honest money; it was as honest a fee as any American commissioner or deputy will ever get for a similar service. How mistaken we are! Judas Iscariot is not a traitor; he was a great patriot;

he conquered his "prejudices," performed "a disagreeable duty" as an office of "high morals and high principle;" he kept the "law" and the "constitution" and did all he could to save the "Union;" nay, he was a saint, "not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles." "The law of God never commands us to disobey the law of man." *Sancte Iscariote, ora pro nobis.*

It is a little strange to hear this talk in Boston and hear the doctrine of passive obedience to a law which sets Christianity at defiance, taught here in the face of the Adamses, and Hancock, and Washington! It is amazing to hear this talk respecting such a law amongst merchants. Do they keep the usury laws? I never heard of but one money-lender who kept them, and he has been a long time dead, and I think he left no kith nor kin! The temperance law, is that kept? The fifteen-gallon law—were men so very passive in their obedience to that that they could not even "agitate?" yet it violated no law of God—was not unchristian. When the government interferes with the rum-seller's property the law must be trod under foot, but when the law insists that a man shall be made a slave I must give up conscience in my act of prayer and stoop to the vile law men have made in their act of passion!

It is curious to hear men talk of law and order in Boston, when the other day one or two hundred smooth-faced boys and youths, beardless as girls, could disturb a meeting of three or four thousand men for two hours long, and the chief of the police and the mayor of the city stood and looked on, when a single word from their lips might have stilled the tumult and given honest men a hearing.

Talk of keeping the Fugitive Slave Law! Come, come, we know better. Men in New England know better than this.

We know that we ought not to keep a wicked law and that it must not be kept when the law of God forbids!

But the effect of a law which men cannot keep without violating conscience is always demoralizing. There are men who know no higher law than the statute of the State. When good men cannot keep a law that is base some bad ones will say, "Let us keep no law at all," then where does the blame lie? On him that enacts the outrageous law.

The idea that a statute of man frees us from obligation to the law of God is a dreadful thing. When that becomes the deliberate conviction of the great mass of the people, north or south, then I shall despair of human nature; then I shall despair of justice and despair of God. But it will never come.

One of the most awful spectacles I ever saw was this: A vast multitude attempting at an orator's suggestion to howl down the "higher law," and when he said, "Will you have this to rule over you?" they answered, "Never!" and treated the "higher law" to a laugh and a howl! It was done in Faneuil Hall under the eyes of the three Adamses, Hancock, and Washington, and the howl rung round the venerable arches of that hall. I could not but ask, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, and the rulers of the earth set themselves, and kings take counsel against the Lord and say, 'Let us break his bands asunder and cast off his yoke from us?'" Then I could not but remember that it was written, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing and the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers before him." Howl down the law of God at a magistrate's command! Do this in Boston! Let us remember this—but with charity.

Men say there is danger of disunion, of our losing fealty for the constitution. I do not believe it yet! Suppose it be so. The constitution is the machinery of the national mill; and suppose we agree to take it out and put in new—we might get worse, very true, but we might get better. There have been some modern improvements; we might introduce them to the State as well as the mill. But I do not believe there is this danger. I do not believe the people of Massachusetts think so. I think they are strongly attached to the Union yet, and if they thought "the Union was in peril—this day" and everything the nation prizes was likely to be destroyed, we should not have had a meeting of a few thousands in Faneuil Hall; but the people would have filled up the city of Worcester with a hundred thousand men if need be; and they would have come with the cartridge-box at their side and the firelock on their shoulder. That is the way the people of Massachusetts would assemble if they thought there was real danger.

I do not believe the South will withdraw from the Union with five million free men and three million slaves. I think Massachusetts would be no loser, I think the North would be no loser; but I doubt if the North will yet allow them to go if so disposed. Do you think the South is so mad as to wish it?

But I think I know of one cause which may dissolve the Union—one which ought to dissolve it if put in action: that is, a serious attempt to execute the Fugitive Slave Law, here and in all the North. I mean an attempt to recover and take back all the fugitive slaves in the North, and to punish with fine and imprisonment all who aid or conceal them. The South has browbeat us again and again. She has smitten us on the one cheek with "protection," and we have turned the

other, kissing the rod; she has smitten that with "free trade." She has imprisoned our citizens; driven off with scorn and loathing our officers sent to ask constitutional justice. She has spit upon us. Let her come to take back the fugitives—and, trust me, she "will wake up the lion."

In my humble opinion this law is a wedge—sharp at one end, but wide at the other—put in between the lower planks of our Ship of State. If it be driven home we go to pieces. But I have no thought that that will be done quite yet. I believe the great politicians who threatened to drive it through the gaping seams of our argosy will think twice before they strike again. Nay, that they will soon be very glad to bury the wedge "where the tide ebbs and flows four times a day." I do not expect this of their courage, but of their fears; not of their justice—I am too old for that—but of their concern for property which it is the "great object of government" to protect.

I know how some men talk in public and how they act at home. I heard a man the other day, at Faneuil Hall, declare the law must be kept, and denounce not very gently all who preached or prayed against it as enemies of "all law." But that was all talk, for this very man on that very day had violated the law; had furnished the golden wheels on which fugitives rode out of the reach of the arms which the marshal would have been sorry to lift. I could tell things more surprising—but it is not wise just now!

I do not believe there is more than one of the New England men who publicly helped the law into being, but would violate its provisions; conceal a fugitive; share his loaf with a runaway; furnish him golden wings to fly with. Nay, I think it would be difficult to find a magistrate in New England willing to take the public odium of doing the official

duty. I believe it is not possible to find a regular jury who will punish a man for harboring a slave, for helping his escape, or fine a marshal or commissioner for being a little slow to catch a slave. Men will talk loud in public meetings, but they have some conscience after all, at home. And though they howl down the "higher law" in a crowd, yet conscience will make cowards of them all when they come to lay hands on a Christian man, more innocent than they, and send him into slavery forever! One of the commissioners of Boston talked loud and long last Tuesday in favor of keeping the law. When he read his litany against the law of God and asked if men would keep the "higher law," and got "never" as the welcome and amen for response—it seemed as if the law might be kept, at least by that commissioner and such as gave the responses to his creed. But slave-hunting Mr. Hughes, who came here for two of our fellow worshippers, in his Georgia newspaper tells a different story. Here it is, from the "Georgia Telegraph" of last Friday. "I called at 11 o'clock at night at his [the commissioner's] residence and stated to him my business, and asked him for a warrant, saying that if I could get a warrant I could have the negroes [William and Ellen Craft] arrested. He said the law did not authorize a warrant to be issued: that it was my duty to go and arrest the negro without a warrant and bring him before him!" This is more than I expected. "Is Saul among the prophets!" The men who tell us that the law must be kept, God willing, or against his will—there are Puritan fathers behind them also; Bibles in their houses; a Christ crucified whom they think of; and a God even in their world who slumbers not, neither is weary and is as little a respecter of parchments as of persons! They know there is a people as well as politicians, a posterity not yet assembled,

and they would not like to have certain words writ on their tombstone. "Traitor to the rights of mankind," is no pleasant epitaph. They too remember there is a day after to-day; aye, a forever; and "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have not done it unto me," is a sentence they would not like to hear at the day of judgment!

Much danger is feared from the "political agitation" of this matter. Great principles have never been discussed without great passions, and will not be for some time I suppose. But men fear to have this despotic idea become a subject of discussion. Last spring Mr. Webster said here in Boston, "We shall not see the legislation of the country proceed in the old harmonious way until the discussion in Congress and out of Congress upon the subject [of slavery] shall be in some manner suppressed. Take that truth home with you!" We have lately been told that political agitation on this subject must be stopped. So it seems this law, like that which Daniel would not keep, is one that may not be changed and must not be talked of.

Now there are three modes in which attempts may be made to stop the agitation.

1. By sending—

> "— troops, with guns and banners,
> Cut short our speeches and our necks,
> And break our heads to mend our manners."

That is the Austrian way, which has not yet been tried here and will not be.

2. By sending lecturers throughout the land to stir up the people to be quiet, and agitate them till they are still; to make them sign the pledge of total abstinence from the discussion of this subject. That is not likely to effect the object.

3. For the friends of silence to keep their own counsel—and this seems as little likely to be tried as the others to succeed.

Strange is it to ask us to forbear to talk on a subject which involves the welfare of 20,000,000 men! As well ask a man in a fever not to be heated and a consumptive person not to cough, to pine away and turn pale. Miserable counsellors are ye all, who give such advice. But we have seen lately—the Lion of the Democrats and the Lamb of the Whigs lie down together, joined by this opinion so gentle and so loving, all at once, that a little child could lead them and so "fulfil the sure prophetic word." Yes, we have seen the Herod of one party and the Pilate of the other made friends for the sake of crucifying the freedom of mankind.

But there is one way in which I would modestly hint that we might stop all this talk "in Congress and out of Congress," that is to "discuss" the matter till we had got at the truth, and the whole truth; then to "agitate" politically till we had enacted justice into law, and carried it out all over the North and all over the South. Then there would be no more discussion about the Fugitive Slave Bill than about the "Boston Port Bill;" no more agitation about American slavery than there is about the condition of the people of Babylon before the flood. I think there is no other way in which we are likely to get rid of this discussion.

Such is our condition, such its causes, such our dangers. Now for the lesson look a moment elsewhere. Look at continental Europe, at Rome, Austria, Prussia, and the German States—at France. How uncertain is every government! France—the stablest of them all! Remember the revolution which two years ago shook those States so terribly, when all the royalty of France was wheeled out of Paris in a street

cab. Why are those States so tottering? Whence those revolutions? They tried to make iniquity their law and would not give over the attempt! Why are the armies of France 500,000 strong, though the nation is at peace with all the world? Because they tried to make injustice law! Why do the Austrian and German monarchs fear an earthquake of the people? Because they tread the people down with wicked laws! Whence came the crushing debts of France, Austria, England? From the same cause; from the injustice of men who made mischief by law!

It is not for men long to hinder the march of human freedom. I have no fear for that, ultimately,—none at all,—simply for this reason, that I believe in the infinite God. You may make your statutes; an appeal always lies to the higher law, and decisions adverse to that get set aside in the ages. Your statutes cannot hold him. You may gather all the dried grass and all the straw in both continents; you may braid it into ropes to bind down the sea; while it is calm you may laugh and say, "Lo, I have chained the ocean!" and howl down the law of him who holds the universe as a rosebud in his hand—its every ocean but a drop of dew. "How the waters suppress their agitation," you may say. But when the winds blow their trumpets the sea rises in his strength, snaps asunder the bonds that had confined his mighty limbs, and the world is littered with the idle hay! Stop the human race in its development and march to freedom? As well might the boys of Boston, some lustrous night, mounting the steeples of this town, call on the stars to stay their course! Gently, but irresistibly, the Greater and the Lesser Bear move round the pole; Orion in his mighty mail comes up the sky; the Bull, the Ram, the Heavenly Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Maid, the Scales, and all that shining company pursue their march

all night, and the new day discovers the idle urchins in their lofty places, all tired, and sleepy, and ashamed.

It is not possible to suppress the idea of freedom or forever hold down its institutions. But it is possible to destroy a State; a political party with geographical bounds may easily be rent asunder. It is not impossible to shiver this American Union. But how? What clove asunder the great British party, one nation once in America and England? Did not our fathers love their fatherland? Aye. They called it home, and were loyal with abundant fealty; there was no lack of piety for home. It was the attempt to make old English injustice New England law! Who did it, the British people? Never. Their hand did no such sacrilege! It was the merchants of London with the "Navigation Act;" the politicians of Westminster with the "Stamp Act;" the Tories of America—who did not die without issue—who for office and its gold would keep a king's unjust commands. It was they who drove our fathers into disunion against their will. Is here no lesson? We love law, all of us love it; but a true man loves it only as the safeguard of the rights of man. If it destroy these rights he spurns it with his feet. Is here no lesson? Look farther then.

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great States eat up the little. As with fish, so with nations. Aye, but how do the great States come to an end? By their own injustice and no other cause. They would make unrighteousness their law and God wills not that it be so. Thus they fall; thus they die. Look at these ancient States, the queenliest queens of earth. There is Rome, the widow of two civilizations,—the pagan and the Catholic. They both had her and unto both she bore daughters and fair sons. But, the Niobe of Nations, she boasted that her children were

holier and more fair than all the pure ideas of justice, truth, and love, the offspring of the eternal God. And now she sits there transformed into stone, amid the ruins of her children's bones. At midnight I have heard the owl hoot in the Coliseum and the Forum, giving voice to desolation; and at midday I have seen the fox in the palace where Augustus gathered the wealth, the wit, the beauty and the wisdom of a conquered world, and the fox and the owl interpreted to me the voice of many ages which came to tell this age that though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not prosper.

Come with me, my friends, a moment more, pass over this Golgotha of human history, treading reverent as you go, for our feet are on our mothers' grave and our shoes defile our fathers' hallowed bones. Let us not talk of them; go further on, look and pass by. Come with me into the Inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago and learn a lesson from the tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish Dove upon thy emerald crown. What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came, with me, also to the ground."

Oh queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who troddest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont with ships and pouredst thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds!"

Thou muselike Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of States, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art and most seductive song, why liest

thou there with beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp! "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of flesh, embalmed it in the Parian stone; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth! Lo, therefore have I become as those Barbarian States—as one of them!"

Oh manly and majestic Rome, thy seven-fold mural crown, all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low; for thy great book of law is prefaced with these words, justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right! "'Twas not the saint's ideal; it was the hypocrite's pretence! I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces,—where thou mayest see the fox and hear the owl,—it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet councillors,—the flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see! Go back and tell the new-born child, who sitteth on the Alleghanies laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars about his youthful brow—tell him that there are rights which States must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs! Tell him there is a God who keeps the black man and the white and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks his just, eternal law! Warn the young empire that he come not down dim and dishonored to my shameful tomb! Tell him that justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. I knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him to know it, keep it, and be safe!"

"God save the Commonwealth," proclaims the governor! God will do his part,— doubt not of that. But you and I must help him save the State. What can we do? Next Sunday I will ask you for your charity; to-day I ask a greater gift, more than the abundance of the rich, or the poor widow's long-remembered mite. I ask you for your justice. Give that to your native land. Do you not love your country? I know you do. Here are our homes and the graves of our fathers; the bones of our mothers are under the sod. The memory of past deeds is fresh with us; many a farmer's and mechanic's son inherits from his sires some cup of manna gathered in the wilderness and kept in memory of our exodus; some stones from the Jordan, which our fathers passed over sorely bested and hunted after; some Aaron's rod, green and blossoming with fragrant memories of the day of small things when the Lord led us—and all these attach us to our land, our native land. We love the great ideas of the North, the institutions which they founded, the righteous laws, the schools, the churches too—do we not love all these? Aye. I know well you do. Then by all these, and more than all, by the dear love of God, let us swear that we will keep the justice of the eternal law. Then are we all safe. We know not what a day may bring forth, but we know that eternity will bring everlasting peace. High in the heavens, the pole-star of the world, shines justice; placed within us as our guide thereto is conscience. Let us be faithful to that

> "Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
> Points to the light that changes not in heaven."

CASSIUS M. CLAY

Cassius Marcellus Clay, American orator and politician, abolitionist, diplomat, and soldier. was born in Madison Co., Ky., Oct. 19, 1810. He was educated at Centre College, Kentucky, the University of Pennsylvania, and Yale College, and after graduating at Yale in 1832 he declared himself an emancipationist, and, influenced by a speech of W. L. Garrison, freed his own slaves. He was admitted to the Bar, but has rarely practiced. Entering the Kentucky legislature in 1835 he there advocated, among other measures, gradual slave emancipation, the owners of slaves to be reimbursed for their losses. His anti-slavery views caused his defeat in his endeavor to enter the legislature in the following year, but he was successful in 1837, though again defeated, and for a like reason, in 1841. He opposed the admission of Texas, and when Henry Clay was the Whig candidate for the Presidency he canvassed the State in behalf of the great Kentuckian. In 1845, he established an anti-slavery journal, "The True American," in Lexington, Ky., and when his office was mobbed he continued to issue the paper in Cincinnati and to distribute it in his own State. Always a fighter for his opinions, he figured in several personal encounters as well as in one or two fatal duels. He served in the American army during the Mexican War, and on his return to his native State was received with public honors. In 1850, he was unsuccessful as the anti-slavery candidate for governor, and in the elections of 1856 and 1860 supported Fremont and Lincoln. He was Minister to Russia from 1861 to 1869, save for an interval of a year, when he served as major-general in the Federal army during the Civil War, and he subsequently espoused the Cuban cause and was president of the Cuban Aid Society. In 1872, and the two succeeding presidential campaigns, he supported the Democratic candidates for the Presidency, but in 1884 gave his allegiance to the Republican candidate, Blaine. Since then he has lived in retirement at White Hall, Kentucky, though in 1896 he declared himself a Gold Democrat.

ADDRESS AT YALE COLLEGE

DELIVERED ON THE CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1832

GENTLEMEN OF YALE COLLEGE,— Were a stranger to visit this land, in this time of peace and plenty, this mildness and tranquillity of nature, and hear, at a distance, the loud peals of cannon, and the murmurs of assembled multitudes, behold crowds of both

sexes and every age moving in anxiety to the churches and places of public convocation, in amazement he would exclaim, "What means this hurried array! this mighty tumult! What threatened invasion; what great political commotion; what impending convulsion of nature, draws together thirteen millions of human beings?"

Illustrious, departed shade! whom we this day call to memory, this could not be. For from what land shall he come who knows not thy great and virtuous deeds? What language shall he speak who has not heard the name of Washington?

We are assembled to-day, a great and intelligent nation, to offer up our thanks to the Author of our being for the many and signal favors bestowed upon us as a people. To give to departed worth our highest approbation, the voluntary tribute of grateful remembrance. To manifest to mankind and our posterity the regard which we entertain for the blessings of religious and political freedom which our gallant ancestors have bequeathed us. To make ourselves better men and better citizens. It is enough for one man that thirteen millions of intelligent beings have assembled in his name. Any efforts which I might make to color his fame by indulging in panegyric would be trifling with the feelings of this assembly; for, from the throbbing bosom and brightening eye, I perceive that you have outstripped the slow pace of language and already given way to the grateful emotions of the soul. I shall therefore briefly touch upon a few incidents of his life, and proceed to some other considerations, which may be not inappropriate to the occasion. It was the good fortune of Washington to unite in one personage the far distant and almost incompatible talents of the politician and soldier. It would not, I presume, be considered disre-

spectful to say that this circumstance is the only one which made a material distinction between him and some others of his noble compatriots. Other men may have conceived as high designs and entertained as exalted patriotism; but it was for Washington to conceive and to execute; and what he declared with the pen in the cabinet to conclude with the sword in the field. Other men would have been proud of the honor of pre-eminence in either department; but Washington drank deep of the glory of each, and was not intoxicated with the draught: for he was subject to temptation on a most signal occasion, yet his virtue and patriotism failed not in the hour of trial.

Success had crowned his efforts against a foreign foe. His followers, stung with the ingratitude of a preserved country, who refused the poor tribute of soldiers' wages, were united to him by the strongest ties — the sense of common suffering and injustice. Inflammatory letters were industriously circulated throughout the army by an insidious enemy. The republic, in its very infancy, was about to pass the way of all democracies, and on the eve of yielding up her dearly bought liberties to her chieftain. Then do we see the gray-headed patriot coming forward in deep and sorrowful mood, and hear his faltering voice entreating them to spare themselves — to spare him — what? An ignominious death? No! to spare him the titles, the honors, the arbitrary power, for which others have deemed the risk of life not too dear a sacrifice. Raising the intercepted letters to his face, while the gathering tears suffused his sight, he uttered those memorable words, "My eyes have grown dim in the service of my country." Where in the long annals of the reputed sayings of departed sages shall we find the equal of this more than eloquence — this pouring forth of the soul? It was then

that tyranny was rebuked, and liberty drew immortal inspiration. For selfishness and power were disrobed of their tinsel ornaments, ambition loosed his deadly grasp, and liberty and virtue, in union, winged their heavenly flight!

I pass over his virtues and his public acts. His virtues are known, and more appropriately mentioned by our firesides and in the private circle. 'Tis there we love to dwell upon the scenes of his infancy, and the virtuous impressions made upon his tender mind in the day when the destiny of empires is in the hands of a woman. Well for mankind that he was in the hands of a mother, a woman who, in those days filled the high rank allotted her by nature, to be the instructress, as well as the plaything companion of man. His public acts — they are inwoven without constitution and laws. They are known and appreciated by the politician and the jurist; and are more immediately objects for the contemplation of those concerned in the administration of the government.

What then remains for this occasion? Washington is gone, and his virtues and his exploits are reserved for mention at other times. The effects, my countrymen, the effects! "The man dies, but his memory lives." How many like the great Emmet have died, and left only a name to attract our admiration for their virtues, and our regret for their untimely fall, to excite to deeds which they would, but could not affect! But what has Washington left behind save the glory of a name? The independent mind, the conscious pride, the ennobling principle of the soul — a nation of freemen.

What did he leave? He left us to ourselves. This is the sum of our liberties, the first principle of government, the power of public opinion — public opinion, the only perma-

nent power on earth. When did a people flourish like Americans? Yet where, in a time of peace, has more use been made with the pen, or less with the sword of power? When did a religion flourish like the Christian, since they have done away with intolerance? Since men have come to believe and know that physical force cannot affect the immortal part, and that religion is between the conscience and the Creator only. He of 622, who with the sword propagated his doctrines throughout Arabia, and the greater part of the barbarian world; against the power of whose tenets the physical force of all Christendom was opposed in vain; under the effective operations of freedom of opinion, is fast passing the way of all error.

Napoleon, the contemporary of our Washington, is fast dying away from the lips of men. He who shook the whole civilized earth — who, in an age of knowledge and concert among nations, held the world at bay — at whose exploits the imagination becomes bewildered — who, in the eve of his glory, was honored with the pathetic appellation of "the last, lone, captive of millions in war,"— even he is now known only in history. The vast empire was fast tumbling to ruins while he yet held the sword. He passed away and left "no successor" there! The unhallowed light which obscured is gone; but brightly beams, yet, the name of Washington!

This freedom of opinion, which has done so much for the political and religious liberty of America, has not been confined to this continent. People of other countries begin to inquire, to examine, and to reason for themselves. Error has fled before it, and the most inveterate prejudices are dissolved and gone. Such unlimited remedy has in some cases indeed apparently proved injurious, but the evil is to be attributed

to the peculiarity of the attendant circumstances, or the ill-timed application. Let us not force our tenets upon foreigners. For if we subject opinion to coercion, who shall be our inquisitors?

No; let us do as we have done, as we are now doing, and then call upon the nations to examine, to scrutinize, and to condemn! No! they cannot look upon America to-day, and pity — for the gladdened heart disclaims all woe. They cannot look upon her and deride, for genius, and literature, and science are soaring above the high places of birth and pageantry. They cannot look upon us and defy, for the hearts of thirteen millions are warm in virtuous emulation; their arms steeled in the cause of their country. Her productions are wafted to every shore; her flag is seen waving in every sea. She has wrested the glorious motto from the once queen of the seas, and high on our banner, by the stars and stripes, is seen:

> "Columbia needs no bulwark,
> No towers along the steep,
> Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep."

But on this day of freemen's rejoicings, and all this mutual congratulation, "this feast of the soul, this pure banquet of the heart," does no painful reflection rush across the unquiet conscience? no blush of insincerity suffuse the countenance, where joy and gratitude should hold undivided sway? When we come this day, as one great family, to lay our poor offering on the altar, to that God who holds the destinies of nations in his hand, are there none afar off, cast down and sorrowful, who dare not approach the common altar; who cannot put their hands to their hearts, and say: "Oh, Washington, what art thou to us? Are we not also freemen?"

Then what a mockery is here! Foolish man, lay down thy offering, go thy way, become reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy offering.

In the language of Thomas Jefferson:

"Can the liberties of a nation be sure when we remove their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people, that these liberties are the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that a revolution of the wheel of fortune, a change of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in that event."

And shall these things be? 'Tis fit that he should chide who bears the shame! How long, my own, my native land, shall thy exiled sons dare to raise their voice only in a land of strangers, in behalf of thy best interests — the cause of reason, religion, and humanity?

But ye philanthropists, if so ye term yourselves — whether real or feigned, I care not — leave us to ourselves. Give opinion full scope; examine, scrutinize, condemn, but let us alone. Know ye not yet the human heart? It has its affections, but it has its jealousies and its revenge, too! But, if you attempt to snatch justice from our arms — our destined bride, lovely maid of every perfection — we will plunge the assassin's dagger to her heart — to be mourned by her followers as well as by her destroyers!

"Leave us to ourselves," should be the motto of our republic, the first principle of national legislation. Not license to lawlessness and crime; not that liberty which is so often shouted forth without meaning — defiance of wholesome laws and their severe and rigid execution. But let us alone

— let us exercise reason and public opinion as regards our temporal interests as well as our immortal welfare.

If we come to honor Washington to-day, to sanction his principles, which have been approved in times past, I cannot forbear pressing upon the minds of my audience, from various parts of the Union, the necessity to concede something to public opinion in the construction of our federal league; to be indulgent to one another. If you do not, my countrymen, I very much fear that this, the first centennial celebration of the birth of Washington, will be the last on which a mighty nation will have met.

It is a principle generally admitted among politicians that the most despotic government in peace is the most efficient in war, and the reverse. This principle applied to us admits of much limitation. If we war with foreigners, and all united, I venture to say we are the most powerful nation on earth, comparing our physical resources; for we war not for a change of masters, but for ourselves — for freedom. But, if we war with each other, which God forbid, we are the weakest nation in existence; because we are the farthest removed from executive influence; more subject to individual will.

Our strength is in public opinion, in unanimity. We revolt on the most favorable circumstances. No ignominious death of traitors awaits us; defeat, at worst, is but an unwilling marriage with a haughty, but yet loving lord. States come to the contest, armed, provided, unanimous; fighting ostensibly under the banner of the constitution, if not in supposable cases, in the real spirit of our federal league.

I would not speak lightly of the constitution of America; long may it exist to the honor of its framers, and the greater glory of those who support it well; but I should not deem it

safe to appeal to the letter of any copy, in defiance of the great original, written in the breast of every American.

It needs not the eye of divination to see that differences of interest will naturally arise in this vast extent of territory. Washington saw it; we see it. Let us not flatter ourselves that these differences will be merged by the revolution of time, or the increase of space. While I now speak, a voice is heard imploring concession, founded upon claims, warmly and conscientiously supported — no matter whether they be real or imaginary.

In the political arena the glove is already thrown down; the great Northern and Southern champions stand in sullen defiance; bristling crests are seen extending to the extreme verge of the lists; the mystery of intense feeling pervades the hosts; "*non tumultus, non quies: quale magni metus, et magnæ iræ silentium est.*"

My countrymen, this must not be; the issues are too great to depend upon the fall of one man. 'Tis yours — you, the people of the United States — to look well to it!

The warning voice of Cassandra is abroad! May not a blinded people rest secure in disbelief and derision, till the birthright left us by our Washington is lost! till we shall be aroused by the rushing ruins of a once "glorious union!"

ROBERT TOOMBS

SENATOR TOOMBS

ROBERT TOOMBS, American politician, a disunionist in the Civil War, was born in Wilkes Co., Ga., July 2, 1810, and died at Washington, Ga., Dec. 15, 1885. He entered the Federal House of Representatives as a Whig in 1845, and retained a seat therein until 1853, when he became a United States Senator from Georgia. He resigned his seat in the Senate in January, 1861, after delivering the speech here reproduced against the Crittenden Compromise. He was for a time a member of the Confederate Congress, and subsequently Secessionist Secretary of State, but resigned the latter office to accept a commission as brigadier-general in the Confederate army. He took part in the second battle of Bull Run and in the battle of Antietam, in 1862, and two years later commanded the Georgia militia. On the fall of the Confederacy he went to Europe, but returned in 1867, and died in his seventy-sixth year in his native State, having refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. To the last he continued his hostility to the Federal government.

ON SECESSION; SECESSIONIST OPINION

UNITED STATES SENATE, JANUARY 7, 1861

Mr. President and Senators:

THE success of the Abolitionists and their allies, under the name of the Republican party, has produced its logical results already. They have for long years been sowing dragons' teeth and have finally got a crop of armed men. The Union, sir, is dissolved. That is an accomplished fact in the path of this discussion that men may as well heed. One of your confederates has already, wisely, bravely, boldly confronted public danger, and she is only ahead of many of her sisters because of her greater facility for speedy action. The greater majority of those sister States, under like circumstances, consider her cause as their

cause; and I charge you in their name to-day, "Touch not Saguntum." It is not only their cause, but it is a cause which receives the sympathy and will receive the support of tens and hundreds of thousands of honest patriotic men in the non-slaveholding States, who have hitherto maintained constitutional rights, and who respect their oaths, abide by compacts, and love justice. And while this Congress, this Senate, and this House of Representatives, are debating the constitutionality and the expediency of seceding from the Union, and while the perfidious authors of this mischief are showering down denunciations upon a large portion of the patriotic men of this country, those brave men are coolly and calmly voting what you call revolution —aye, sir, doing better than that: arming to defend it. They appealed to the Constitution, they appealed to justice, they appealed to fraternity, until the Constitution, justice, and fraternity were no longer listened to in the legislative halls of their country, and then, sir, they prepared for the arbitrament of the sword; and now you see the glittering bayonet, and you hear the tramp of armed men from your capitol to the Rio Grande. It is a sight that gladdens the eyes and cheers the hearts of other millions ready to second them. Inasmuch, sir, as I have labored earnestly, honestly, sincerely, with these men to avert this necessity so long as I deemed it possible, and inasmuch as I heartily approve their present conduct of resistance, I deem it my duty to state their case to the Senate, to the country, and to the civilized world.

Senators, my countrymen have demanded no new government; they have demanded no new Constitution. Look to their records at home and here from the beginning of this national strife until its consummation in the disruption of

the empire, and they have not demanded a single thing except that you shall abide by the Constitution of the United States; that constitutional rights shall be respected, and that justice shall be done. Sirs, they have stood by your Constitution; they had stood by all its requirements, they have performed all its duties unselfishly, uncalculatingly, disinterestedly, until a party sprang up in this country which endangered their social system—a party which they arraign, and which they charge before the American people and all mankind, with having made proclamation of outlawry against four thousand millions of their property in the Territories of the United States; with having put them under the ban of the empire in all the States in which their institutions exist, outside the protection of Federal laws; with having aided and abetted insurrection from within and invasion from without, with the view of subverting those institutions, and desolating their homes and their firesides. For these causes they have taken up arms. I shall proceed to vindicate the justice of their demands, the patriotism of their conduct. I will show the injustice which they suffer and the rightfulness of their resistance.

I shall not spend much time on the question that seems to give my honorable friend (Mr. Crittenden) so much concern—the constitutional right of a State to secede from this Union. Perhaps he will find out after a while that it is a fact accomplished. You have got it in the South pretty much both ways. South Carolina has given it to you regularly, according to the approved plan. You are getting it just below there (in Georgia), I believe, irregularly, outside of the law, without regular action. You can take it either way. You will find armed men to defend both. I have stated that the discontented States of this Union have

demanded nothing but clear, distinct, unequivocal, well-acknowledged constitutional rights; rights affirmed by the highest judicial tribunals of their country; rights older than the Constitution; rights which are planted upon the immutable principles of natural justice; rights which have been affirmed by the good and the wise of all countries, and of all centuries. We demand no power to injure any man. We demand no right to injure our confederate States. We demand no right to interfere with their institutions, either by word or deed. We have no right to disturb their peace, their tranquillity, their security. We have demanded of them simply, solely—nothing else—to give us *equality, security and tranquillity.* Give us these, and peace restores itself. Refuse them, and take what you can get.

I will now read my own demands, acting under my own convictions, and the universal judgment of my countrymen. They are considered the demands of an extremist. To hold to a constitutional right now makes one considered as an extremist—I believe that is the appellation these traitors and villains, North and South, employ. I accept their reproach rather than their principles. Accepting their designation of treason and rebellion, there stands before them as good a traitor, and as good a rebel, as ever descended from revolutionary loins.

What do the rebels demand? First, "that the people of the United States shall have an equal right to emigrate and settle in the present or any future acquired territories, with whatever property they may possess (including slaves), and be securely protected in its peaceable enjoyment until such Territory may be admitted as a State into the Union, with or without slavery, as she may determine, on an equality with all existing States." That is our territorial demand.

We have fought for this Territory when blood was its price. We have paid for it when gold was its price. We have not proposed to exclude you, though you have contributed very little of blood or money. I refer especially to New England. We demand only to go into those Territories upon terms of equality with you, as equals in this great Confederacy, to enjoy the common property of the whole Union, and receive the protection of the common government, until the Territory is capable of coming into the Union as a sovereign State, when it may fix its own institutions to suit itself.

The second proposition is, "that property in slaves shall be entitled to the same protection from the government of the United States, in all of its departments, everywhere, which the Constitution confers the power upon it to extend to any other property, provided nothing herein contained shall be construed to limit or restrain the right now belonging to every State to prohibit, abolish, or establish and protect slavery within its limits." We demand of the common government to use its granted powers to protect our property as well as yours. For this protection we pay as much as you do. This very property is subject to taxation. It has been taxed by you and sold by you for taxes. The title to thousands and tens of thousands of slaves is derived from the United States. We claim that the government, while the Constitution recognizes our property for the purposes of taxation, shall give it the same protection that it gives yours. Ought it not to be so? You say no. Every one of you upon the committee said no. Your Senators say no. Your House of Representatives says no. Throughout the length and breadth of your conspiracy against the Constitution there is but one shout of no! This recognition of this right is the price of my allegiance. Withhold it, and

you do not get my obedience. This is the philosophy of the armed men who have sprung up in this country. Do you ask me to support a government that will tax my property; that will plunder me; that will demand my blood, and will not protect me? I would rather see the population of my native State laid six feet beneath her sod than they should support for one hour such a government. Protection is the price of obedience everywhere, in all countries. It is the only thing that makes government respectable. Deny it and you cannot have free subjects or citizens; you may have slaves.

We demand, in the next place, "that persons committing crimes against slave property in one State, and fleeing to another, shall be delivered up in the same manner as persons committing crimes against other property, and that the laws of the State from which such persons flee shall be the test of criminality." That is another one of the demands of an extremist and rebel. The Constitution of the United States, article four, section two, says:

"A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime." But the non-slaveholding States, treacherous to their oaths and compacts, have steadily refused, if the criminal only stole a negro, and that negro was a slave, to deliver him up. It was refused twice on the requisition of my own State as long as twenty-two years ago. It was refused by Kent and by Fairfield, governors of Maine, and representing, I believe, each of the then Federal parties. We appealed then to fraternity, but

we submitted; and this constitutional right has been practically a dead letter from that day to this. The next case came up between us and the State of New York, when the present senior Senator (Mr. Seward) was the Governor of that State; and he refused it. Why? He said it was not against the laws of New York to steal a negro, and therefore he would not comply with the demand. He made a similar refusal to Virginia. Yet these are our confederates; these are our sister States! There is the bargain; there is the compact. You have sworn to it. Both these governors swore to it. The Senator from New York swore to it. The Governor of Ohio swore to it when he was inaugurated. You cannot bind them by oaths. Yet they talk to us of treason; and I suppose they expect to whip freemen into loving such brethren! They will have a good time in doing it!

It is natural we should want this provision of the Constitution carried out. The Constitution says slaves are property; the Supreme Court says so; the Constitution says so. The theft of slaves is a crime; they are a subject-matter of felonious asportation. By the text and letter of the Constitution you agreed to give them up. You have sworn to do it, and you have broken your oaths. Of course, those who have done so look out for pretexts. Nobody expected them to do otherwise. I do not think I ever saw a perjurer, however bald and naked, who could not invent some pretext to palliate his crime, or who could not, for fifteen shillings, hire an Old Bailey lawyer to invent some for him. Yet this requirement of the Constitution is another one of the extreme demands of an extremist and a rebel.

The next stipulation is that fugitive slaves shall be sur-

rendered under the provisions of the fugitive slave act of 1850, without being entitled either to a writ of habeas corpus, or trial by jury, or other similar obstructions of legislation, in the State to which he may flee. Here is the Constitution:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

This language is plain, and everybody understood it the same way for the first forty years of your government. In 1793, in Washington's time, an act was passed to carry out this provision. It was adopted unanimously in the Senate of the United States, and nearly so in the House of Representatives. Nobody then had invented pretexts to show that the Constitution did not mean a negro slave. It was clear; it was plain. Not only the Federal courts, but all the local courts in all the States, decide that this was a constitutional obligation. How is it now? The North sought to evade it; following the instincts of their natural character, they commenced with the fraudulent fiction that fugitives were entitled to habeas corpus, entitled to trial by jury in the State to which they fled. They pretended to believe that our fugitive slaves were entitled to more rights than their white citizens; perhaps they were right, they know one another better than I do. You may charge a white man with treason, or felony, or other crime, and you do not require any trial by jury before he is given up; there is nothing to determine but that he is legally charged with a crime and that he fled, and then

he is to be delivered up upon demand. White people are delivered up every day in this way; but not slaves. Slaves, black people, you say, are entitled to trial by jury: and in this way schemes have been invented to defeat your plain constitutional obligations. . . .

The next demand made on behalf of the South is, "that Congress shall pass effective laws for the punishment of all persons in any of the States who shall in any manner aid and abet invasion or insurrection in any other State, or commit any other act against the laws of nations, tending to disturb the tranquillity of the people or government of any other State." That is a very plain principle. The Constitution of the United States now requires, and gives Congress express power, to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and *offences against the laws of nations.* When the honorable and distinguished Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) last year introduced a bill for the purpose of punishing people thus offending under that clause of the Constitution, Mr. Lincoln, in his speech at New York, which I have before me, declared that it was a "sedition bill"; his press and party hooted at it. So far from recognizing the bill as intended to carry out the Constitution of the United States, it received their jeers and jibes. The Black Republicans of Massachusetts elected the admirer and eulogist of John Brown's courage as their Governor, and we may suppose he will throw no impediments in the way of John Brown's successors. The epithet applied to the bill of the Senator from Illinois is quoted from a deliberate speech delivered by Lincoln in New York, for which, it was stated in the journals, according to some resolution passed by an association of his own party, he was paid a couple of hundred

dollars. The speech should therefore have been deliberate. Lincoln denounced that bill. He places the stamp of his condemnation upon a measure intended to promote the peace and security of confederate States. He is, therefore, an enemy of the human race, and deserves the execration of all mankind.

We demand these five propositions. Are they not right? Are they not just? Take them in detail, and show that they are not warranted by the Constitution, by the safety of our people, by the principles of eternal justice. We will pause and consider them; but mark me, we will not let you decide the question for us. . . .

Senators, the Constitution is a compact. It contains all our obligations and the duties of the Federal Government. I am content and have ever been content to sustain it. While I doubt its perfection, while I do not believe it was a good compact, and while I never saw the day that I would have voted for it as a proposition de novo, yet I am bound to it by oath and by that common prudence which would induce men to abide by established forms rather than to rush into unknown dangers. I have given to it, and intend to give to it, unfaltering support and allegiance, but I choose to put that allegiance on the true ground, not on the false idea that anybody's blood was shed for it. I say that the Constitution is the whole compact. All the obligations, all the chains that fetter the limbs of my people, are nominated in the bond, and they wisely excluded any conclusion against them, by declaring that "the powers not granted by the Constitution to the United States, or forbidden by it to the States, belonged to the States respectively or the people." Now I will try it by that standard: I will subject it to that test.

The law of nature, the law of justice, would say—and it is so expounded by the publicists—that equal rights in the common property shall be enjoyed. Even in a monarchy the king cannot prevent the subjects from enjoying equality in the disposition of the public property. Even in a despotic government this principle is recognized. It was the blood and the money of the whole people (says the learned Grotius, and say all the publicists) which acquired the public property, and therefore it is not the property of the sovereign. This right of equality being, then, according to justice and natural equity, a right belonging to all States, when did we give it up? You say Congress has a right to pass rules and regulations concerning the Territory and other property of the United States. Very well. Does that exclude those whose blood and money paid for it? Does "dispose of" mean to rob the rightful owners? You must show a better title than that, or a better sword than we have.

But, you say, try the right. I agree to it. But how? By our judgment? No, not until the last resort. What then; by yours? No, not until the same time. How, then, try it? The South has always said, by the Supreme Court. But that is in our favor, and Lincoln says he will not stand that judgment. Then each must judge for himself of the mode and manner of redress. But you deny us that privilege, and finally reduce us to accepting your judgment. The Senator from Kentucky comes to your aid, and says he can find no constitutional right of secession. Perhaps not; but the Constitution is not the place to look for State rights. If that right belongs to independent States, and they did not cede it to the Federal Government, it is reserved to the States, or to the people. Ask your new

commentator where he gets the right to judge for us. Is it in the bond?

The Northern doctrine was, many years ago, that the Supreme Court was the judge. That was their doctrine in 1800. They denounced Madison for the report of 1799, on the Virginia resolutions; they denounced Jefferson for framing the Kentucky resolutions, because they were presumed to impugn the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States; and they declared that that court was made, by the Constitution, the ultimate and supreme arbiter. That was the universal judgment—the declaration of every free State in this Union, in answer to the Virginia resolutions of 1798, or of all who did answer, even including the State of Delaware, then under Federal control.

The Supreme Court have decided that, by the Constitution, we have a right to go to the Territories and be protected there with our property. You say, we cannot decide the compact for ourselves. Well, can the Supreme Court decide it for us? Mr. Lincoln says he does not care what the Supreme Court decides, he will turn us out anyhow. He says this in his debate with the honorable member from Illinois [Mr. Douglas]. I have it before me. He said he would vote against the decision of the Supreme Court. Then you did not accept that arbiter. You will not take my construction; you will not take the Supreme Court as an arbiter; you will not take the practice of the government; you will not take the treaties under Jefferson and Madison; you will not take the opinion of Madison upon the very question of prohibition in 1820. What, then, will you take? You will take nothing but your own judgment; that is, you will not only judge for yourselves, not only discard the court, discard our construc-

tion, discard the practice of the government, but you will drive us out, simply because you will it. Come and do it! You have sapped the foundations of society; you have destroyed almost all hope of peace. In a compact where there is no common arbiter, where the parties finally decide for themselves, the sword alone at last becomes the real, if not the constitutional, arbiter. Your party says that you will not take the decision of the Supreme Court. You said so at Chicago; you said so in committee; every man of you in both Houses says so. What are you going to do? You say we shall submit to your construction. We shall do it, if you can make us; but not otherwise, or in any other manner. That is settled. You may call it secession, or you may call it revolution; but there is a big fact standing before you, ready to oppose you—that fact is, freemen with arms in their hands. The cry of the Union will not disperse them; we have passed that point; they demand equal rights; you had better heed the demand. . . .

JOHN BRIGHT

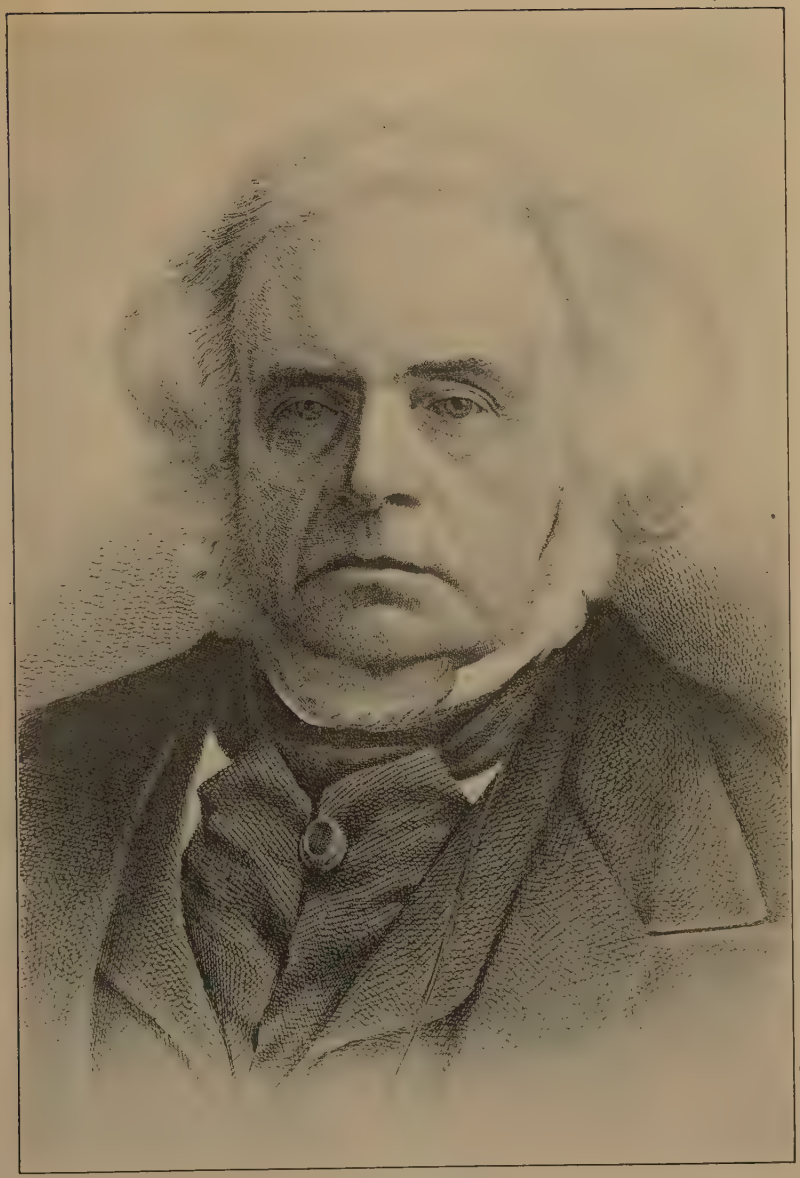
THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, eminent English statesman, Liberal, and orator, son of a Quaker cotton-spinner, was born near Rochdale, Lancashire, Nov. 16, 1811, and died there March 27, 1889. Being a Dissenter, he was educated at a private school, and was debarred from entering any of the universities. From the moment that he entered Parliament in 1843, he coöperated heartily with Richard Cobden and Charles Villiers in the furtherance of the movement for the repeal of the Corn Laws, which was to triumph after it had made a convert of Sir Robert Peel. His opposition to the Crimean War caused him, in 1857, to lose the seat which he had held for a Manchester constituency, but he was presently returned for Birmingham, and remained in Parliament upwards of thirty years. Throughout his parliamentary career he was an earnest pleader for justice to Ireland, an opponent of protection and advocate of parliamentary reform, and zealous for the perpetuation of amicable relations between England and the United States. After holding office repeatedly under Liberal prime ministers, among other posts holding that of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he broke with Gladstone in 1886 on the question of Home Rule, though in favor of ameliorative measures for Ireland. John Bright was, on the whole, the most graceful, finished, and persuasive speaker among the public men of his day in England; and his speeches are probably still read with more pleasure than are those of any other contemporary English orator. The most potent influence of Bright on his time was on the side of national righteousness and peace.

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR[1]

ROCHDALE, DECEMBER 4, 1861

WHEN the gentlemen who invited me to this dinner called upon me, I felt their kindness very sensibly, and now I am deeply grateful to my friends around me, and to you all, for the abundant manifestations of kindness with which I have been received to-night. I

[1] During the excitement caused by the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the envoys of the Slaveholders' Confederation, on board the "Trent" steamer, Mr. Bright's townsmen invited him to a public banquet, that they might have the opportunity of hearing his opinions on the American Civil War, and on the duty of England in regard to it.



JOHN BRIGHT

am, as you all know, surrounded at this moment by my neighbors and friends, and I may say with the utmost truth, that I value the good opinions of those who now hear my voice far beyond the opinions of any equal number of the inhabitants of this country selected from any other portion of it. You have, by this act of kindness that you have shown me, given proof that, in the main, you do not disapprove of my course and labors, that at least you are willing to express an opinion that the motives by which I have been actuated have been honest and honorable to myself, and that that course has not been entirely without service to my country. Coming to this meeting, or to any similar meeting, I always find that the subjects for discussion appear too many, and far more than it is possible to treat at length. In these times in which we live, by the influence of the telegraph, and the steamboat and the railroad, and the multiplication of newspapers, we seem continually to stand as on the top of an exceeding high mountain, from which we behold all the kingdoms of the earth and all the glory of them—unhappily, also, not only their glory, but their follies, and their crimes, and their calamities.

Seven years ago, our eyes were turned with anxious expectation to a remote corner of Europe, where five nations were contending in bloody strife for an object which possibly hardly one of them comprehended, and, if they did comprehend it, which all sensible men among them must have known to be absolutely impracticable. Four years ago, we were looking still further to the East, where there was a gigantic revolt in a great dependency of the British crown, arising mainly from gross neglect, and from the incapacity of England, up to that moment, to govern the country which it had known how to conquer. Two years

ago we looked south, to the plains of Lombardy, and saw a great strife there, in which every man in England took a strong interest; and we have welcomed, as the result of that strife, the addition of a great kingdom to the list of European States. Now our eyes are turned in a contrary direction, and we look to the west. There we see a struggle in progress of the very highest interest to England and to humanity at large. We see there a nation which I shall call the Transatlantic English nation—the inheritor and partaker of all the historic glories of this country. We see it torn with intestine broils, and suffering from calamities from which for more than a century past—in fact, for more than two centuries past—this country has been exempt. That struggle is of especial interest to us. We remember the description which one of our great poets gives of Rome—

"Lone mother of dead empires."

But England is the living mother of great nations on the American and on the Australian continents, which promise to endow the world with all her knowledge and all her civilization, and with even something more than the freedom she herself enjoys.

Eighty-five years ago, at the time when some of our oldest townsmen were very little children, there were, on the North American continent, colonies, mainly of Englishmen, containing about three millions of souls. These colonies we have seen a year ago constituting the United States of North America, and comprising a population of no less than thirty millions of souls. We know that in agriculture and manufactures, with the exception of this kingdom, there is no country in the world which in these arts may be placed in

advance of the United States. With regard to inventions, I believe, within the last thirty years, we have received more useful inventions from the United States than from all the other countries of the earth. In that country there are probably ten times as many miles of telegraph as there are in this country, and there are at least five or six times as many miles of railway. The tonnage of its shipping is at least equal to ours, if it does not exceed ours. The prisons of that country—for, even in countries the most favored, prisons are needful—have been models for other nations of the earth; and many European governments have sent missions at different times to inquire into the admirable system of education so universally adopted in their free schools throughout the Northern States.

If I were to speak of that country in a religious aspect, I should say that, considering the short space of time to which their history goes back, there is nothing on the face of the earth besides, and never has been, to equal the magnificent arrangement of churches and ministers, and of all the appliances which are thought necessary for a nation to teach Christianity and morality to its people. Besides all this, when I state that, for many years past, the annual public expenditure of the government of that country has been somewhere between £10,000,000 and £15,000,000, I need not perhaps say further that there has always existed among all the population an amount of comfort and prosperity and abounding plenty such as I believe no other country in the world, in any age, has enjoyed.

This is a very fine, but a very true picture; yet it has another side to which I must advert. There has been one great feature in that country, one great contrast, which has been pointed to by all who have commented upon the

United States as a feature of danger, as a contrast calculated to give pain. There has been in that country the utmost liberty to the white man, and bondage and degradation to the black man. Now rely upon it, that wherever Christianity lives and flourishes, there must grow up from it, necessarily, a conscience hostile to any oppression and to any wrong; and therefore, from the hour when the United States Constitution was formed, so long as it left there this great evil—then comparatively small, but now so great—it left there seeds of that which an American statesman has so happily described of that "irrepressible conflict" of which now the whole world is the witness. It has been a common thing for men disposed to carp at the United States to point to this blot upon their fair fame, and to compare it with the boasted declaration of freedom in their Deed and Declaration of Independence. But we must recollect who sowed this seed of trouble, and how and by whom it has been cherished.

Without dwelling upon this stain any longer, I should like to read to you a paragraph from the instructions understood to have been given to the Virginian delegates to Congress, in the month of August, 1774, by Mr. Jefferson, who was perhaps the ablest man the United States had produced up to that time, and who was then actively engaged in its affairs, and who afterward for two periods filled the office of President. He represented one of these very slave States—the State of Virginia—and he says:

"For the most trifling reasons, and sometimes for no conceivable reason at all, his Majesty has rejected laws of the most salutary tendency. The abolition of domestic slavery is the great object of desire in those colonies where it was unhappily introduced in their infant state.

But previous to the enfranchisement of the slaves we have, it is necessary to exclude all further importations from Africa. Yet our repeated attempts to effect this by prohibition, and by imposing duties which might amount to prohibition, have hitherto been defeated by his Majesty's negative—thus preferring the immediate advantages of a few British corsairs to the lasting interests of the American States, and to the rights of human nature, deeply wounded by this infamous practice."

I read this merely to show that, two years before the Declaration of Independence was signed, Mr. Jefferson, acting on behalf of those he represented in Virginia, wrote that protest against the course of the English Government which prevented the colonists from abolishing the slave trade, preparatory to the abolition of slavery itself.

Well, the United States Constitution left the slave question for every State to manage for itself. It was a question too difficult to settle then, and apparently every man had the hope and belief that in a few years slavery itself would become extinct. Then there happened a great event in the annals of manufactures and commerce. It was discovered that in those States that article which we in this country now so much depend on, could be produced of the best quality necessary for manufacture, and at a moderate price. From that day to this the growth of cotton has increased there, and its consumption has increased here, and a value which no man dreamed of when Jefferson wrote that paper has been given to the slave and to slave industry. Thus it has grown up to that gigantic institution which now threatens either its own overthrow or the overthrow of that which is a million times more valuable—the United States of America.

The crisis at which we have arrived—I say "we," for, after all, we are nearly as much interested as if I was making this speech in the city of Boston or the city of New York—the crisis, I say, which has now arrived, was inevitable. I say that the conscience of the North, never satisfied with the institution of slavery, was constantly urging some men forward to take a more extreme view of the question; and there grew up naturally a section—it may not have been a very numerous one—in favor of the abolition of slavery. A great and powerful party resolved at least upon a restraint and a control of slavery, so that it should not extend beyond the States and the area which it now occupies. But, if we look at the government of the United States almost ever since the formation of the Union, we shall find the Southern power has been mostly dominant there. If we take thirty-six years after the formation of the present Constitution—I think about 1787—we shall find that for thirty-two of those years every President was a Southern man; and if we take the period from 1828 until 1860, we shall find that, on every election for President, the South voted in the majority.

We know what an election is in the United States for President of the Republic. There is a most extensive suffrage, and there is the ballot-box. The members of the House of Representatives are elected by the same suffrage, and generally they are elected at the same time. It is thus therefore almost inevitable that the House of Representatives is in accord in public policy with the President for the time being. Every four years there springs from the vote created by the whole people a President over that great nation. I think the world offers no finer spectacle than this; it offers no higher dignity; and there is no

greater object of ambition on the political stage on which men are permitted to move. You may point, if you will, to hereditary rulers, to crowns coming down through successive generations of the same family, to thrones based on prescription or on conquest, to sceptres wielded over veteran legions and subject realms—but to my mind there is nothing more worthy of reverence and obedience, and nothing more sacred, than the authority of the freely chosen magistrate of a great and free people; and if there be on earth and among men any right divine to govern, surely it rests with a ruler so chosen and so appointed.

Last year the ceremony of this great election was gone through, and the South, which had been so long successful, found itself defeated. That defeat was followed instantly by secession, and insurrection, and war. In the multitude of articles which have been before us in the newspapers within the last few months, I have no doubt you have seen it stated, as I have seen it, that this question was very much like that upon which the colonies originally revolted against the crown of England. It is amazing how little some newspaper writers know, or how little they think you know. When the War of Independence was begun in America, ninety years ago, there were no representatives there at all. The question then was, whether a Ministry in Downing Street, and a corrupt and borough-mongering Parliament, should continue to impose taxes upon three millions of English subjects who had left their native shores and established themselves in North America. But now the question is not the want of representation, because, as is perfectly notorious, the South is not only represented, but is represented in excess; for, in distributing the number of representatives, which is done

every ten years, three out of every five slaves are counted as freemen, and the number of representatives from the Slave States is consequently so much greater than if the freemen, the white men only, were counted. From this cause the Southern States have twenty members more in the House of Representatives than they would have if the members were apportioned on the same principle as in the Northern Free States. Therefore you will see at once that there is no comparison between the state of things when the colonies revolted, and the state of things now, when this wicked insurrection has broken out.

There is another cause which is sometimes in England assigned for this great misfortune, which is, the protective theories in operation in the Union, and the maintenance of a high tariff. It happens with regard to that, unfortunately, that no American, certainly no one I ever met with, attributed the disasters of the Union to that cause. It is an argument made use of by ignorant Englishmen, but never by informed Americans. I have already shown you that the South, during almost the whole existence of the Union, has been dominant at Washington; and during that period the tariff has existed, and there has been no general dissatisfaction with it. Occasionally, there can be no doubt, their tariff was higher than was thought just, or reasonable, or necessary by some of the States of the South. But the first act of the United States which levied duties upon imports, passed immediately after the Union was formed, recited that "It is necessary for the encouragement and protection of manufactures to levy the duties which follow"; and during the war with England from 1812 to 1815, the people of the United States had to pay for all the articles they brought from Europe many times

over the natural cost of those articles, on account of the interruption to the traffic by the English nation.

When the war was over, it was felt by everybody desirable that they should encourage manufactures in their own country; and seeing that England at that precise moment was passing a law to prevent any wheat coming from America until wheat in England had risen to the price of 84s. per quarter, we may be quite satisfied that the doctrine of protection originally entertained did not find less favor at the close of the war in 1815.

There is one remarkable point with regard to this matter which should not be forgotten. Twelve months ago, at the meeting of the Congress of the United States, on the first Monday in December, when the Congress met, you recollect that there were various propositions of compromise, committee meetings of various kinds to try and devise some mode of settling the question between the North and the South, so that disunion might not go on—though I read carefully everything published in the English papers from the United States on the subject, I do not recollect that in a single instance the question of the tariff was referred to, or any change proposed or suggested in the matter as likely to have any effect whatever upon the question of Secession.

There is another point—whatever might be the influence of the tariff upon the United States, it is as pernicious to the West as it is to the South; and further, that Louisiana, which is a Southern State and a seceded State, has always voted along with Pennsylvania until last year in favor of protection—protection for its sugar—while Pennsylvania wished protection for its coal and iron. But if the tariff was onerous and grievous, was that any reason for this great insurrection? Was there ever a country that had

a tariff, especially in the article of food, more onerous and more cruel than that which we had in this country twenty years ago? We did not secede. We did not rebel. What we did was to raise money for the purpose of distributing among all the people perfect information upon the question; and many men, as you know, devoted all their labors, for several years, to teach the great and wise doctrine of free trade to the people of England. The price of a single gunboat, the equipment of a single regiment, the garrisoning of a single fort, the cessation of their trade for a single day, cost more than it would have cost to have spread among all the intelligent people of the United States the most complete statement of the whole case; and the West and South could easily have revised, or, if need had been, have repealed the tariff altogether.

The question is a very different and a far more grave question. It is a question of slavery, and for thirty years it has constantly been coming to the surface, disturbing social life, and overthrowing almost all political harmony in the working of the United States. In the North there is no secession; there is no collision. These disturbances and this insurrection are found wholly in the South and in the Slave States; and therefore I think that the man who says otherwise, who contends that it is the tariff, or anything whatsoever else than slavery, is either himself deceived or endeavors to deceive others. The object of the South is this, to escape from the majority who wish to limit the area of slavery. They wish to found a Slave State freed from the influence and opinions of freedom. The Free States in the North now stand before the world as the advocates and defenders of freedom and civilization. The Slave States offer themselves for the recognition of a

Christian nation, based upon the foundation, the unchangeable foundation in their eyes, of slavery and barbarism.

I will not discuss the guilt of the men who, ministers of a great nation only last year, conspired to overthrow it. I will not point out or recapitulate the statements of the fraudulent manner in which they disposed of the funds in the national exchequer. I will not point out by name any of the men, in this conspiracy, whom history will designate by titles they would not like to hear; but I say that slavery has sought to break up the most free government in the world, and to found a new State, in the nineteenth century, whose corner-stone is the perpetual bondage of millions of men.

Having thus described what appears to me briefly the literal truth of this matter, what is the course that England would be expected to pursue? We should be neutral as far as regards mingling in the strife. We were neutral in the strife in Italy; but we were not neutral in opinion or sympathy; and we know perfectly well that throughout the whole of Italy at this moment there is a feeling that, though no shot was fired from an English ship, and though no English soldier trod their soil, yet still the opinion of England was potent in Europe, and did much for the creation of the Italian kingdom.

With regard to the United States, you know how much we hate slavery—that is, some years ago we thought we knew; that we have given twenty millions sterling—a million a year, or nearly so, of taxes for ever—to free eight hundred thousand slaves in the English colonies. We knew, or thought we knew, how much we were in love with free government everywhere, although it might not take precisely the same form as our own government. We

were for free government in Italy; we were for free government in Switzerland; and we were for free government, even under a republican form, in the United States of America; and with all this, every man would have said that England would wish the American Union to be prosperous and eternal.

Now, suppose we turn our eyes to the East, to the empire of Russia, for a moment. In Russia, as you all know, there has been one of the most important and magnificent changes of policy ever seen in any country. Within the last year or two, the present Emperor of Russia, following the wishes of his father, has insisted upon the abolition of serfdom in that empire; and twenty-three millions of human beings, lately serfs, little better than real slaves, have been raised to the ranks of freedom. Now, suppose that the millions of the serfs of Russia had been chiefly in the south of Russia. We hear of the nobles of Russia, to whom those serfs belonged in a great measure, that they have been hostile to this change; and there has been some danger that the peace of that empire might be disturbed during the change. Suppose these nobles, for the purpose of maintaining in perpetuity the serfdom of Russia, and barring out twenty-three millions of your fellow-creatures from the rights of freedom, had established a great and secret conspiracy, and that they had risen in great and dangerous insurrection against the Russian Government—I say that you, the people of England, although seven years ago you were in mortal combat with the Russians in the south of Europe—I believe at this moment you would have prayed Heaven in all sincerity and fervor to give strength to the arm and success to the great wishes of the emperor, and that the vile and atrocious insurrection might be suppressed.

Well, but let us look a little at what has been said and done in this country since the period when Parliament rose at the beginning of August. There have been two speeches to which I wish to refer, and in terms of approbation. The Duke of Argyll, a member of the present government—and, though I have not the smallest personal acquaintance with him, I am free to say that I believe him to be one of the most intelligent and liberal of his order—the Duke of Argyll made a speech which was fair and friendly to the government of the United States. Lord Stanley, only a fortnight ago, I think, made a speech which it is impossible to read without remarking the thought, the liberality, and the wisdom by which it is distinguished. He doubted, it is true, whether the Union could be restored. A man need not be hostile, and must not necessarily be unfriendly, to doubt that or the contrary; but he spoke with fairness and friendliness of the government of the United States; and he said that they were right and justifiable in the course they took; and he gave us some advice—which is now more important than at the moment when it was given—that amid the various incidents and accidents of a struggle of this nature, it became a people like this to be very moderate, very calm, and to avoid, as much as possible, any feeling of irritation, which sometimes arises, and sometimes leads to danger.

I mention these two speeches as from Englishmen of great distinction in this country—speeches which I believe will have a beneficial effect on the other side of the Atlantic. Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, during the last session, made a speech also, in which he rebuked the impertinence of a young member of the House who had spoken about the bursting of the "bubble repub-

lic." It was a speech worthy of the best days of Lord John Russell. But at a later period he spoke at Newcastle on an occasion, something like this, when the inhabitants, or some portion of the inhabitants, of the town invited him to a public dinner. He described the contest in words somethink like these—I speak from memory only: "The North is contending for empire, the South for independence." Did he mean contending for empire, as England contends for it when making some fresh conquest in India? If he meant that, what he said was not true. But I recollect Lord John Russell, some years ago, in the House of Commons, on an occasion when I made some observation as to the unreasonable expenditure of our colonies, and said that the people of England should not be taxed to defray expenses which the colonies themselves were well able to bear, turned to me with a sharpness which was not necessary, and said, "The honorable member has no objection to make a great empire into a little one; but I have." Perhaps if he had lived in the United States, if he was a member of the Senate or the House of Representatives there, he would doubt whether it was his duty to consent at once to the destruction of a great country by separation, it may be into two hostile camps, or whether he would not try all the means which were open to him, and would be open to the government, to avert so unlooked-for and so dire a calamity.

There are other speeches that have been made. I will not refer to them by any quotation—I will not, out of pity to some of the men who uttered them. I will not bring their names even before you, to give them an endurance which I hope they will not otherwise obtain. I leave them in the obscurity which they so richly merit. But you know

as well as I do, that, of all the speeches made since the end of the last session of Parliament by public men, by politicians, the majority of them have either displayed a strange ignorance of American affairs, or a stranger absence of that cordiality and friendship which, I maintain, our American kinsmen have a right to look for at our hands.

And if we part from the speakers and turn to the writers, what do we find there? We find that which is reputed abroad, and has hitherto been believed in at home, as the most powerful representative of English opinion—at least of the richer classes—we find in that particular newspaper there has not been since Mr. Lincoln took office, in March last, as President of the United States, one fair and honorable and friendly article on American affairs. Some of you, I dare say, read it; but, fortunately, every district is now so admirably supplied with local newspapers, that I trust in all time to come the people of England will drink of purer streams nearer home, and not of those streams which are muddled by party feeling and political intrigue, and by many motives that tend to anything rather than the enlightenment and advantage of the people. It is said—that very paper has said over and over again—"Why this war? Why not separate peaceably? Why this fratricidal strife?" I hope it is equally averse to fratricidal strife in other districts; for if it be true that God made of one blood all the families of man to dwell on the face of all the earth, it must be fratricidal strife whether we are slaughtering Russians in the Crimea or bombarding towns on the sea-coasts of the United States.

Now no one will expect that I should stand forward as the advocate of war, or as the defender of that great sum of all crimes which is involved in war. But when we are dis-

cussing a question of this nature, it is only fair that we should discuss it upon principles which are acknowledged not only in the country where the strife is being carried on, but are universally acknowledged in this country. When I discussed the Russian war, seven or eight years ago, I always condemned it, on principles which were accepted by the government and people of England, and I took my facts from the blue-books presented to Parliament. I take the liberty, then, of doing that in this case; and I say that, looking at the principles avowed in England, and at its policy, there is no man, who is not absolutely a non-resistant in every one sense, who can fairly challenge the conduct of the American Government in this war. It would be a curious thing to find that the party in this country which on every public question affecting England is in favor of war at any cost, when they come to speak of the duty of the government of the United States, is in favor "of peace at any price."

I want to know whether it has ever been admitted by politicians, or statesmen, or people, that a great nation can be broken up at any time by any particular section of any part of that nation. It has been tried occasionally in Ireland, and if it had succeeded history would have said that it was with very good cause. But if anybody tried now to get up a secession or insurrection in Ireland—and it would be infinitely less disturbing to everything than the secession in the United States, because there is a boundary which nobody can dispute—I am quite sure the "Times" would have its "Special Correspondent," and would describe with all the glee and exultation in the world the manner in which the Irish insurrectionists were cut down and made an end of.

Let any man try in this country to restore the heptarchy, do you think that any portion of the people would think that the project could be tolerated for a moment? But if you look at a map of the United States, you will see that there is no country in the world, probably, at this moment, where any plan of separation between the North and the South, as far as the question of boundary is concerned, is so surmounted with insurmountable difficulties. For example, Maryland is a Slave State; but Maryland, by a large majority, voted for the Union. Kentucky is a Slave State, one of the finest in the Union, and containing a fine people; Kentucky has voted for the Union, but has been invaded from the South. Missouri is a Slave State; but Missouri has not seceded, and has been invaded by the South, and there is a secession party in that State. There are parts of Virginia which have formed themselves into a new State, resolved to adhere to the North; and there is no doubt a considerable Northern and Union feeling in the State of Tennessee. I have no doubt there is in every other State. In fact, I am not sure that there is not now within the sound of my voice a citizen of the State of Alabama, who could tell you that in his State the question of secession has never been put to the vote; and that there are great numbers of men, reasonable and thoughtful and just men, in that State, who entirely deplore the condition of things there existing.

Then, what would you do with all those States, and with what we may call the loyal portion of the people of those States? Would you allow them to be dragooned into this insurrection, and into the formation or the becoming parts of a new State, to which they themselves are hostile? And what would you do with the City of Washington? Wash-

ington is in a Slave State. Would anybody have advised that President Lincoln and his Cabinet, with all the members of Congress, of the House of Representatives and the Senate, from the North, with their wives and children, and everybody else who was not positively in favor of the South, should have set off on their melancholy pilgrimage northward, leaving that capital, hallowed to them by such associations—having its name even from the father of their country—leaving Washington to the South, because Washington is situated in a Slave State?

Again, what do you say to the Mississippi River, as you see it upon the map, the "father of waters," rolling its gigantic stream to the ocean? Do you think that the fifty millions which one day will occupy the banks of that river northward, will ever consent that its great stream shall roll through a foreign and it may be a hostile State? And more, there are four millions of negroes in subjection. For them the American Union is directly responsible. They are not secessionists; they are now, as they always were, not citizens nor subjects, but legally under the care and power of the government of the United States. Would you consent that these should be delivered up to the tender mercies of their taskmasters, the defenders of slavery, as an everlasting institution?

But if all had been surrendered without a struggle, what then? What would the writers in this newspaper and other newspapers have said? If a bare rock in your empire, that would not keep a goat—a single goat—alive, be touched by any foreign power, the whole empire is roused to resistance; and if there be, from accident or passion, the smallest insult to your flag, what do your newspaper writers say upon the subject, and what is said in all your towns and upon all

your Exchanges? I will tell you what they would have said if the government of the Northern States had taken their insidious and dishonest advice. They would have said the great republic was a failure, that democracy had murdered patriotism, that history afforded no example of such meanness and of such cowardice; and they would have heaped unmeasured obloquy and contempt upon the people and government who had taken that course.

They tell you, these candid friends of the United States —they tell you that all freedom is gone; that the Habeas Corpus Act, if they ever had one, is known no longer; and that any man may be arrested at the dictum of the President or of the Secretary of State. Well, but in 1848 you recollect, many of you, that there was a small insurrection in Ireland. It was an absurd thing altogether; but what was done then? I saw, in one night, in the House of Commons, a bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act passed through all its stages. What more did I see? I saw a bill brought in by the Whig government of that day; Lord John Russell being the Premier, which made speaking against the government and against the crown—which up to that time had been sedition—which proposed to make it felony; and it was only by the greatest exertions of a few of the members that the act, in that particular, was limited to a period of two years. In the same session a bill was brought in called an Alien Bill, which enabled the Home Secretary to take any foreigner whatsoever, not being a naturalized Englishman, and in twenty-four hours to send him out of the country. Although a man might have committed no crime, this might be done to him, apparently only on suspicion.

But suppose that an insurgent army had been so near to

London that you could see its outposts from every suburb of your capital, what then do you think would have been the regard of the government of Great Britain for personal liberty, if it interfered with the necessities, and, as they might think, the salvation of the state? I recollect, in 1848, when the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland, that a number of persons in Liverpool, men there of position and of wealth, presented a petition to the House of Commons, praying—what? That the Habeas Corpus Act should not be suspended? No. They were not content with its suspension in Ireland; and they prayed the House of Commons to extend that suspension to Liverpool.

I recollect that at that time—and I am sure my friend Mr. Wilson will bear me out in what I say—the Mayor of Liverpool telegraphed to the Mayor of Manchester, and that messages were sent on to London nearly every hour. The Mayor of Manchester heard from the Mayor of Liverpool that certain Irishmen in Liverpool, conspirators, or fellow-conspirators with those in Ireland, were going to burn the cotton warehouses in Liverpool and the cotton mills of Lancashire. I read that petition from Liverpool. I took it from the table of the House of Commons, and read it, and I handed it over to a statesman of great eminence, who has been but just removed from us—I refer to Sir James Graham, a man not second to any in the House of Commons for his knowledge of affairs and for his great capacity—I handed to him that petition. He read it; and after he had read it, he rose from his seat, and laid it upon the table with a gesture of abhorrence and disgust. Now that was a petition from the town of Liverpool, in which some persons have been making

themselves very ridiculous of late by reason of their conduct on this American question.

There is one more point. It has been said, "How much better it would be"—not for the United States, but—"for us, that these States should be divided." I recollect meeting a gentleman in Bond Street one day before the session was over. He was a rich man, and one whose voice is much heard in the House of Commons; but his voice is not heard when he is on his legs, but when he is cheering other speakers; and he said to me: "After all, this is a sad business about the United States; but still I think it very much better that they should be split up. In twenty years" —or in fifty years, I forget which it was—"they will be so powerful that they will bully all Europe." And a distinguished member of the House of Commons—distinguished there by his eloquence, distinguished more by his many writings—I mean Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—he did not exactly express a hope, but he ventured on something like a prediction, that the time would come when there would be, I do not know how many, but about as many independent States on the American continent as you can count upon your fingers.

There cannot be a meaner motive than this I am speaking of, in forming a judgment on this question—that it is "better for us"—for whom? the people of England, or the government of England?—that the United States should be severed, and that the North American continent should be as the continent of Europe is, in many States, and subject to all the contentions and disasters which have accompanied the history of the states of Europe. I should say that, if a man had a great heart within him, he would rather look forward to the day, when, from that point of

land which is habitable nearest to the Pole, to the shores of the Great Gulf, the whole of that vast continent might become one great confederation of States—without a great army, and without a great navy—not mixing itself up with the entanglements of European politics—without a custom house inside, through the whole length and breadth of its territory—and with freedom everywhere, equality everywhere, law everywhere, peace everywhere—such a confederation would afford at least some hope that man is not forsaken of Heaven, and that the future of our race may be better than the past.

It is a common observation that our friends in America are very irritable. And I think it is very likely, of a considerable number of them, to be quite true. Our friends in America are involved in a great struggle. There is nothing like it before in their or in any history. No country in the world was ever more entitled, in my opinion, to the sympathy and the forbearance of all friendly nations, than are the United States at this moment. They have there some newspapers that are no wiser than ours. They have there some papers, which, up to the election of Mr. Lincoln, were his bitterest and most unrelenting foes, who, when the war broke out, and it was not safe to take the line of Southern support, were obliged to turn round and to appear to adopt the prevalent opinion of the country. But they undertook to serve the South in another way, and that was by exaggerating every difficulty and misstating every fact, if so doing could serve their object of creating distrust between the people of the Northern States and the people of this United Kingdom. If the "Times" in this country has done all that it could do to poison the minds of the people of England, and to irritate the minds of

the people of America, the "New York Herald" I am sorry to say, has done, I think, all that it could, or all that it dared to do, to provoke mischief between the government in Washington and the government in London.

Now there is one thing which I must state that I think that they have a solid reason to complain of; and I am very sorry to have to mention it, because it blames our present Foreign Minister, against whom I am not anxious to say a word, and, recollecting his speech in the House of Commons, I should be slow to conclude that he had any feeling hostile to the United States Government. You recollect that during the session—it was on the 14th of May—a proclamation came out which acknowledged the South as a belligerent power, and proclaimed the neutrality of England. A little time before that, I forget how many days, Mr. Dallas, the late Minister from the United States, had left London for Liverpool and America. He did not wish to undertake any affairs for his government, by which he was not appointed—I mean that of President Lincoln—and he left what had to be done to his successor, who was on his way, and whose arrival was daily expected. Mr. Adams, the present Minister from the United States, is a man whom, if he lived in England, you would speak of as belonging to one of the noblest families of the country. His father and his grandfather were Presidents of the United States. His grandfather was one of the great men who achieved the independence of the United States. There is no family in that country having more claims upon what I should call the veneration and the affection of the people than the family of Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams came to this country. He arrived in Lon-

don on the night of the 13th of May. On the 14th, that proclamation was issued. It was known that he was coming; but he was not consulted; the proclamation was not delayed for a day, although there was nothing pressing, no reason why the proclamation should not have been notified to him. If communications of a friendly nature had taken place with him and with the American Government, they could have found no fault with his step, because, it was perhaps inevitable, before the struggle had proceeded far, that this proclamation would be issued. But I have the best reasons for knowing that there is no single thing that has happened during the course of these events which has created more surprise, more irritation, and more distrust in the United States, with respect to this country, than the fact that that proclamation was not delayed one single day, until the Minister from America should come here, and until it could be done, if not with his consent or his concurrence, yet in that friendly manner that would probably have avoided all the unpleasantness which has occurred.

Now I am obliged to say—and I say it with the utmost pain—that if we have not done things that are plainly hostile to the North, and if we have not expressed affection for slavery, and, outwardly and openly, hatred for the Union—I say that there has not been that friendly and cordial neutrality, which, if I had been a citizen of the United States, I should have expected; and I say further, that, if there has existed considerable irritation at that, it must be taken as a measure of the high appreciation which the people of those States place upon the opinion of the people of England. If I had been addressing this audience ten days ago, so far as I know, I should have said just what I have said now; and

although, by an untoward event, circumstances are somewhat, even considerably, altered, yet I have thought it desirable to make this statement, with a view, so far as I am able to do it, to improve the opinion of England, and to assuage feelings of irritation in America, if there be any, so that no further difficulties may arise in the progress of this unhappy strife.

But there has occurred an event which was announced to us only a week ago, which is one of great importance, and it may be one of some peril. It is asserted that what is called "international law" has been broken by the seizure of the Southern Commissioners on board an English trading steamer by a steamer of war of the United States. Now, what is international law? You have heard that the opinions of the law officers of the crown are in favor of this view of the case—that the law has been broken. I am not at all going to say that it has not. It would be imprudent in me to set my opinion on a legal question which I have only partially examined, against their opinion on the same question, which I presume they have carefully examined. But this I say, that international law is not to be found in an act of Parliament—it is not in so many clauses. You know that it is difficult to find the law. I can ask the Mayor, or any magistrate around me, whether it is not very difficult to find the law, even when you have found the Act of Parliament, and found the clause. But when you have no Act of Parliament, and no clause, you may imagine that the case is still more difficult.

Now, maritime law, or international law, consists of opinions and precedents for the most part, and it is very unsettled. The opinions are the opinions of men of different countries, given at different times; and the precedents

are not always like each other. The law is very unsettled, and, for the most part, I believe it to be exceedingly bad. In past times, as you know from the histories you read, this country has been a fighting country; we have been belligerents, and as belligerents, we have carried maritime law, by our own powerful hand, to a pitch that has been very oppressive to foreign, and especially so to neutral, nations. Well, now, for the first time, unhappily—almost for the first time in our history for the last two hundred years—we are not belligerents, but neutrals; and we are disposed to take, perhaps, rather a different view of maritime and international law.

Now, the act which has been committed by the American steamer, in my opinion, whether it was legal or not, was both impolitic and bad. That is my opinion. I think it may turn out, almost certainly, that, so far as the taking of those men from that ship was concerned, it was an act wholly unknown to, and unauthorized by, the American Government. And if the American Government believe, on the opinion of their law officers, that the act is illegal, I have no doubt they will make fitting reparation; for there is no government in the world that has so strenuously insisted upon modifications of international law, and been so anxious to be guided always by the most moderate and merciful interpretation of that law.

Now, our great advisers of the "Times" newspaper have been persuading people that this is merely one of a series of acts which denote the determination of the Washington Government to pick a quarrel with the people of England. Did you ever know anybody who was not very nearly dead drunk, who, having as much upon his hands as he could manage, would offer to fight everybody about him? Do

you believe that the United States Government, presided over by President Lincoln, so constitutional in all his acts, so moderate as he has been—representing at this moment that great party in the United States, happily now in the ascendency, which has always been especially in favor of peace, and especially friendly to England—do you believe that such a government, having now upon its hands an insurrection of the most formidable character in the South, would invite the armies and the fleets of England to combine with that insurrection, and, it might be, to render it impossible that the Union should ever again be restored? I say, that single statement, whether it came from a public writer or a public speaker, is enough to stamp him forever with the character of being an insidious enemy of both countries.

Well, now, what have we seen during the last week? People have not been, I am told—I have not seen much of it—quite as calm as sensible men should be. Here is a question of law. I will undertake to say, that when you have from the United States Government—if they think the act legal—a statement of their view of the case, they will show you that, fifty or sixty years ago, during the wars of that time, there were scores of cases that were at least as bad as this, and some infinitely worse. And if it were not so late to-night—and I am not anxious now to go into the question further—I could easily place before you cases of extreme outrage committed by us when we were at war, and for many of which, I am afraid, little or no reparation was offered. But let us bear this in mind, that during this struggle incidents and accidents will happen. Bear in mind the advice of Lord Stanley, so opportune and so judicious. Do not let your newspapers, or your public speakers, or any

man, take you off your guard, and bring you into that frame of mind under which your government, if it desires war, may be driven to engage in it; for one may be almost as fatal and as evil as the other.

What can be more monstrous than that we, as we call ourselves, to some extent, an educated, a moral, and a Christian nation—at a moment when an accident of this kind occurs, before we have made a representation to the American Government, before we have heard a word from it in reply—should be all up in arms, every sword leaping from its scabbard, and every man looking about for his pistols and his blunderbusses? I think the conduct pursued—and I have no doubt just the same is pursued by a certain class in America—is much more the conduct of savages than of Christian and civilized men. No, let us be calm. You recollect how we were dragged into the Russian war—how we "drifted" into it. You know that I, at least, have not upon my head any of the guilt of that fearful war. You know that it cost one hundred millions of money to this country; that it cost at least the lives of forty thousand Englishmen; that it disturbed your trade; that it nearly doubled the armies of Europe; that it placed the relations of Europe on a much less peaceful footing than before; and that it did not effect one single thing of all those that it was promised to effect.

I recollect speaking on this subject, within the last two years, to a man whose name I have already mentioned, Sir James Graham, in the House of Commons. He was a Minister at the time of that war. He was reminding me of a severe onslaught which I had made upon him and Lord Palmerston for attending a dinner at the Reform Club when Sir Charles Napier was appointed to the command of the

Baltic fleet; and he remarked, "What a severe thrashing" I had given them in the House of Commons! I said, "Sir James, tell me candidly, did you not deserve it?" He said, "Well, you were entirely right about that war; we were entirely wrong, and we never should have gone into it." And this is exactly what everybody will say, if you go into a war about this business, when it is over. When your sailors and soldiers, so many of them as may be slaughtered, are gone to their last account; when your taxes are increased, your business permanently—it may be —injured; and when imbittered feelings for generations have been created between America and England—then your statesmen will tell you that "we ought not to have gone into the war."

But they will very likely say, as many of them tell me, "What could we do in the frenzy of the public mind?" Let them not add to the frenzy, and let us be careful that nobody drives us into that frenzy. Remembering the past, remembering at this moment the perils of a friendly people, and seeing the difficulties by which they are surrounded, let us, I entreat of you, see if there be any real moderation in the people of England, and if magnanimity, so often to be found among individuals, is absolutely wanting in a great nation.

Now, government may discuss this matter—they may arrange it—they may arbitrate it. I have received here, since I came into the room, a despatch from a friend of mine in London, referring to this matter. I believe some portion of it is in the papers this evening, but I have not seen them. He states that General Scott, whom you know by name, who has come over from America to France, being in a bad state of health—the general lately of the

American army, and a man whose reputation in that country is hardly second to that which the Duke of Wellington held during his lifetime in this country—General Scott has written a letter on the American difficulty. He denies that the Cabinet of Washington had ordered the seizure of the Southern Commissioners, if found under a neutral flag, The question of legal right involved in the seizure, the general thinks a very narrow ground on which to force a quarrel with the United States. As to Messrs. Slidell and Mason being or not being contraband, the general answers for it, that if Mr. Seward cannot convince Earl Russell that they bore that character, Earl Russell will be able to convince Mr. Seward that they did not. He pledges himself that, if this government cordially agreed with that of the United States in establishing the immunity of neutrals from the oppressive right of search and seizure on suspicion, the Cabinet of Washington will not hesitate to purchase so great a boon to peaceful trading vessels.

Now, then, before I sit down, let me ask you what is this people, about which so many men in England at this moment are writing, and speaking, and thinking, with harshness, I think with injustice, if not with great bitterness? Two centuries ago, multitudes of the people of this country found a refuge on the North American continent, escaping from the tyranny of the Stuarts and from the bigotry of Laud. Many noble spirits from our country made great experiments in favor of human freedom on that continent. Bancroft, the great historian of his own country, has said, in his own graphic and emphatic language, "The history of the colonization of America is the history of the crimes of Europe." . . .

At this very moment, then, there are millions in the United States who personally, or whose immediate parents, have at one time been citizens of this country. They found a home in the Far West; they subdued the wilderness; they met with plenty there, which was not afforded them in their native country; and they have become a great people. There may be persons in England who are jealous of those States. There may be men who dislike democracy, and who hate a republic; there may be even those whose sympathies warm toward the slave oligarchy of the South. But of this I am certain, that only misrepresentation the most gross or calumny the most wicked can sever the tie which unites the great mass of the people of this country with their friends and brethren beyond the Atlantic.

Now, whether the Union will be restored or not, or the South achieve an unhonored independence or not, I know not, and I predict not. But this I think I know—that in a few years, a very few years, the twenty millions of freemen in the North will be thirty millions, or even fifty millions —a population equal to or exceeding that of this kingdom. When that time comes, I pray that it may not be said among them, that in the darkest hour of their country's trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness and saw unmoved the perils and calamities of their children. As for me, I have but this to say: I am but one in this audience, and but one in the citizenship of this country; but if all other tongues are silent, mine shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondmen of the South, and which tends to generous thoughts, and generous words, and generous deeds, between the two great nations who speak the English language, and from their origin are alike entitled to the English name.

ON SLAVERY IN AMERICA

[On June 16, 1863, a public meeting was held at the London Tavern, at the instance of the Union and Emancipation Society, in order to hear an address from Mr. M. D. Conway, of Eastern Virginia. Mr. Bright was in the chair.]

IF WE look back a little over two years — two years and a half — when the question of secession was first raised in a practical shape, I think we shall be able to remember that, when the news first arrived in England, there was but one opinion with regard to it — that every man condemned the folly and the wickedness of the South, and protested against their plea that they had any grievance which justified them in revolt — and every man hoped that some mode might be discovered by which the terrible calamity of war might be avoided.

For a time, many thought that there would be no war. Whilst the reins were slipping from the hands — the too-feeble hands — of Mr. Buchanan into the grasp of President Lincoln, there was a moment when men thought that we were about to see the wonderful example of a great question, which in all other countries would have involved a war, settled perhaps by moderation — some moderation on one side, and some concession on the other; and so long as men believed that there would be no war, so long everybody condemned the South. We were afraid of a war in America, because we knew that one of the great industries of our country depended upon the continuous reception of its raw material from the southern States. But it was a folly — it was a gross absurdity — for any man to believe, with the history of the world

before him, that the people of the northern States, 20,000,000, with their free government, would for one moment sit down satisfied with the dismemberment of their country, and make no answer to the war which had been commenced by the South.

I speak not in justification of war. I am only treating this question upon principles which are almost universally acknowledged throughout the world, and by an overwhelming majority even of those men who accept the Christian religion; and it is only upon those principles, so almost universally acknowledged, and acknowledged as much in this country as anywhere else — it is only just that we should judge the United States upon those principles upon which we in this country would be likely to act.

But the North did not yield to the dismemberment of their country, and they did not allow a conspiracy of southern politicians and slaveholders to seize their forts and arsenals without preparing for resistance. Then, when the people of England found that the North were about to resist, and that war was inevitable, they turned their eyes from the South, which was the beginner of the war, and looked to the North, saying that, if the North would not resist, there could be no war, and then we should get our cotton, and trade would go on as before; and therefore, from that hour to this, not a few persons in this country, who at first condemned the South, have been incessant in their condemnation of the North.

Now, I believe this is a fair statement of the feeling which prevailed when the first news of secession arrived, and of the change of opinion which took place in a few weeks, when it was found that, by the resolution of the North to maintain the integrity of their country, war, and civil war, was unavoidable. The trade interests of the country affected our opinion;

and I fear did then prevent, and have since prevented, our doing justice to the people of the North.

Now I am going to transport you, in mind, to Lancashire, and the interests of Lancashire, which, after all, are the interests of the whole United Kingdom, and clearly of not a few in this metropolis. What was the condition of our greatest manufacturing industry before the war, and before secession had been practically attempted? It was this: that almost ninety per cent of all our cotton came from the southern States of the American Union, and was, at least nine tenths of it, the produce of the uncompensated labor of the negro.

Everybody knew that we were carrying on a prodigious industry upon a most insecure foundation; and it was the commonest thing in the world for men who were discussing the present and the future of the cotton trade, whether in Parliament or out of it, to point to the existence of slavery in the United States of America as the one dangerous thing in connection with that great trade; and it was one of the reasons which stimulated me on several occasions to urge upon the government of this country to improve the government of India, and to give us a chance of receiving a considerable portion of our supply from India, so that we might not be left in absolute want when the calamity occurred, which all thoughtful men knew must some day come, in the United States.

Now, I maintain that with a supply of cotton mainly derived from the southern States, and raised by slave labor, two things are indisputable; first, that the supply must always be insufficient; and second, that it must always be insecure. Perhaps many of you are not aware that in the United States — I am speaking of the slave States, and the cotton-growing States — the quantity of land which is cultivated for cotton is

a mere garden, a mere plot, in comparison with the whole of the cotton region. I speak from the authority of a report lately presented to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, containing much important information on this question; and I believe that the whole acreage, or the whole breadth of the land on which cotton is grown in America, does not exceed ten thousand square miles — that is, a space one hundred miles long and one hundred miles broad, or the size of two of our largest counties in England; but the land of the ten chief cotton-producing States is sixty times as much as that, being, I believe, about twelve times the size of England and Wales.

It cannot be, therefore, because there has not been land enough that we have not in former years had cotton enough; it cannot be that there has not been a demand for the produce of the land, for the demand has constantly outstripped the supply; it has not been because the price has not been sufficient, for, as is well known, the price has been much higher of late years, and the profit to the planter much greater; and yet, notwithstanding the land and the demand, and the price and the profit, the supply of cotton has not been sufficient for the wants of the spinners and the manufacturers of the world, and for the wants of civilization.

The particular facts with regard to this I need not, perhaps, enter into; but I find, if I compare the prices of cotton in Liverpool from 1856 to 1860 with the prices from 1841 to 1845, that every pound of cotton brought from America and sold in Liverpool fetched in the last five years more than twenty per cent in excess of what it did in the former five years, notwithstanding that we were every year in greater difficulties through finding our supply of cotton insufficient.

But what was the reason that we did not get enough? It was because there was not labor enough in the southern

States. You see every day in the newspapers that there are four millions of slaves, but of those four millions of slaves some are growing tobacco, some rice, and some sugar; a very large number are employed in domestic servitude, and a large number in factories, mechanical operations, and business in towns; and there remain only about one million negroes, or only one quarter of the whole number, who are regularly engaged in the cultivation of cotton.

Now, you will see that the production of cotton and its continued increase must depend upon the constantly increasing productiveness of the labor of those one million negroes, and on the natural increase of population from them. Well, the increase of the population of the slaves in the United States is rather less than two and a half per cent per annum, and the increase on the million will be about twenty-five thousand a year; and the increased production of cotton from that increased amount of labor consisting of twenty-five thousand more negroes every year will probably never exceed — I believe it has not reached — one hundred and fifty thousand bales per annum. The exact facts with regard to this are these: that in the ten years from 1841 to 1850 the average crop was 2,173,000 bales, and in the ten years from 1851 to 1860 it was 3,252,000, being an increase of 1,079,000 bales in the ten years, or only about 100,000 bales of increase per annum.

I have shown that the increase of production must depend upon the increase of labor, because every other element is in abundance — soil, climate, and so forth. [A voice: "How about sugar?"] A gentleman asks about sugar. If in any particular year there was an extravagant profit upon cotton, there might be, and there probably would be, some abstraction of labor from the cultivation of tobacco, and rice, and sugar,

in order to apply it to cotton, and a larger temporary increase of growth might take place; but I have given you the facts with regard to the last twenty years, and I think you will see that my statement is correct.

Now, can this be remedied under slavery? I will show you how it cannot. And first of all, everybody who is acquainted with American affairs knows that there is not very much migration of the population of the northern States into the southern States to engage in the ordinary occupations of agricultural labor. Labor is not honorable and is not honored in the south, and therefore free laborers from the north are not likely to go south. Again, of all the emigration from this country — amounting as it did, in the fifteen years from 1846 to 1860, to two millions five hundred thousand persons, being equal to the whole of the population of this great city — a mere trifle went south and settled there to pursue the occupation of agriculture; they remained in the north, where labor is honorable and honored.

Whence, then, could the planters of the south receive their increasing labor? Only from the slave-ship and the coast of Africa. But, fortunately for the world, the United States government has never yet become so prostrate under the heel of the slave-owner as to consent to the reopening of the slave-trade. Therefore the Southern planter was in this unfortunate position: he could not tempt, perhaps he did not want, free laborers from the north; he could not tempt, perhaps he did not want, free laborers from Europe; and if he did want, he was not permitted to fetch slave labor from Africa. Well, that being so, we arrive at this conclusion — that whilst the cultivation of cotton was performed by slave labor, you were shut up for your hope of increased growth to the small increase that was possible with the increase of

two and a half per cent per annum in the population of the slaves, about one million in number, that have been regularly employed in the cultivation of cotton.

Then, if the growth was thus insufficient — and I as one connected with the trade can speak very clearly upon that point — I ask you whether the production and the supply were not necessarily insecure by reason of the institution of slavery? It was perilous within the Union. In this country we made one mistake in our forecast of this question: we did not believe that the South would commit suicide; we thought it possible that the slaves might revolt. They might revolt, but their subjugation was inevitable, because the whole power of the Union was pledged to the maintenance of order in every part of its dominions.

But if there be men who think that the cotton trade would be safer if the South were an independent State, with slavery established there in permanence, they greatly mistake; because, whatever was the danger of revolt in the southern States whilst the Union was complete, the possibility of revolt and the possibility of success would surely be greatly increased if the North were separate from the South, and the negro had only his Southern master, and not the Northern power, to contend against.

But I believe there is little danger of revolt, and no possibility of success. When the revolt took place in the island of St. Domingo, the blacks were far superior in numbers to the whites. In the southern States it is not so. Ignorant, degraded, without organization, without arms, and scarcely with any faint hope of freedom forever, except the enthusiastic hope which they have when they believe that God will some day stretch out his arm for their deliverance — I say that under these circumstances, to my mind, there was no

reasonable expectation of revolt, and that they had no expectation whatever of success in any attempt to gain their liberty by force of arms.

But now we are in a different position. Slavery itself has chosen its own issue, and has chosen its own field. Slavery — and when I say slavery, I mean the slave power — has not trusted to the future; but it has rushed into the battle-field to settle this great question; and having chosen war, it is from day to day sinking to inevitable ruin under it. Now, if we are agreed — and I am keeping you still to Lancashire and to its interests for a moment longer — that this vast industry with all its interests of capital and labor has been standing on a menacing volcano, is it not possible that hereafter it may be placed upon a rock which nothing can disturb?

Imagine — what of course some people will say I have no right to imagine — imagine the war over, the Union restored and slavery abolished — does any man suppose that there would afterwards be in the south one single negro fewer than there are at present? On the contrary, I believe there would be more. I believe there is many a negro in the northern States, and even in Canada, who, if the lash, and the chain, and the branding-iron, and the despotism against which even he dared not complain, were abolished forever, would turn his face to the sunny lands of the south, and would find himself happier and more useful there than he can be in a more northern clime.

More than this, there would be a migration from the north to the south. You do not suppose that those beautiful States, those regions than which earth offers nothing to man more fertile and more lovely, are shunned by the enterprising population of the north because they like the rigors of a northern winter and the greater changeableness of the northern sea-

sons? Once abolish slavery in the south, and the whole of the country will be open to the enterprise and to the industry of all. And more than that, when you find that, only the other day, not fewer than four thousand emigrants, most of them from the United Kingdom, landed in one day in the city of New York, do you suppose that all those men would go north and west at once? Would not some of them turn their faces southwards, and seek the clime of the sun, which is so grateful to all men; where they would find a soil more fertile, rivers more abundant, and everything that nature offers more profusely given, but from which they are now shut out by the accursed power which slavery exerts? With freedom you would have a gradual filling up of the wildernesses of the southern States, you would have there, not population only, but capital, and industry, and roads, and schools, and everything which tends to produce growth, and wealth, and prosperity.

I maintain — and I believe my opinion will be supported by all those men who are most conversant with American affairs — that, with slavery abolished, with freedom firmly established in the South, you would find in ten years to come a rapid increase in the growth of cotton; and not only would its growth be rapid, but its permanent increase would be secured.

I said that I was interested in this great question of cotton. I come from the midst of the great cotton industry of Lancashire; much the largest portion of anything I have in the world depends upon it; not a little of it is now utterly valueless, during the continuance of this war. My neighbors, by thousands and scores of thousands, are suffering more or less, as I am suffering; and many of them, as you know — more than a quarter of a million of them — have been driven from

a subsistence gained by their honorable labor to the extremest poverty, and to a dependence upon the charity of their fellow countrymen. My interest is the interest of all the population.

My interest is against a mere enthusiasm, a mere sentiment, a mere visionary fancy of freedom as against slavery. I am speaking now as a matter of business. I am glad when matters of business go straight with matters of high sentiment and morality, and from this platform I declare my solemn conviction that there is no greater enemy to Lancashire, to its capital and to its labor, than the man who wishes the cotton agriculture of the southern States to be continued under the conditions of slave labor.

One word more upon another branch of the question, and I have done. I would turn for a moment from commerce to politics. I believe that our true commercial interests in this country are very much in harmony with what I think ought to be our true political sympathies. There is no people in the world, I think, that more fully and entirely accepts the theory that one nation acts very much upon the character and upon the career of another, than England; for our newspapers and our statesmen, our writers and our speakers of every class, are constantly telling us of the wonderful influence which English constitutional government and English freedom have on the position and career of every nation in Europe. I am not about to deny that some such influence, and occasionally, I believe, a beneficent influence, is thus exerted; but if we exert any influence upon Europe — and we pride ourselves upon it — perhaps it will not be a humiliation to admit that we feel some influence exerted upon us by the great American republic. American freedom acts upon England, and there is nothing that is better known, at the west end of this great city — from which I have just come — than the

influence that has been, and nothing more feared than the influence that may be, exerted by the United States upon this country.

We all of us know that there has been a great effect produced in England by the career of the United States. An emigration of three or four millions of persons from the United Kingdom, during the last forty years, has bound us to them by thousands of family ties, and therefore it follows that whatever there is that is good, and whatever there is that is free in America, which we have not, we know something about, and gradually may begin to wish for, and some day may insist upon having.

And when I speak of "us," I mean the people of this country. When I am asserting the fact that the people of England have a great interest in the well-being of the American republic, I mean the people of England. I do not speak of the wearers of crowns or of coronets, but of the twenty millions of people in this country who live on their labor, and who, having no votes, are not counted in our political census, but without whom there could be no British nation at all. I say that these have an interest, almost as great and direct as though they were living in Massachusetts or New York, in the tremendous struggle for freedom which is now shaking the whole North American continent.

During the last two years there has been much said, and much written, and some things done in this country, which are calculated to gain us the hate of both sections of the American Union. I believe that a course of policy might have been taken by the English press, and by the English government, and by what are called the influential classes in England, that would have bound them to our hearts and us to their hearts. I speak of the twenty millions of the free North. I

believe we might have been so thoroughly united with that people, that all remembrance of the war of the Revolution and of the war of 1812 would have been obliterated, and we should have been in heart and spirit for all time forth but one nation.

I can only hope that, as time passes, and our people become better informed, they will be more just, and that ill feeling of every kind will pass away; that in future all who love freedom here will hold converse with all who love freedom there, and that the two nations, separated as they are by the ocean, come as they are, notwithstanding, of one stock, may be in future time united in soul, and may work together for the advancement of the liberties and the happiness of mankind.

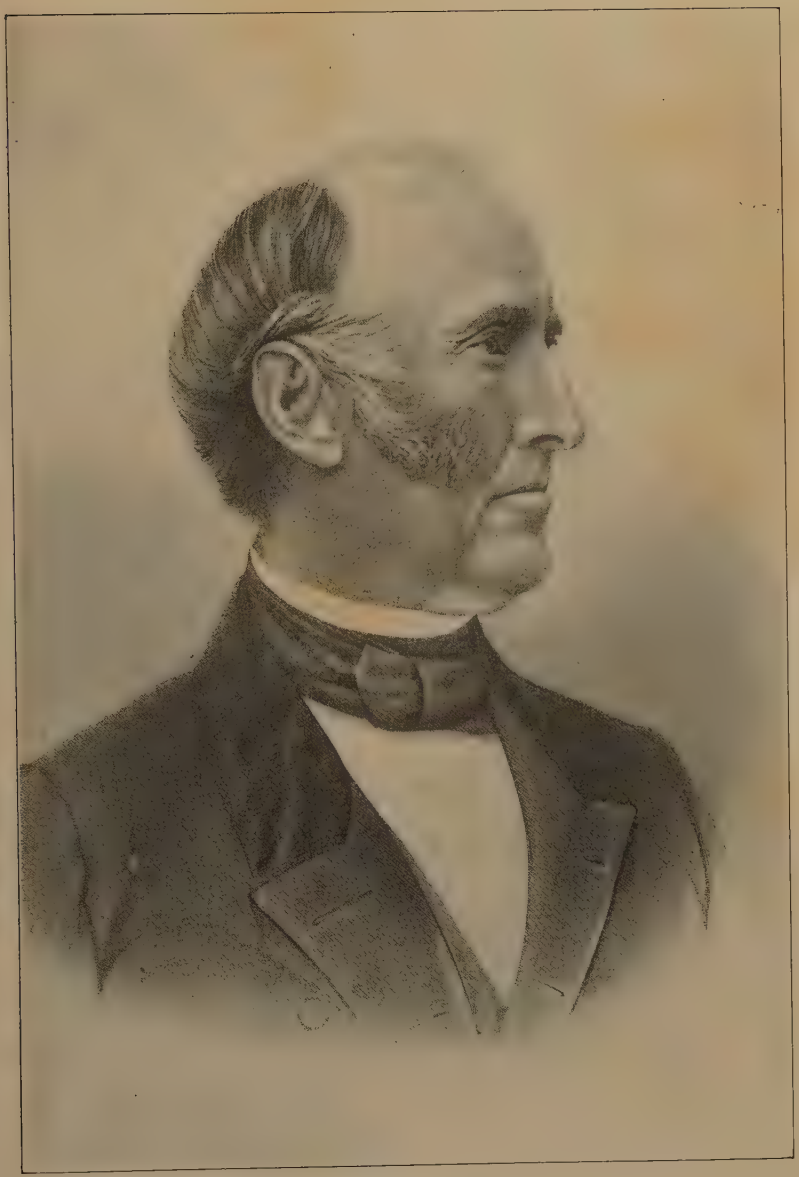
WENDELL PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS, distinguished American Abolitionist, was born at Boston, Mass., Nov. 29, 1811, and died at Boston, Feb. 2, 1884. The descendant of a distinguished family, and heir to a fortune, he was educated at Harvard University. After graduating from the law school of that institution, he began to practice at the Bar in 1834, but was soon diverted to politics by his antipathy to slavery. For the quarter of a century preceding the outbreak of the Civil War his remarkable speeches on the platform in behalf of the abolition movement rendered compromise impracticable and armed collision inevitable. After the close of the war, he advocated woman suffrage, prohibition, and labor reforms. In 1870, the Labor party and the Prohibitionists nominated him for Governor of Massachusetts, but he failed to be elected. Phillips had great powers of sarcasm and invective, as well as consuming passion and fire. Two of his later lectures on popular themes are one on "Toussaint l'Overture," the other, here given, on "The Lost Arts."

THE LOST ARTS[1]

WE SEEM to imagine, that whether knowledge will die with us, or not, it certainly began with us. We have a pitying estimate, a tender pity, for the narrowness, ignorance, and darkness of the bygone ages. We seem to ourselves not only to monopolize, but to have begun, the era of light. In other words, we are all running over with a fourth-day-of-July spirit of self-content. I am often reminded of the German whom the English poet Coleridge met at Frankfort. He always took off his hat with profound respect when he ventured to speak of himself. It seems to me, the American people

[1] Used by kind permission of Messrs. Lee and Shepard.



WENDELL PHILLIPS

might be painted in the chronic attitude of taking off its hat to itself; and therefore it can be no waste of time, with an audience in such a mood, to take their eyes for a moment from the present civilization, and guide them back to that earliest possible era that history describes for us, if it were only for the purpose of asking whether we boast on the right line. I might despair of curing us of the habit of boasting, but I might direct it better!

Well, I have been somewhat criticised, year after year, for this endeavor to open up the claims of old times. I have been charged with repeating useless fables with no foundation. To-day I take the mere subject of glass. This material, Pliny says, was discovered by accident. Some sailors, landing on the eastern coast of Spain, took their cooking utensils, and supported them on the sand by the stones that they found in the neighborhood: they kindled their fire, cooked the fish, finished the meal, and removed the apparatus; and glass was found to have resulted from the nitre and sea-sand, vitrified by the heat. Well, I have been a dozen times criticised by a number of wise men, in newspapers, who have said that this was a very idle tale, that there never was sufficient heat in a few bundles of sticks to produce vitrification,—glass-making. I happened, two years ago, to meet, on the prairies of Missouri, Professor Shepherd, who started from Yale College, and, like a genuine Yankee, brings up anywhere where there is anything to do. I happened to mention this criticism to him. "Well," says he, "a little practical life would have freed men from that doubt." Said he, "We stopped last year in Mexico, to cook some venison. We got down from our saddles, and put the cooking apparatus on stones we found there; made our fire with the wood we got there, resembling ebony; and when we removed the apparatus

there was pure silver gotten out of the embers by the intense heat of that almost iron wood. Now," said he, "that heat was greater than any necessary to vitrify the materials of glass." Why not suppose that Pliny's sailors had lighted on some exceedingly hard wood? May it not be as possible as in this case?

So, ladies and gentlemen, with a growing habit of distrust of a large share of this modern and exceedingly scientific criticism of ancient records, I think we have been betraying our own ignorance, and that frequently, when the statement does not look, on the face of it, to be exactly accurate, a little investigation below the surface will show that it rests on a real truth. Take, for instance, the English proverb, which was often quoted in my college days. We used to think how little logic the common people had; and when we wanted to illustrate this in the schoolroom,— it was what was called a *non sequitur:* the effect did not come from the cause named,— we always quoted the English proverb, "Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands." We said, "How ignorant a population!" But, when we went deeper into the history, we found that the proverb was not meant for logic, but was meant for sarcasm. One of the bishops had fifty thousand pounds given to him to build a breakwater to save the Goodwin Sands from the advancing sea; but the good bishop,— being one of the kind of bishops which Mr. Froude describes in his lecture, that the world would be better if Providence would remove them from it,— instead of building the breakwater to keep out the sea, simply built a steeple; and this proverb was sarcastic, and not logical, that "Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands." When you contemplate the motive there was the closest and best-welded logic in the proverb. So I think

a large share of our criticism of old legends and old statements will be found in the end to be the ignorance that overleaps its own saddle, and falls on the other side.

Well, my first illustration ought to be this material, glass: but, before I proceed to talk of these lost arts, I ought in fairness to make an exception; and it is the conception and conceit which lies here. Over a very large section of literature, there is a singular contradiction to this swelling conceit. There are certain lines in which the moderns are ill satisfied with themselves, and contented to acknowledge that they ought fairly to sit down at the feet of their predecessors. Take poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, the drama, and almost everything in works of any form that relates to beauty, — with regard to that whole sweep, the modern world gilds it with its admiration of the beautiful. Take the very phrases that we use. The artist says he wishes to go to Rome. "For what?" — "To study the masters." Well, all the masters have been in their graves several hundred years. We are all pupils. You tell the poet, "Sir, that line of yours would remind one of Homer," and he is crazy. Stand in front of a painting, in the hearing of the artist, and compare its coloring to that of Titian or Raphael, and he remembers you forever. I remember once standing in front of a bit of marble carved by Powers, a Vermonter, who had a matchless, instinctive love of art, and perception of beauty. I said to an Italian standing with me, "Well, now, that seems to me to be perfection." The answer was, "To be perfection,"— shrugging his shoulders,—"why, sir, that reminds you of Phidias!" as if to remind you of that Greek was a greater compliment than to be perfection.

Well, now the very choice of phrases betrays a confession of inferiority, and you see it again creeps out in the amount

we borrow. Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty, or form, we are borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and, when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use, that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

Take the stories of Shakespeare, who has, perhaps, written his forty-odd plays. Some are historical. The rest, two thirds of them, he did not stop to invent, but he found them. These he clutched, ready made to his hand, from the Italian novelists, who had taken them before from the East. Cinderella and her slipper is older than all history, like half a dozen other baby legends. The annals of the world do not go back far enough to tell us from where they first came.

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges or the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunlop, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If this were my topic, which it is not, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a

very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls and the laughable mistakes of the Irish. Even the tale which either Maria Edgeworth or her father thought the best is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows: "My dear friend, I would write you in detail, more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder, reading every word." ("No, you lie: I've not read a word you have written!") This is an Irish bull, still it is a very old one. It is only two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and thought the other Irish bull was the best,— of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in the cradle." That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greek stole it from the Egyptian hundreds of years back.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related, of a man who went into an inn, and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wineglass about half the usual size; the tea-cups also in that day were not more than half the present size. The landlord said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old." —"Well," said the thirsty traveller, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw." That story as told is given as a story of Athens three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ was born. Why! all these Irish bulls are Greek,— every one of them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who shut his eyes, and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; take the Irishman that bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred

years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend who said to him, "Why, sir, I heard you were dead."—"Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not."—"Oh, no!" says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." Well, those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of the parallel character, come from Athens.

Our old Boston patriots felt that tarring and feathering a Tory was a genuine patent Yankee fire-brand,—Yankeeism. They little imagined that when Richard Cœur de Lion set out on one of his crusades, among the orders he issued to his camp of soldiers was, that any one who robbed a hen-roost should be tarred and feathered. Many a man who lived in Connecticut has repeated the story of taking children to the limits of the town, and giving them a sound thrashing to enforce their memory of the spot. But the Burgundians in France, in a law now eleven hundred years old, attributed valor to the East of France because it had a law that the children should be taken to the limits of the district, and there soundly whipped, in order that they might forever remember where the limits came.

So we have very few new things in that line. But I said I would take the subject, for instance, of this very material — very substance — glass. It is the very best expression of man's self-conceit.

I had heard that nothing had been observed in ancient times which could be called by the name of glass,— that there had been merely attempts to imitate it. I thought they had proved the proposition: they certainly had elaborated it. In Pompeii, a dozen miles south of Naples, which was covered with ashes by Vesuvius eighteen hundred years ago, they broke into a room full of glass: there was ground-glass,

window-glass, cut-glass, and colored glass of every variety. It was undoubtedly a glass-maker's factory. So the lie and the refutation came face to face. It was like a pamphlet printed in London, in 1836, by Dr. Lardner, which proved that a steamboat could not cross the ocean; and the book came to this country in the first steamboat that came across the Atlantic.

The chemistry of the most ancient period had reached a point which we have never even approached, and which we in vain struggle to reach to-day. Indeed, the whole management of the effect of light on glass is still a matter of profound study. The first two stories which I have to offer you are simply stories from history.

The first is from the letters of the Catholic priests who broke into China, which were published in France some two hundred years ago. They were shown a glass, transparent and colorless, which was filled with a liquor made by the Chinese, that was shown to the observers, and appeared to be colorless like water. This liquor was poured into the glass, and then, looking through it, it seemed to be filled with fishes. They turned this out, and repeated the experiment, and again it was filled with fish. The Chinese confessed that they did not make them; that they were the plunder of some foreign conquest. This is not a singular thing in Chinese history; for in some of their scientific discoveries we have found evidence that they did not make them, but stole them.

The second story, of half a dozen, certainly five, relates to the age of Tiberius, the time of St. Paul; and tells of a Roman who had been banished, and who returned to Rome, bringing a wonderful cup. This cup he dashed upon the marble pavement, and it was crushed, not broken, by the fall. It was dented some, and with a hammer he easily brought it

into shape again. It was brilliant, transparent, but not brittle. I had a wineglass when I made this talk in New Haven; and among the audience was the owner, Professor Silliman. He was kind enough to come to the platform when I had ended, and say that he was familiar with most of my facts, but, speaking of malleable glass, he had this to say,— that it was nearly a natural impossibility, and that no amount of evidence which could be brought would make him credit it. Well, the Romans got their chemistry from the Arabians; they brought it into Spain eight centuries ago, and in their books of that age they claim that they got from the Arabians malleable glass. There is a kind of glass spoken of there, that, if supported by one end, by its own weight in twenty hours would dwindle down to a fine line, and that you could curve it around your wrist. Von Beust, the Chancellor of Austria, has ordered secrecy in Hungary in regard to a recently discovered process by which glass can be used exactly like wool, and manufactured into cloth.

These are a few records. When you go to Rome, they will show you a bit of glass like the solid rim of this tumbler, — a transparent glass, a solid thing, which they lift up so as to show you that there is nothing concealed; but in the centre of the glass is a drop of colored glass, perhaps as large as a pea, mottled like a duck, finely mottled with the shifting colored hues of the neck, and which even a miniature pencil could not do more perfectly. It is manifest that this drop of liquid glass must have been poured, because there is no joint. This must have been done by a greater heat than the annealing process, because that process shows breaks.

The imitation of gems has deceived not only the lay people, but the connoisseurs. Some of these imitations in later years have been discovered. The celebrated vase of the

Genoa Cathedral was considered a solid emerald. The Roman Catholic legend of it was, that it was one of the treasures that the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon, and that it was the identical cup out of which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper. Columbus must have admired it. It was venerable in his day; it was death for anybody to touch it but a Catholic priest. And when Napoleon besieged Genoa, — I mean the great Napoleon, not the present little fellow,— it was offered by the Jews to loan the Senate three million dollars on that single article as security. Napoleon took it, and carried it to France, and gave it to the Institute. Somewhat reluctantly the scholars said, "It is not a stone: we hardly know what it is."

Cicero said that he had seen the entire "Iliad," which is a poem as large as the New Testament, written on a skin so that it could be rolled up in the compass of a nut-shell. Now, this is imperceptible to the ordinary eye. ou have seen the Declaration of Independence in the compass of a quarter of a dollar, written with glasses. I have to-day a paper at home, as long as half my hand, on which was photographed the whole contents of a London newspaper. It was put under a dove's wing, and sent into Paris, where they enlarged it, and read the news. This copy of the "Iliad" must have been made by some such process.

In the Roman theatre,— the Coliseum, which could seat a hundred thousand people,— the emperor's box, raised to the highest tier, bore about the same proportion to the space as this stand does to this hall; and to look down to the centre of a six-acre lot, was to look a considerable distance. ("Considerable," by the way, is not a Yankee word. Lord Chesterfield uses it in his letters to his son, so it has a good English origin.) Pliny says that Nero the tyrant had a ring with a

gem in it, which he looked through, and watched the sword-play of the gladiators,— men who killed each other to amuse the people,— more clearly than with the naked eye. So Nero had an opera-glass.

So Mauritius the Sicilian stood on the promontory of his island, and could sweep over the entire sea to the coast of Africa with his *nauscopite*, which is a word derived from two Greek words, meaning "to see a ship." Evidently Mauritius, who was a pirate, had a marine telescope.

You may visit Dr. Abbot's museum, where you will see the ring of Cheops. Bunsen puts him five hundred years before Christ. The signet of the ring is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and the engraving is invisible without the aid of glasses. No man was ever shown into the cabinets of gems in Italy without being furnished with a microscope to look at them. It would be idle for him to look at them without one. He couldn't appreciate the delicate lines and the expression of the faces. If you go to Parma, they will show you a gem once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, of which the engraving is two thousand years old, on which there are the figures of seven women. You must have the aid of a glass in order to distinguish the forms at all. I have a friend who has a ring, perhaps three quarters of an inch in diameter, and on it is the naked figure of the god Hercules. By the aid of glasses, you can distinguish the interlacing muscles, and count every separate hair on the eyebrows. Layard says he would be unable to read the engravings on Nineveh without strong spectacles, they are so extremely small. Rawlinson brought home a stone about twenty inches long and ten wide, containing an entire treatise on mathematics. It would be perfectly illegible without glasses. Now, if we are unable to read it without

the aid of glasses, you may suppose the man who engraved it had pretty strong spectacles. So the microscope, instead of dating from our time, finds its brothers in the books of Moses,— and these are infant brothers.

So if you take colors. Color is, we say, an ornament. We dye our dresses, and ornament our furniture. It is an ornament to gratify the eye. But the Egyptians impressed it into a new service. For them, it was a method of recording history. Some parts of their history were written, but when they wanted to elaborate history they painted it. Their colors are immortal, else we could not know of it. We find upon the stucco of their walls their kings holding court, their armies marching out, their craftsmen in the shipyard, with the ships floating in the dock; and, in fact, we trace all their rites and customs painted in undying colors. The French who went to Egypt with Napoleon said that all the colors were perfect except the greenish-white, which is the hardest for us. They had no difficulty with the Tyrian purple. The burned city of Pompeii was a city of stucco. All the houses are stucco outside, and it is stained with Tyrian purple,— the royal color of antiquity.

But you never can rely on the name of a color after a thousand years. So the Tyrian purple is almost a red,— about the color of these curtains. This is a city of all red. It had been buried seventeen hundred years; and if you take a shovel now, and clear away the ashes, this color flames up upon you, a great deal richer than anything we can produce. You can go down into the narrow vault which Nero built him as a retreat from the great heat, and you will find the walls painted all over with fanciful designs in arabesque, which have been buried beneath the earth fifteen hundred years; but when the peasants light it up with their torches,

the colors flash out before you as fresh as they were in the days of St. Paul. Your fellow citizen, Mr. Page, spent twelve years in Venice, studying Titian's method of mixing his colors, and he thinks he has got it. Yet come down from Titian, whose colors are wonderfully and perfectly fresh, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and although his colors are not yet a hundred years old, they are fading: the colors on his lips are dying out, and the cheeks are losing their tints. He did not know how to mix well. All this mastery of color is as yet unequalled. If you should go with that most delightful of all lecturers, Professor Tyndall, he would show you in the spectrum the vanishing rays of violet, and prove to you that beyond their limit there are rays still more delicate, and to you invisible, but which he, by chemical paper, will make visible; and he will tell you that probably, though you see three or four inches more than three hundred years ago your predecessors did, yet three hundred years after our successors will surpass our limit. The French have a theory that there is a certain delicate shade of blue that Europeans cannot see. In one of his lectures to his students, Ruskin opened his Catholic mass-book, and said, "Gentlemen, we are the best chemists in the world. No Englishman ever could doubt that. But we cannot make such a scarlet as that; and even if we could, it would not last for twenty years. Yet this is five hundred years old!" The Frenchman says, "I am the best dyer in Europe: nobody can equal me, and nobody can surpass Lyons." Yet in Cashmere, where the girls make shawls worth thirty thousand dollars, they will show him three hundred distinct colors, which he not only cannot make, but cannot even distinguish. When I was in Rome, if a lady wished to wear a half dozen colors at a masquerade, and have them all in harmony, she would go to the Jews; for

the Oriental eye is better than even those of France or Italy, of which we think so highly.

Taking the metals, the Bible in its first chapters shows that man first conquered metals there in Asia; and on that spot to-day he can work more wonders with those metals than we can.

One of the surprises that the European artists received, when the English plundered the summer palace of the King of China, was the curiously wrought metal vessels of every kind, far exceeding all the boasted skill of the workmen of Europe.

Mr. Colton, of "The Boston Journal," the first week he landed in Asia, found that his chronometer was out of order, from the steel of the works having become rusted. "The London Medical and Surgical Journal" advises surgeons not to venture to carry any lancets to Calcutta,—to have them gilded, because English steel could not bear the atmosphere of India. Yet the Damascus blades of the Crusades were not gilded, and they are as perfect as they were eight centuries ago. There was one at the London Exhibition, the point of which could be made to touch the hilt, and which could be put into a scabbard like a corkscrew, and bent every way without breaking, like an American politician. Now, the wonder of this is, that perfect steel is a marvel of science. If a London chronometer maker wants the best steel to use in his chronometer, he does not send to Sheffield, the centre of all science, but to the Punjaub, the empire of the seven rivers, where there is no science at all. The first needle ever made in England was made in the time of Henry the Eighth, and made by a negro; and when he died, the art died with him. Some of the first travellers in Africa stated that they found a tribe in the interior who gave them better razors than they had; the irrepressible negro coming up in

science as in politics. The best steel is the greatest triumph of metallurgy, and metallurgy is the glory of chemistry.

The poets have celebrated the perfection of the Oriental steel; and it is recognized as the finest by Moore, Byron, Scott, Southey, and many others. I have even heard a young advocate of the lost arts find an argument in Byron's "Sennacherib," from the fact that the mail of the warriors in that one short night had rusted before the trembling Jews stole out in the morning to behold the terrible work of the Lord. Scott, in his "Tales of the Crusaders,"—for Sir Walter was curious in his love of the lost arts,—describes a meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin. Saladin asks Richard to show him the wonderful strength for which he is famous, and the Norman monarch responds by severing a bar of iron which lies on the floor of his tent. Saladin says, "I cannot do that;" but he takes an eider-down pillow from the sofa, and, drawing his keen blade across it, it falls in two pieces. Richard says, "This is the black art; it is magic; it is the devil: you cannot cut that which has no resistance;" and Saladin, to show him that such is not the case, takes a scarf from his shoulders, which is so light that it almost floats in the air, and, tossing it up, severs it before it can descend. George Thompson told me he saw a man in Calcutta throw a handful of floss-silk into the air, and a Hindoo sever it into pieces with his sabre. We can produce nothing like this.

Taking their employment of the mechanical forces, and their movement of large masses from the earth, we know that the Egyptians had the five, seven, or three mechanical powers; but we cannot account for the multiplication and increase necessary to perform the wonders they accomplished.

In Boston, lately, we have moved the Pelham Hotel, weighing fifty thousand tons, fourteen feet, and are very

proud of it; and since then we have moved a whole block of houses twenty-three feet, and I have no doubt we will write a book about it: but there is a book telling how Domenico Fontana of the sixteenth century set up the Egyptian obelisk at Rome on end, in the Papacy of Sixtus V. Wonderful! Yet the Egyptians quarried that stone, and carried it a hundred and fifty miles, and the Romans brought it seven hundred and fifty miles, and never said a word about it. Mr. Batterson, of Hartford, walking with Brunel, the architect of the Thames tunnel, in Egypt, asked him what he thought of the mechanical power of the Egyptians; and he said, "There is Pompey's Pillar: it is a hundred feet high, and the capital weighs two thousand pounds. It is something of a feat to hang two thousand pounds at that height in the air, and the few men that can do it would better discuss Egyptian mechanics."

Take canals. The Suez Canal absorbs half its receipts in cleaning out the sand which fills it continually, and it is not yet known whether it is a pecuniary success. The ancients built a canal at right angles to ours; because they knew it would not fill up if built in that direction, and they knew such an one as ours would. There were magnificent canals in the land of the Jews, with perfectly arranged gates and sluices. We have only just begun to understand ventilation properly for our houses; yet late experiments at the Pyramids in Egypt show that those Egyptian tombs were ventilated in the most perfect and scientific manner.

Again: cement is modern, for the ancients dressed and joined their stones so closely, that, in buildings thousands of years old, the thin blade of a penknife cannot be forced between them. The railroad dates back to Egypt. Arago has claimed that they had a knowledge of steam. A painting

has been discovered of a ship full of machinery, and a French engineer said that the arrangement of this machinery could only be accounted for by supposing the motive power to have been steam. Bramah acknowledges that he took the idea of his celebrated lock from an ancient Egyptian pattern. De Tocqueville says there was no social question that was not discussed to rags in Egypt.

"Well," say you, "Franklin invented the lightning-rod." I have no doubt he did; but years before his invention, and before muskets were invented, the old soldiers on guard on the towers used Franklin's invention to keep guard with; and if a spark passed between them and the spear-head, they ran and bore the warning of the state and condition of affairs. After that you will admit that Benjamin Franklin was not the only one that knew of the presence of electricity, and the advantages derived from its use. Solomon's Temple, you will find, was situated on an exposed point of the hill: the temple was so lofty that it was often in peril, and was guarded by a system exactly like that of Benjamin Franklin.

Well, I may tell you a little of ancient manufactures. The Duchess of Burgundy took a necklace from the neck of a mummy, and wore it to a ball given at the Tuileries; and everybody said they thought it was the newest thing there. A Hindoo princess came into court; and her father, seeing her, said, "Go home, you are not decently covered,—go home;" and she said, "Father, I have seven suits on;" but the suits were of muslin, so thin that the king could see through them. A Roman poet says, "The girl was in the poetic dress of the country." I fancy the French would be rather astonished at this. Four hundred and fifty years ago, the first spinning-machine was introduced into Europe. I have evidence to show that it made its appearance two thousand years before.

Well, I tell you this fact to show that perhaps we don't invent just everything. Why did I think to grope in the ashes for this? Because all Egypt knew the secret, which was not the knowledge of the professor, the king, and the priest. Their knowledge won an historic privilege which separated them from and brought down the masses; and this chain was broken when Cambyses came down from Persia, and by his genius and intellect opened the gates of knowledge, thundering across Egypt, drawing out civilization from royalty and priesthood.

Such was the system which was established in Egypt of old. It was four thousand years before humanity took that subject to a proper consideration; and, when this consideration was made, civilization changed her character. Learning no longer hid in a convent, or slumbered in the palace. No! she came out, joining hands with the people, ministering and dealing with them.

We have not an astrology in the stars, serving only the kings and priests: we have an astrology serving all those around us. We have not a chemistry hidden in underground cells, striving for wealth, striving to change everything into gold. No: we have a chemistry laboring with the farmer, and digging gold out of the earth with the miner. Ah! this is the nineteenth century; and, of the hundreds of things we know, I can show you ninety-nine of them which have been anticipated. It is the liberty of intellect, and a diffusion of knowledge, that has caused this anticipation.

When Gibbon finished his history of Rome, he said, "The hand will never go back upon the dial of time, when everything was hidden in fear in the dark ages." He made that boast as he stood at night in the ruins of the Corsani Palace, looking out upon the places where the monks were chanting.

That vision disappeared, and there arose in its stead the Temple of Jupiter. Could he look back upon the past, he would see nations that went up in their strength, and down to graves with fire in one hand, and iron in the other hand, before Rome was peopled, which, in their strength, were crushed in subduing civilization. But it is a very different principle that governs this land; it is one which should govern every land; it is one which this nation needs to practise this day. It is the human property: it is the divine will that any man has the right to know anything which he knows will be serviceable to himself and to his fellow man, and that will make art immortal if God means that it shall last.

THE MURDER OF LOVEJOY

[At the great meeting held in Faneuil Hall, December 8, 1837, to denounce the murder of Lovejoy by the mob at Alton, Illinois, while defending his printing-press, after addresses by Dr. Channing and George S. Hillard, Hon. James T. Austin, attorney-general of the Commonwealth, rose, and in a speech of great bitterness compared the slaves to a menagerie of wild beasts and the rioters at Alton to the "orderly mob" which threw the tea overboard in 1773, and declared that Lovejoy was presumptuous, and "died as the fool dieth." The speech produced great excitement. Wendell Phillips, then a young man of twenty-six, who had not expected to take part in the meeting, was unable to keep silent, and rose to reply, while that portion of the assembly which sympathized with the attorney-general became so boisterous that he had difficulty in gaining the audience. Mr. Phillips had spoken before this at a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in Lynn, March 28, 1837; but this speech in Faneuil Hall was the real beginning of his great public career.]

MR. CHAIRMAN,—We have met for the freest discussion of these resolutions, and the events which gave rise to them. I hope I shall be permitted to express my surprise at the sentiments of the last speaker,—surprise not only at such sentiments from such a man, but at the applause they have received within these walls. A com-

parison has been drawn between the events of the Revolution and the tragedy at Alton. We have heard it asserted here, in Faneuil Hall, that Great Britain had a right to tax the colonies; and we have heard the mob at Alton, the drunken murderers of Lovejoy, compared to those patriot fathers who threw the tea overboard! Fellow citizens, is this Faneuil Hall doctrine? The mob at Alton were met to wrest from a citizen his just rights,— met to resist the laws. We have been told that our fathers did the same; and the glorious mantle of Revolutionary precedent has been thrown over the mobs of our day. To make out their title to such defence the gentleman says that the British Parliament had a right to tax these colonies. It is manifest that, without this, his parallel falls to the ground; for Lovejoy had stationed himself within constitutional bulwarks. He was not only defending the freedom of the press, but he was under his own roof, in arms with the sanction of the civil authority. The men who assailed him went against and over the laws. The mob, as the gentleman terms it,— mob, forsooth! certainly we sons of the tea-spillers are a marvellously patient generation! — the " orderly mob " which assembled in the Old South to destroy the tea were met to resist, not the laws, but illegal exactions! Shame on the American who calls the tea tax and Stamp Act laws! Our fathers resisted, not the King's prerogative, but the King's usurpation. To find any other account, you must read our Revolutionary history upside down. Our State archives are loaded with arguments of John Adams to prove the taxes laid by the British Parliament unconstitutional,— beyond its power. It was not till this was made out that the men of New England rushed to arms. The arguments of the Council Chamber and the House of Representatives preceded and sanctioned the contest. To draw the conduct of our ancestors

into a precedent for mobs, for a right to resist laws we ourselves have enacted, is an insult to their memory. The difference between the excitements of those days and our own, which the gentleman in kindness to the latter has overlooked, is simply this: the men of that day went for the right, as secured by the laws. They were the people rising to sustain the laws and constitution of the province. The rioters of our day go for their own wills, right or wrong. Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips [pointing to the portraits in the Hall] would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American,— the slanderer of the dead. The gentleman said that he should sink into insignificance if he dared not gainsay the principles of these resolutions. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up.

[Applause and hisses, with cries of "Take that back." The uproar became so great that for a long time no one could be heard. At length the Hon. William Sturgis came to Mr. Phillips's side at the front of the platform. He was met with cries of "Phillips or nobody," "Make him take back 'recreant.'" "He sha'n't go on till he takes it back." When it was understood that Mr. Sturgis meant to sustain, not to interrupt, Mr. Phillips, he was listened to, and said: "I did not come here to take any part in this discussion, nor do I intend to; but I do entreat you, fellow citizens, by everything you hold sacred,— I conjure you by every association connected with this Hall, consecrated by our fathers to freedom of discussion,— that you listen to every man who addresses you in a decorous manner." Mr. Phillips resumed.]

Fellow citizens, I cannot take back my words. Surely, the attorney-general, so long and well known here, needs not the

aid of your hisses against one so young as I am,— my voice never before heard within these walls!

Another ground has been taken to excuse the mob, and throw doubt and discredit on the conduct of Lovejoy and his associates. Allusion has been made to what lawyers understand very well,— the "conflict of laws." We are told that nothing but the Mississippi River rolls between St. Louis and Alton; and the conflict of laws somehow or other gives the citizens of the former a right to find fault with the defender of the press for publishing his opinions so near their limits. Will the gentleman venture that argument before lawyers? How the laws of the two States could be said to come into conflict in such circumstances I question whether any lawyer in this audience can explain or understand. No matter whether the line that divides one sovereign State from another be an imaginary one or ocean-wide, the moment you cross it, the State you leave is blotted out of existence, so far as you are concerned. The Czar might as well claim to control the deliberations of Faneuil Hall, as the laws of Missouri demand reverence, or the shadow of obedience, from an inhabitant of Illinois.

I must find some fault with the statement which has been made of the events at Alton. It has been asked why Lovejoy and his friends did not appeal to the executive,— trust their defence to the police of the city. It has been hinted that, from hasty and ill-judged excitement, the men within the building provoked a quarrel, and that he fell in the course of it, one mob resisting another. Recollect, sir, that they did act with the approbation and sanction of the mayor. In strict truth there was no executive to appeal to for protection. The mayor acknowledged that he could not protect them. They asked him if it was lawful for them to defend them-

selves. He told them it was, and sanctioned their assembling in arms to do so. They were not, then, a mob; they were not merely citizens defending their own property; they were in some sense the *posse comitatus*, adopted for the occasion into the police of the city, acting under the order of a magistrate. It was civil authority resisting lawless violence. Where, then, was the imprudence? Is the doctrine to be sustained here that it is imprudent for men to aid magistrates in executing the laws?

Men are continually asking each other, had Lovejoy a right to resist? Sir, I protest against the question instead of answering it. Lovejoy did not resist, in the sense they mean. He did not throw himself back on the natural right of self-defence. He did not cry anarchy, and let slip the dogs of civil war, careless of the horrors which would follow.

Sir, as I understand this affair, it was not an individual protecting his property; it was not one body of armed men resisting another, and making the streets of a peaceful city run blood with their contentions. It did not bring back the scenes in some old Italian cities, where family met family, and faction met faction, and mutually trampled the laws under foot. No: the men in that house were regularly enrolled, under the sanction of the mayor. There being no militia in Alton, about seventy men were enrolled with the approbation of the mayor. These relieved each other every other night. About thirty men were in arms on the night of the sixth, when the press was landed. The next evening it was not thought necessary to summon more than half that number: among these was Lovejoy. It was, therefore, you perceive, sir, the police of the city resisting rioters,— civil government breasting itself to the shock of lawless men.

Here is no question about the right of self-defence. It is

in fact simply this: has the civil magistrate a right to put down a riot?

Some persons seem to imagine that anarchy existed at Alton from the commencement of these disputes. Not at all. "No one of us," says an eye-witness and a comrade of Lovejoy, "has taken up arms during these disturbances but at the command of the mayor." Anarchy did not settle down on that devoted city till Lovejoy breathed his last. Till then the law, represented in his person, sustained itself against its foes. When he fell, civil authority was trampled under foot. He had "planted himself on his constitutional rights,"— appealed to the laws,— claimed the protection of the civil authority,— taken refuge under "the broad shield of the constitution. When through that he was pierced and fell, he fell but one sufferer in a common catastrophe." He took refuge under the banner of liberty,— amid its folds; and, when he fell, its glorious Stars and Stripes, the emblem of free institutions, around which cluster so many heart-stirring memories, were blotted out in the martyr's blood.

It has been stated, perhaps inadvertently, that Lovejoy or his comrades fired first. This is denied by those who have the best means of knowing. Guns were first fired by the mob. After being twice fired on, those within the building consulted together, and deliberately returned the fire. But suppose they did fire first. They had a right so to do,— not only the right which every citizen has to defend himself, but the further right which every civil officer has to resist violence. Even if Lovejoy fired the first gun, it would not lessen his claim to our sympathy or destroy his title to be considered a martyr in defence of a free press. The question now is, did he act within the constitution and the laws? The men who fell in State Street on the 5th of March, 1770, did more than Lovejoy

is charged with. They were the first assailants. Upon some slight quarrel they pelted the troops with every missile within reach. Did this bate one jot of the eulogy with which Hancock and Warren hallowed their memory, hailing them as the first martyrs in the cause of American liberty?

If, sir, I had adopted what are called peace principles, I might lament the circumstances of this case. But all you who believe, as I do, in the right and duty of magistrates to execute the laws, join with me, and brand as base hypocrisy the conduct of those who assemble year after year on the Fourth of July to fight over the battles of the Revolution, and yet "damn with faint praise" or load with obloquy the memory of this man, who shed his blood in defence of life, liberty, property, and the freedom of the press!

Throughout that terrible night I find nothing to regret but this, that within the limits of our country civil authority should have been so prostrated as to oblige a citizen to arm in his own defence, and to arm in vain. The gentleman says Lovejoy was presumptuous and imprudent,— he "died as the fool dieth." And a reverend clergyman of the city tells us that no citizen has a right to publish opinions disagreeable to the community! If any mob follows such publication, on him rests its guilt! He must wait, forsooth, till the people come up to it and agree with him! This libel on liberty goes on to say that the want of right to speak as we think is an evil inseparable from republican institutions! If this be so, what are the worth? Welcome the despotism of the sultan, where one knows what he may publish and what he may not, rather than the tyranny of this many-headed monster, the mob, where we know not what we may do or say till some fellow citizen has tried it, and paid for the lesson with his life. This clerical absurdity chooses as a check for the abuses of the

press, not the law, but the dread of a mob. By so doing, it deprives not only the individual and the minority of their rights, but the majority also, since the expression of their opinion may sometimes provoke disturbance from the minority. A few men may make a mob as well as many. The majority, then, have no right, as Christian men, to utter their sentiments, if by any possibility it may lead to a mob! Shades of Hugh Peters and John Cotton, save us from such pulpits!

Imprudent to defend the liberty of the press! Why? Because the defence was unsuccessful? Does success gild crime into patriotism, and the want of it change heroic self-devotion to imprudence? Was Hampden imprudent when he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard? Yet he, judged by that single hour, was unsuccessful. After a short exile the race he hated sat again upon the throne.

Imagine yourself present when the first news of Bunker Hill battle reached a New England town. The tale would have run thus: "The patriots are routed,— the redcoats victorious,— Warren lies dead upon the field." With what scorn would that Tory have been received who should have charged Warren with imprudence! who should have said that, bred a physician, he was "out of place" in that battle, and "died as the fool dieth!" How would the intimation have been received that Warren and his associates should have waited a better time? But, if success be indeed the only criterion of prudence, *Respice finem*,— Wait till the end.

Presumptuous to assert the freedom of the press on American ground! Is the assertion of such freedom before the age? So much before the age as to leave one no right to make it because it displeases the community? Who invents this libel on his country? It is this very thing which entitles Lovejoy to greater praise. The disputed right which provoked the

Revolution — taxation without representation — is far beneath that for which he died. One word, gentlemen. As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence, had England offered to put a gag upon his lips.

The question that stirred the Revolution touched our civil interests. This concerns us not only as citizens, but as immortal beings. Wrapped up in its fate, saved or lost with it, are not only the voice of the statesman, but the instructions of the pulpit, and the progress of our faith.

The clergy "marvellously out of place" where free speech is battled for — liberty of speech on national sins? Does the gentleman remember that freedom to preach was first gained, dragging in its train freedom to print? I thank the clergy here present, as I reverence their predecessors, who did not so far forget their country in their immediate profession as to deem it duty to separate themselves from the struggle of '76, — the Mayhews and Coopers, who remembered they were citizens before they were clergymen.

Mr. Chairman, from the bottom of my heart I thank that brave little band at Alton for resisting. We must remember that Lovejoy had fled from city to city, suffered the destruction of three presses patiently. At length he took counsel with friends, men of character, of tried integrity, of wide views, of Christian principle. They thought the crisis had come. It was full time to assert the laws. They saw around them, not a community like our own, of fixed habits, of character molded and settled, but one "in the gristle, not yet hardened into the bone of manhood." The people there, children of our older States, seem to have forgotten the blood-tried

principles of their fathers the moment they lost sight of our New England hills. Something was to be done to show them the priceless value of the freedom of the press, to bring back and set right their wandering and confused ideas. He and his advisers looked out on a community staggering like a drunken man, indifferent to their rights, and confused in their feelings. Deaf to argument, haply they might be stunned into sobriety. They saw that of which we cannot judge, the necessity of resistance. Insulted law called for it. Public opinion, fast hastening on the downward course, must be arrested.

Does not the event show they judged rightly? Absorbed in a thousand trifles, how has the nation all at once come to a stand! Men begin, as in 1776 and 1640, to discuss principles, to weigh characters, to find out where they are. Haply we may awake before we are borne over the precipice.

I am glad, sir, to see this crowded house. It is good for us to be here. When liberty is in danger, Faneuil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the key-note for these United States. I am glad, for one reason, that remarks such as those to which I have alluded have been uttered here. The passage of these resolutions, in spite of this opposition, led by the attorney-general of the Commonwealth, will show more clearly, more decisively, the deep indignation with which Boston regards this outrage.

EULOGY OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF GARRISON, MAY 28, 1879

IT HAS been well said that we are not here to weep, and neither are we here to praise. No life closes without sadness. Death, after all, no matter what hope or what memories surround it, is terrible and a mystery. We never part hands that have been clasped lifelong in loving tenderness but the hour is sad. Still we do not come here to weep. In other moments, elsewhere, we can offer tender and loving sympathy to those whose roof-tree is so sadly bereaved. But, in the spirit of the great life which we commemorate, this hour is for the utterance of a lesson: this hour is given to contemplate a grand example, a rich inheritance, a noble life worthily ended.

You come together, not to pay tribute, even loving tribute, to the friend you have lost, whose features you will miss from daily life, but to remember the grand lesson of that career; to speak to each other, and to emphasize what that life teaches,— especially in the hearing of these young listeners, who did not see that marvellous career; in their hearing to construe the meaning of the great name which is borne world-wide, and tell them why on both sides of the ocean the news of his death is a matter of interest to every lover of his race. As my friend said, we have no right to be silent. Those of us who stood near him, who witnessed the secret springs of his action, the consistent inward and outward life, have no right to be silent.

The largest contribution that will ever be made by any single man's life to the knowledge of the working of our institu-

tions will be the picture of his career. He sounded the depths of the weakness, he proved the ultimate strength, of republican institutions; he gave us to know the perils that confront us; he taught us to rally the strength that lies hid.

To my mind there are three remarkable elements in his career. One is rare even among great men. It was his own moral nature, unaided, uninfluenced from outside, that consecrated him to a great idea. Other men ripen gradually. The youngest of the great American names that will be compared with his was between thirty and forty when his first anti-slavery word was uttered. Luther was thirty-four years old when an infamous enterprise woke him to indignation, and it then took two years more to reveal to him the mission God designed for him.

This man was in jail for his opinions when he was just twenty-four. He had confronted a nation in the very bloom of his youth. It could be said of him more than of any other American in our day, and more than of any great leader that I chance now to remember in any epoch, that he did not need circumstances, outside influence, some great pregnant event, to press him into service, to provoke him to thought, to kindle him into enthusiasm. His moral nature was as marvellous as was the intellect of Pascal. It seemed to be born fully equipped, "finely touched."

Think of the mere dates; think that at some twenty-four years old, while Christianity and statesmanship, the experience, the genius of the land, were wandering in the desert, aghast, amazed, and confounded over a frightful evil, a great sin, this boy sounded, found, invented the talisman, "Immediate, unconditional emancipation on the soil." You may say he borrowed it — true enough — from the lips of a woman on the other side of the Atlantic; but he was the only American

whose moral nature seemed, just on the edge of life, so perfectly open to duty and truth that it answered to the far-off bugle-note, and proclaimed it instantly as a complete solution of the problem.

Young men, you have no conception of the miracle of that insight; for it is not given to you to remember with any vividness the blackness of the darkness of ignorance and indifference which then brooded over what was called the moral and religious element of the American people. When I think of him, as Melancthon said of Luther, "day by day grows the wonder fresh" at the ripeness of the moral and intellectual life that God gave him at the very opening.

You hear that boy's lips announcing the statesmanlike solution which startled politicians and angered church and people. A year afterwards, with equally single-hearted devotion, in words that have been so often quoted, with those dungeon doors behind him, he enters on his career. In January, 1831, then twenty-five years old, he starts the publication of "The Liberator," advocating the immediate abolition of slavery; and, with the sublime pledge "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to speak or write with moderation. I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — and I will be heard."

Then began an agitation which for the marvel of its origin, the majesty of its purpose, the earnestness, unselfishness, and ability of its appeals, the vigor of its assault, the deep national convulsion it caused, the vast and beneficent changes it wrought, and its widespread, indirect influence on all kindred moral questions, is without a parallel in history since Luther. This boy created and marshalled it. His converts held it up and carried it on. Before this, all through the preceding

century, there had been among us scattered and single Abolitionists, earnest and able men; sometimes, like Wythe, of Virginia, in high places.

The Quakers and Covenanters had never intermitted their testimony against slavery. But Garrison was the first man to begin a movement designed to annihilate slavery. He announced the principle, arranged the method, gathered the forces, enkindled the zeal, started the argument, and finally marshalled the nation for and against the system in a conflict that came near ending the Union.

I marvel again at the instinctive sagacity which discerned the hidden forces fit for such a movement, called them forth, and wielded them to such prompt results. Archimedes said, "Give me a spot, and I will move the world." O'Connell leaned back on three millions of Irishmen, all on fire with sympathy. Cobden's hands were held up by the whole manufacturing interest of Great Britain. His treasury was the wealth of the middle classes of the country; and behind him also, in fair proportion, stood the religious convictions of England.

Marvellous was their agitation. As you gaze upon it in its successive stages, and analyze it, you are astonished at what they invented for tools. But this boy stood alone,—utterly alone, at first. There was no sympathy anywhere; his hands were empty; one single penniless comrade was his only helper. Starving on bread and water, he could command the use of types, that was all. Trade endeavored to crush him; the intellectual life of America disowned him.

My friend Weld has said the Church was a thick bank of black cloud looming over him. Yes. But no sooner did the Church discern the impetuous boy's purpose than out of that dead, sluggish cloud thundered and lightened a malignity

which could not find words to express its hate. The very pulpit where I stand saw this apostle of liberty and justice sore beset, always in great need, and often in deadly peril; yet it never gave him one word of approval or sympathy. During all this weary struggle Mr. Garrison felt its weight in the scale against him. In those years it led the sect which arrogates to itself the name of Liberal.

If this was the bearing of so-called Liberals, what bitterness of opposition, judge ye, did not the others show? A mere boy confronts church, commerce, and college,— a boy with neither training nor experience! Almost at once the assault tells the whole country is hotly interested. What created such life under those ribs of death? Whence came that instinctive knowledge? Where did he get that sound common sense? Whence did he summon that almost unerring sagacity which, starting agitation on an untried field, never committed an error, provoking year by year additional enthusiasm, gathering, as he advanced, helper after helper, to his side? I marvel at the miraculous boy. He had no means.

Where he got, whence he summoned, how he created, the elements which changed 1830 into 1835 — 1830 apathy, indifference, ignorance, icebergs, into 1835, every man, intelligently hating him, and mobs assaulting him in every city — is a marvel which none but older men than I can adequately analyze and explain. He said to a friend who remonstrated with him on the heat and severity of his language, "Brother, I have need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice about me to melt." Well, that dungeon of 1830, that universal apathy, that deadness of soul, that contempt of what called itself intellect, in ten years he changed into the whole country aflame. He made every single home, press, pulpit, and senate chamber a debating society, with his right and wrong for

the subject. And, as was said of Luther, "God honored him by making all the worst men his enemies."

Fastened on that daily life was a malignant attention and criticism such as no American has ever endured. I will not call it a criticism of hate: that word is not strong enough. Malignity searched him with candles from the moment he uttered that God-given solution of the problem to the moment when he took the hand of the nation and wrote out the statute which made it law. Malignity searched those forty years with candles; and yet even malignity has never lisped a suspicion, much less a charge,— never lisped a suspicion of anything mean, dishonorable, dishonest. No man, however mad with hate, however fierce in assault, ever dared to hint that there was anything low in motive, false in assertion, selfish in purpose, dishonest in method,— never a stain on the thought, the word, or the deed.

Now, contemplate this boy entering such an arena, confronting a nation and all its forces, utterly poor, with no sympathy from any quarter, conducting an angry, widespread, and profound agitation for ten, twenty, forty years, amid the hate of everything strong in American life, and the contempt of everything influential, and no stain, not the slightest shadow of one, rests on his escutcheon! Summon me the public men, the men who have put their hands to the helm of the vessel of state since 1789, of whom that can be said, although love and admiration, which almost culminated in worship, attended the steps of some of them.

Then look at the work he did. My friends have spoken of his influence. What American ever held his hand so long and so powerfully on the helm of social, intellectual, and moral America? There have been giants in our day. Great men God has granted in widely different spheres,— earnest men,

men whom public admiration lifted early into power. I shall venture to name some of them. Perhaps you will say it is not usual on an occasion like this; but long-waiting truth needs to be uttered in an hour when this great example is still absolutely indispensable to inspire the effort, to guide the steps, to cheer the hope, of the nation not yet arrived in the promised land.

I want to show you the vast breadth and depth that this man's name signifies. We have had Webster in the senate; we have had Lyman Beecher in the pulpit; we have had Calhoun at the head of a section; we have had a philosopher at Concord with his inspiration penetrating the young mind of the northern States. They are the four men that history, perhaps, will mention somewhere near the great force whose closing in this scene we commemorate to-day. Remember now not merely the inadequate means at this man's control, not simply the bitter hate that he confronted, not the vast work that he must be allowed to have done,— surely vast, when measured by the opposition he encountered and the strength he held in his hands,— but dismissing all those considerations, measuring nothing but the breadth and depth of his hold, his grasp on American character, social change, and general progress, what man's signet has been set so deep, planted so forever on the thoughts of his epoch? Trace home intelligently, trace home to their sources, the changes, social, political, intellectual, and religious, that have come over us during the last fifty years,— the volcanic convulsions, the stormy waves which have tossed and rocked our generation,— and you will find close at the sources of the Mississippi this boy with his proclamation!

The great party that put on record the statute of freedom was made up of men whose conscience he quickened and

whose intellect he inspired, and they long stood the tools of a public opinion that he created. The grandest name beside his in the America of our times is that of John Brown. Brown stood on the platform that Garrison built; and Mrs. Stowe herself charmed an audience that he gathered for her, with words which he inspired, from a heart that he kindled. Sitting at his feet were leaders born of "The Liberator," the guides of public sentiment. I know whereof I affirm.

It was often a pleasant boast of Charles Sumner that he read "The Liberator" two years before I did; and, among the great men who followed his lead and held up his hands in Massachusetts, where is the intellect, where is the heart, that does not trace to this printer-boy the first pulse that bade him serve the slave? For myself, no words can adequately tell the measureless debt I owe him, the moral and intellectual life he opened to me. I feel like the old Greek, who, taught himself by Socrates, called his own scholars "the disciples of Socrates."

This is only another instance added to the roll of the Washingtons and the Hampdens, whose root is not ability, but character; that influence which, like the great Master's of Judea (humanly speaking), spreading through the centuries, testifies that the world suffers its grandest changes not by genius, but by the more potent control of character. His was an earnestness that would take no denial, that consumed opposition in the intensity of its convictions, that knew nothing but right. As friend after friend gathered slowly, one by one, to his side, in that very meeting of a dozen heroic men to form the New England Anti-Slavery Society, it was his compelling hand, his resolute unwillingness to temper or qualify the utterance, that finally dedicated that first organized movement to the doctrine of immediate emancipation.

He seems to have understood,— this boy without experience,— he seems to have understood by instinct that righteousness is the only thing which will finally compel submission; that one, with God, is always a majority. He seems to have known it at the very outset, taught of God, the herald and champion, God-endowed and God-sent to arouse a nation, that only by the most absolute assertion of the uttermost truth, without qualification or compromise, can a nation be waked to conscience or strengthened for duty. No man ever understood so thoroughly — not O'Connell nor Cobden — the nature and deeds of that agitation which alone, in our day, reforms states. In the darkest hour he never doubted the omnipotence of conscience and the moral sentiment.

And then look at the unquailing courage with which he faced the successive obstacles that confronted him! Modest, believing at the outset that America could not be as corrupt as she seemed, he waits at the door of the churches, importunes leading clergymen, begs for a voice from the sanctuary, a consecrated protest from the pulpit. To his utter amazement, he learns, by thus probing it, that the Church will give him no help, but, on the contrary, surges into the movement in opposition. Serene, though astounded by the unexpected revelation, he simply turns his footsteps, and announces that "a Christianity which keeps peace with the oppressor is no Christianity," and goes on his way to supplant the religious element which the Church had allied with sin by a deeper religious faith.

Yes, he sets himself to work — this stripling with his sling confronting the angry giant in complete steel, this solitary evangelist — to make Christians of twenty millions of people! I am not exaggerating. You know, older men, who can go back to that period; I know that when one, kindred to a voice

that you have heard to-day, whose pathway Garrison's bloody feet had made easier for the treading, when he uttered in a pulpit in Boston only a few strong words, injected in the course of a sermon, his venerable father, between seventy and eighty years, was met the next morning and his hand shaken by a much moved friend. "Colonel, you have my sympathy. I cannot tell you how much I pity you." "What," said the brusque old man, "what is your pity?" "Well, I hear your son went crazy at 'Church Green' yesterday." Such was the utter indifference. At that time bloody feet had smoothed the pathway for other men to tread. Still, then and for years afterwards, insanity was the only kind-hearted excuse that partial friends could find for sympathy with such a madman!

If anything strikes one more prominently than another in this career,— to your astonishment, young men, you may say, — it is the plain, sober common sense, the robust English element which underlay Cromwell, which explains Hampden, which gives the color that distinguishes 1640 in England from 1790 in France. Plain, robust, well-balanced common sense. Nothing erratic; no enthusiasm which had lost its hold on firm earth; no mistake of method; no unmeasured confidence; no miscalculation of the enemy's strength. Whoever mistook, Garrison seldom mistook.

Fewer mistakes in that long agitation of fifty years can be charged to his account than to any other American. Erratic as men supposed him, intemperate in utterance, mad in judgment, an enthusiast gone crazy, the moment you sat down at his side, patient in explanation, clear in statement, sound in judgment, studying carefully every step, calculating every assault, measuring the force to meet it, never in haste, always patient, waiting until the time ripened,— fit for a great leader. Cull, if you please, from the statesmen who obeyed

him, whom he either whipped into submission or summoned into existence,— cull from among them the man whose career, fairly examined, exhibits fewer miscalculations and fewer mistakes than this career which is just ended.

I know what I claim. As Mr. Weld has said, I am speaking to-day to men who judge by their ears, by rumors; who see, not with their eyes, but with their prejudices. History, fifty years hence, dispelling your prejudices, will do justice to the grand sweep of the orbit which, as my friend said, to-day we are hardly in a position, or mood, to measure. As Coleridge avers, "The truth-haters of to-morrow will give the right name to the truth-haters of to-day, for even such men the stream of time bears onward." I do not fear that, if my words are remembered by the next generation, they will be thought unsupported or extravagant. When history seeks the sources of New England character, when men begin to open up and examine the hidden springs and note the convulsions and the throes of American life within the last half century, they will remember Parker, that Jupiter of the pulpit; they will remember the long unheeded but measureless influence that came to us from the seclusion of Concord; they will do justice to the masterly statesmanship which guided, during a part of his life, the efforts of Webster. But they will recognize that there was only one man north of Mason and Dixon's line who met squarely, with an absolute logic, the else impregnable position of John C. Calhoun; only one brave, far-sighted, keen, logical intellect, which discerned that there were only two moral points in the universe, right and wrong; that, when one was asserted, subterfuge and evasion would be sure to end in defeat.

Here lies the brain and the heart; here lies the statesman-like intellect, logical as Jonathan Edwards, brave as Luther,

which confronted the logic of South Carolina with an assertion direct and broad enough to make an issue and necessitate a conflict of two civilizations. Calhoun said, slavery is right. Webster and Clay shrunk from him, and evaded his assertion. Garrison, alone at that time, met him face to face, proclaiming slavery a sin and daring all the inferences. It is true, as New Orleans complains to-day in her journals, that this man brought upon America everything they call the disaster of the last twenty years; and it is equally true that, if you seek through the hidden causes and unheeded events for the hand that wrote "emancipation" on the statute book and on the flag, it lies still there to-day.

I have no time to number the many kindred reforms to which he lent as profound an earnestness and almost as large aid.

I hardly dare enter that home. There is one other marked and, as it seems to me, unprecedented, element in this career. His was the happiest life I ever saw. No need for pity. Let no tear fall over his life. No man gathered into his bosom a fuller sheaf of blessing, delight, and joy. In his seventy years there were not arrows enough in the whole quiver of the Church or State to wound him. As Guizot once said from the tribune, "Gentlemen, you cannot get high enough to reach the level of my contempt." So Garrison, from the serene level of his daily life, from the faith that never faltered, was able to say to American hate, "You cannot reach up to the level of my home mood, my daily existence." I have seen him intimately for thirty years, while raining on his head was the hate of the community, when by every possible form of expression malignity let him know that it wished him all sorts of harm. I never saw him unhappy. I never saw the moment that serene, abounding faith in the rectitude of his motive, the

soundness of his method, and the certainty of his success did not lift him above all possibility of being reached by any clamor about him. Every one of his near friends will agree with me that this was the happiest life God has granted in our day to any American standing in the foremost rank of influence and effort.

Adjourned from the stormiest meeting, where hot debate had roused all his powers as near to anger as his nature ever let him come, the music of a dozen voices — even of those who had just opposed him — or a piano, if the house held one, changed his mood in an instant, and made the hour laugh with more than content; unless, indeed, a baby and playing with it proved metal even more attractive.

To champion wearisome causes, bear with disordered intellects, to shelter the wrecks of intemperance and fugitives whose pulse trembled at every touch on the door-latch,— this was his home. Keenly alive to human suffering, ever prompt to help relieve it, pouring out his means for that more lavishly than he ought, all this was no burden, never clouded or depressed the inextinguishable buoyancy and gladness of his nature. God ever held over him unclouded the sunlight of his countenance.

And he never grew old. The tabernacle of flesh grew feebler, and the step was less elastic. But the ability to work, the serene faith and unflagging hope, suffered no change. To the day of his death he was as ready as in his boyhood to confront and defy a mad majority. The keen insight and clear judgment never failed him. His tenacity of purpose never weakened. He showed nothing either of the intellectual sluggishness or the timidity of age. The bugle-call which last year woke the nation to its peril and duty on the Southern question showed all the old fitness to lead and

mold a people's course. Younger men might be confused or dazed by plausible pretensions, and half the North was befooled; but the old pioneer detected the false ring as quickly as in his youth. The words his dying hand traced, welcoming the Southern exodus and foretelling its result, had all the defiant courage and prophetic solemnity of his youngest and boldest days.

Serene, fearless, marvellous man! Mortal, with so few shortcomings!

Farewell, for a very little while, noblest of Christian men! Leader, brave, tireless, unselfish! When the ear heard thee, then it blessed thee; the eye that saw thee gave witness to thee. More truly than it could ever heretofore be said since the great patriarch wrote it, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish" was thine eternal great reward.

Though the clouds rest for a moment to-day on the great work that you set your heart to accomplish, you knew, God in his love let you see, that your work was done; that one thing, by his blessing on your efforts, is fixed beyond the possibility of change. While that ear could listen, God gave what he has so rarely given to man, the plaudits and prayers of four millions of victims, thanking you for emancipation; and through the clouds of to-day your heart, as it ceased to beat, felt certain, certain, that, whether one flag or two shall rule this continent in time to come, one thing is settled,— it never henceforth can be trodden by a slave!

AUGUST T. BLANCHE

AUGUST THEODOR BLANCHE, Swedish poet and novelist, was born at Stockholm, Sept. 17, 1811, and died there Nov. 30, 1868. His versatility from the first was remarkable. He opened his career by writing political articles for a radical journal in Stockholm. Afterward he wrote novels, short stories, essays, poems, and plays, and was singularly successful in every literary project he undertook. It was as a dramatist, however, that he did in his day his most successful work. He was a member of the Swedish Parliament, an ardent politician, and an accomplished orator. In his habits he was eminently social, a generous and jovial host, radical both in religion and politics, and always ready to lend a helping hand to those who needed succor or aid. His kindness, his humor, his bonhomie, and his democratic ways endeared him to the people, and his death was an occasion of general mourning. With Hodell and Jolin, Blanche successfully cultivated comedy.

ADDRESS ON THE DETHRONEMENT OF GUSTAVUS IV

DELIVERED ON ITS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, MARCH 13, 1859

STATES, like individuals, have their crisis to pass through before they reach maturity and fulness of development, and those which have fallen to the lot of Sweden have been many and severe. More than once has she seemed on the verge of ruin; her forehead has been stained with blood more times than can be reckoned; she is scarred from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot; yet she stands to-day upright and free.

This shows that our land has had able physicians, and that her hurts, though sometimes seemingly mortal, have been in every instance thoroughly cured. There were hard times during the reign of the Danish kings under the union. Uniting the three northern crowns into one was a beautiful thought, conceived by a queen, a woman, but defeated by kings and men. It struck against the selfishness and cruelties of Danish

governors, and Engelbrekt, Sture and Wasar had their hands full in delivering us from this evil.

Yet the independence of Sweden was never in any real danger. The people maintained their fortitude, and not so much as a chip was broken from the old granite foundation. The outlook seemed dark at the close of the reign of Charles XII, but the country, though bleeding from innumerable wounds, was a lion which retreated cautiously with its eyes fixed upon the enemy, paw uplifted, ever feared and ever dangerous to approach. The lion on the three rivers cringes before the lion in the den. Sweden lost a great deal, but she held Finland, nevertheless, and occupied a considerable portion of German soil.

Awful was the year 1809. That disastrous year, which, with darker clouds than ever before, descended upon our poor, suffering and desperate motherland. At war with nearly all the world, calamities and treachery on every side, and stubborn autocracy in our midst; Finland lost; all the resources of the country exhausted, its youth dragged to the battlefields, dying on the way; insurrection fast becoming a necessity; Russian soldiers tramping the soil of our fathers. The wild hordes of the deserts longed to water their horses at the shores of Malaren as they did by the Seine some years later. They reached the Seine, but not the Malaren, and by the help of God they shall never get there.

The help from God on March 13, 1809, was the revolution itself, and the men who led that movement were chosen instruments in God's hands. The memory of the day shall ever be kept holy in the true Swedish heart. Is it, then, over the downfall of an unfortunate and almost senseless monarch that a noble race to-day rejoices? Nay, it is the overthrow of unlimited monarchy which always has been so burdensome,

which gave Narva to us with one hand and Pultava with the other,— unlimited monarchy, which our land shall never more tolerate, but will fight it as persistently as our fathers did, and strangle every semblance of it as Hercules strangled the lion with his strong arm. And so when we drink to the memory of the 13th of March, 1809, we drink also to the destruction of the despotic principle in the north, from the ruins of which the people's new freedom, like a liberated dove, flew out over land and sea without one drop of blood having stained its immaculate wings. Gentlemen! Hail that day! the darkest hour is before the dawn. To the memory of the 13th of March, 1809!

[Special translation by Charles E. Hurd.]

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN

JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN, Anglo-American lawyer and politician, was born at St. Croix, West Indies, Aug. 11, 1811, and died at Paris, May 8, 1884. Soon after his birth, his parents, who were English Jews, emigrated to the United States, the boy passing his youth-time at Wilmington, N. C. After three years at Yale College, he entered on the study of the law, and in 1832 was admitted to the New Orleans Bar. He was twice returned from Louisiana to the United States Senate, first in 1853 as a Whig, and again in 1859 as a Conservative. Next to John C. Calhoun he was the most powerful champion of the legal claims of slavery under the Constitution. In February, 1861, on the outbreak of the Civil War and the secession of Louisiana, Mr. Benjamin resigned his seat in the United States Senate, and accepted the appointment of Attorney-General in the provisional government of the Confederate States. He was next appointed Secretary of War, and, ultimately, Secretary of State, which last-named position he held until the Confederacy collapsed. On the fall of Richmond, he escaped to the Bahamas, thence to Liverpool. Admitted to practice at the English Bar, he soon acquired a lucrative practice, and rose to eminence. The speech here reproduced was one of the weightiest defences of the doctrine of the right of property in slaves. In 1883, Mr. Benjamin was compelled, by ill health, to retire from his profession, when he withdrew with his family to Paris, where he died in his seventy-third year.

ON THE PROPERTY DOCTRINE, OR THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY IN SLAVES

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, MARCH 11, 1858

MR. PRESIDENT, the whole subject of slavery, so far as it is involved in the issue now before the country, is narrowed down at last to a controversy on the solitary point, whether it be competent for the Congress of the United States, directly or indirectly, to exclude slavery from the Territories of the Union. The Supreme Court of the United States have given a nega-

tive answer to this proposition, and it shall be my first effort to support that negation by argument, independently of the authority of the decision.

It seems to me that the radical, fundamental error which underlies the argument in affirmation of this power, is the assumption that slavery is the creature of the statute law of the several States where it is established; that it has no existence outside of the limits of those States; that slaves are not property beyond those limits; and that property in slaves is neither recognized nor protected by the Constitution of the United States, nor by international law. I controvert all these propositions, and shall proceed at once to my argument.

Mr. President, the thirteen Colonies, which on the 4th of July, 1776, asserted their independence, were British colonies, governed by British laws. Our ancestors in their emigration to this country brought with them the common law of England as their birthright. They adopted its principles for their government so far as it was not incompatible with the peculiarities of their situation in a rude and unsettled country. Great Britain then having the sovereignty over the Colonies, possessed undoubted power to regulate their institutions, to control their commerce, and to give laws to their intercourse, both with the mother and the other nations of the earth. If I can show, as I hope to be able to establish to the satisfaction of the Senate, that the nation thus exercising sovereign power over these thirteen Colonies did establish slavery in them, did maintain and protect the institution, did originate and carry on the slave trade, did support and foster that trade, that it forbade the Colonies permission either to emancipate or export their slaves, that it prohibited them from inaugurating any

legislation in diminution or discouragement of the institution—nay, sir, more, if, at the date of our Revolution I can show that African slavery existed in England as it did on this continent, if I can show that slaves were sold upon the slave mart, in the Exchange and other public places of resort in the city of London as they were on this continent, then I shall not hazard too much in the assertion that slavery was the common law of the thirteen States of the Confederacy at the time they burst the bonds that united them to the mother counry. . . .

This legislation, Mr. President, as I have said before, emanating from the mother country, fixed the institution upon the Colonies. They could not resist it. All their right was limited to petition, to remonstrance, and to attempts at legislation at home to diminish the evil. Every such attempt was sternly repressed by the British crown. In 1760, South Carolina passed an act prohibiting the further importation of African slaves. The act was rejected by the crown; the Governor was reprimanded; and a circular was sent to all the governors of all the Colonies, warning them against presuming to countenance such legislation. In 1765, a similar bill was thrice read in the Assembly of Jamaica. The news reached Great Britain before its final passage. Instructions were sent out to the royal Governor; he called the House of Assembly before him, communicated his instructions, and forbade any further progress of the bill. In 1774, in spite of this discountenancing action of the mother government, two bills passed the legislative Assembly of Jamaica; and the Earl of Dartmouth, then Secretary of State, wrote to Sir Basil Keith, the Governor of the Colony, that "these measures had created alarm to the merchants of Great Britain engaged in that branch of com-

merce"; and forbidding him, "on pain of removal from his government, to assent to such laws."

Finally, in 1775—mark the date—1775—after the Revolutionary struggle had commenced, while the Continental Congress was in session, after armies had been levied, after Crown Point and Ticonderoga had been taken possession of by the insurgent colonists, and after the first blood shed in the Revolution had reddened the spring sod upon the green of Lexington, this same Earl of Dartmouth, in remonstrance from the agent of the Colonies, replied:

"We cannot allow the Colonies to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation."

I say, then, that down to the very moment when our independence was won, slavery, by the statute law of England, was the common law of the old thirteen Colonies. But, sir, my task does not end here. I desire to show you that by her jurisprudence, that by the decisions of her judges, and the answers of her lawyers to questions from the crown and from public bodies, this same institution was declared to be recognized by the common law of England; and slaves were declared to be, in their language, merchandise, chattels, just as much private property as any other merchandise or any other chattel.

A short time prior to the year 1713, a contract had been formed between Spain and a certain company, called the Royal Guinea Company, that had been established in France. This contract was technically called in those days an assiento. By the treaty of Utrecht of the 11th of April, 1713, Great Britain, through her diplomatists, obtained a transfer of that contract. She yielded considerations for it. The obtaining of that contract was greeted

in England with shouts of joy. It was considered a triumph of diplomacy. It was followed in the month of May, 1713, by a new contract in form, by which the British Government undertook, for the term of thirty years then next to come, to transport annually 4,800 slaves to the Spanish-American Colonies, at a fixed price. Almost immediately after this new contract, a question arose in the English Council as to what was the true legal character of the slaves thus to be exported to the Spanish-American Colonies; and, according to the forms of the British Constitution, the question was submitted by the crown in council to the twelve judges of England. I have their answer here; it is in these words:

"In pursuance of His Majesty's order in council, hereunto annexed, we do humbly certify our opinion to be that negroes are merchandise."

Signed by Lord Chief-Justice Holt, Judge Pollexfen, and eight other judges of England.

Mr. Mason—What is the date of that?

Mr. Benjamin—It was immediately after the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. Very soon afterward the nascent spirit of fanaticism began to obtain a foothold in England; and although large numbers of negro slaves were owned in Great Britain, and, as I said before, were daily sold on the public Exchange in London, questions arose as to the right of the owners to retain property in their slaves; and the merchants of London, alarmed, submitted the question to Sir Philip Yorke, who afterward became Lord Hardwicke, and to Lord Talbot, who were then the solicitor and Attorney-General of the kingdom. The question was propounded to them, "What are the rights of a British owner of a slave in Eng-

land?" and this is the answer of those two legal functionaries. They certified that "a slave coming from the West Indies to England with or without his master, doth not become free; and his master's property in him is not thereby determined nor varied, and the master may legally compel him to return to the plantations."

And, in 1749, the same question again came up before Sir Philip Yorke, then Lord Chancellor of England, under the title of Lord Hardwicke, and, by a decree in chancery in the case before him, he affirmed the doctrine which he had uttered when he was Attorney-General of Great Britain.

Things thus stood in England until the year 1771, when the spirit of fanaticism, to which I have adverted, acquiring strength, finally operated upon Lord Mansfield, who, by a judgment rendered in a case known as the celebrated Sommersett case, subverted the common law of England by judicial legislation, as I shall prove in an instant. I say it not on my own authority. I would not be so presumptuous. The Senator from Maine (Mr. Fessenden) need not smile at my statement. I will give him higher authority than anything I can dare assert. I say that in 1771 Lord Mansfield subverted the common law of England in the Sommersett case, and decided, not that a slave carried to England from the West Indies by his master thereby became free, but that by the law of England, if the slave resisted the master, there was no remedy by which the master could exercise his control; that the colonial legislation which afforded the master means of controlling his property had no authority in England, and that England by her laws had provided no substitute for that authority. That was what Lord Mansfield decided. I say this was judicial legislation. I say it subverted the entire previous jurisprudence of Great Brit-

ain. I have just adverted to the authorities for that position. Lord Mansfield felt it. The case was argued before him over and over again, and he begged the parties to compromise. They said they would not. "Why," said he, "I have known six of these cases already, and in five out of the six there was a compromise; you had better compromise this matter"; but the parties said no, they would stand on the law; and then, after holding the case up two terms, Lord Mansfield mustered up courage to say just what I have asserted to be his decision; that there was no law in England affording the master control over his slave; and that therefore the master's putting him on board of a vessel in irons, being unsupported by authority derived from English law, and the colonial law not being in force in England, he would discharge the slave from custody on habeas corpus, and leave the master to his remedy as best he could find one.

Mr. Fessenden—Decided so unwillingly.

Mr. Benjamin—The gentleman is right—very unwillingly. He was driven to the decision by the paramount power which is now perverting the principles, and obscuring the judgment of the people of the North; and of which I must say there is no more striking example to be found than its effect on the clear and logical intellect of my frien from Maine.

Mr. President, I make these charges in relation to that judgment, because in them I am supported by an intellect greater than Mansfield's; by a judge of resplendent genius and consummate learning; one who, in all questions of international law, on all subjects not dependent upon the peculiar municipal technical common law of England, has won for himself the proudest name in the annals of her jurisprudence—the gentleman knows well that I refer to

Lord Stowell. As late as 1827, twenty years after Great Britain had abolished the slave trade, six years before she was brought to the point of confiscating the property of her colonies which she had forced them to buy, a case was brought before that celebrated judge; a case known to all lawyers by the name of the slave Grace. It was pretended in the argument that the slave Grace was free, because she had been carried to England, and it was said, under the authority of Lord Mansfield's decision in the Sommersett case, that, having once breathed English air, she was free; that the atmosphere of that favored kingdom was too pure to be breathed by a slave. Lord Stowell, in answering that *legal* argument, said that, after painful and laborious research into historical records, he did not find anything touching the peculiar fitness of the English atmosphere for respiration during the ten centuries that slaves had lived in England. . . .

After that decision had been rendered, Lord Stowell, who was at that time in correspondence with Judge Story, sent him a copy of it, and wrote to him upon the subject of his judgment. No man will doubt the anti-slavery feelings and proclivities of Judge Story. He was asked to take the decision into consideration and give his opinion about it. Here is his answer:

"I have read, with great attention, your judgment in the slave case. Upon the fullest consideration which I have been able to give the subject, I entirely concur in your views. If I had been called upon to pronounce a judgment in a like case, I should have certainly arrived at the same result."

That was the opinion of Judge Story in 1827; but, sir, while contending, as I here contend, as a proposition, based

in history, maintained by legislation, supported by judicial authority of the greatest weight, that slavery, as an institution, was protected by the common law of these colonies at the date of the Declaration of Independence, I go further, though not necessary to my argument, and declare that it was the common law of North and South America alike. . .

Thus, Mr. President, I say that even if we admit for the moment that the common law of the nations which colonized this continent, the institution of slavery at the time of our independence, was dying away by the manumissions either gratuitous or for a price of those who held the people as slaves, yet, so far as the continent of America was concerned, North and South, there did not breathe a being who did not know that a negro, under the common law of the continent, was merchandise, was property, was a slave, and that he could only extricate himself from that status, stamped upon him by the common law of the country, by positive proof of manumission. No man was bound to show title to his negro slave. The slave was bound to show manumission under which he had acquired his freedom, by the common law of every colony. Why, sir, can any man doubt, is there a gentleman here, even the Senator from Maine, who doubts that if, after the Revolution, the different States of this Union have not passed laws upon the subject to abolish slavery, to subvert this common law of the continent, every one of these States would be slave States yet? How came they free States? Did not they have this institution of slavery imprinted upon them by the power of the mother country? How did they get rid of it? All, all must admit that they had to pass positive acts of legislation to accomplish this purpose. Without that legislation they would still be slave States. What, then, becomes of the

pretext that slavery only exists in those States where it was established by positive legislation, that it has no inherent vitality out of those States, and that slaves are not considered as property by the Constitution of the United States?

When the delegates of the several colonies which had thus asserted their independence of the British crown met in convention, the decision of Lord Mansfield in the Sommersett case was recent, was known to all. At the same time, a number of the Northern colonies had taken incipient steps for the emancipation of their slaves Here permit me to say, sir, that, with a prudent regard to what the Senator from Maine (Mr. Hamlin) yesterday called the "sensitive pocket-nerve," they all made these provisions prospective. Slavery was to be abolished after a certain future time—just enough time to give their citizens convenient opportunity for selling the slaves to Southern planters, putting the money in their pockets, and then sending to us here, on this floor, representatives who flaunt in robes of sanctimonious holiness, who make parade of a cheap philanthropy, exercised at our expense; and who say to all men: "Look ye now, how holy, how pure we are; you are polluted by the touch of slavery; we are free from it." . . .

Now, sir, because the Supreme Court of the United States says—what is patent to every man who reads the Constitution of the United States—that it does guarantee property in slaves, it has been attacked with vituperation here, on this floor, by Senators on all sides. Some have abstained from any indecent, insulting remarks in relation to the Court. Some have confined themselves to calm and legitimate argument. To them I am about to reply. To the others, I shall have something to say a little later.

What says the Senator from Maine (Mr. Fessenden)? He says:

"Had the result of that election been otherwise, and had not the (Democratic) party triumphed on the dogma which they had thus introduced, we should never have heard of a doctrine so utterly at variance with all truth; so utterly destitute of all legal logic; so founded on error, and unsupported by anything like argument, as is the opinion of the Supreme Court."

He says, further:

"I should like, if I had time, to attempt to demonstrate the fallacy of that opinion. I have examined the view of the Supreme Court of the United States on the question of the power of the Constitution to carry slavery into free territory belonging to the United States, and I tell you that I believe any tolerably respectable lawyer in the United States can show, beyond all question, to any fair and unprejudiced mind, that the decision has nothing to stand upon except assumption, and bad logic from the assumptions made. The main proposition on which that decision is founded, the cornerstone of it, without which it is nothing, without which it fails entirely to satisfy the mind of any man, is this: that the Constitution of the United States recognizes property in slaves, and protects it as such. I deny it. It neither recognizes slaves as property, nor does it protect slaves as property."

The Senator here, you see, says that the whole decision is based on that assumption, which is false. He says that the Constitution does not recognize slaves as property, nor protect them as property, and his reasoning, a little further on, is somewhat curious. He says:

"On what do they found the assertion that the Constitution recognizes slavery as property? On the provision of the Constitution by which Congress is prohibited from

passing a law to prevent the African slave trade for twenty years; and therefore they say the Constitution recognizes slaves as property."

I should think that was a pretty fair recognition of it. On this point the gentleman declares:

"Will not anybody see that this constitutional provision, if it works one way, must work the other? If, by allowing the slave trade for twenty years, we recognize slaves as property, then we say that at the end of twenty years we will cease to allow it, or may cease to do so, is not that denying them to be property after that period elapses?"

That is the argument. Nothing but my respect for the logical intellect of the Senator from Maine could make me treat this argument as serious, and nothing but having heard it myself would make me believe that he ever uttered it. What, sir! The Constitution of our country says to the South, "you shall count as the basis of your representation five slaves as being three white men; you may be protected in the natural increase of your slaves; nay, more, as a matter of compromise you may increase their number if you choose, for twenty years, by importation; when these twenty years are out, you shall stop." The Supreme Court of the United States says, "well; is not this a recognition of slavery, of property in slaves?" "Oh, no," says the gentleman, "the rule must work both ways; there is a converse to the proposition." Now, sir, to an ordinary, uninstructed intellect, it would seem that the converse of the proposition was simply that at the end of twenty years you should not any longer increase your numbers by importation; but the gentleman says the converse of the proposition is that at the end of the twenty years, after you have, under the guarantee of the Constitution, been adding by importa-

tion to the previous number of your slaves, then all those that you had before, and all those that, under the Constitution, you have imported, cease to be recognized as property by the Constitution, and on this proposition he assails the Supreme Court of the United States—a proposition which he says will occur to anybody.

Mr. Fessenden—Will the Senator allow me?

Mr. Benjamin—I should be very glad to enter into this debate now, but I fear it is so late that I shall not be able to get through to-day.

Mr. Fessenden—I suppose it is of no consequence.

Mr. Benjamin—What says the Senator from Vermont (Mr. Collamer), who also went into this examination somewhat extensively? I read from his printed speech:

"I do not say that slaves are never property. I do not say that they are, or are not. Within the limits of a State which declares them to be property, they are property, because they are within the jurisdiction of that government which makes the declaration; but I should wish to speak of it in the light of a member of the United States Senate, and in the language of the United States Constitution. If this be property in the States, what is the nature and extent of it? I insist that the Supreme Court has often decided, and everybody has understood, that slavery is a local institution, existing by force of State law; and of course that law can give it no possible character beyond the limits of that State. I shall no doubt find the idea better expressed in the opinion of Judge Nelson, in this same Dred Scott decision. I prefer to read his language. . . .

"Here is the law; and under it exists the law of slavery in the different States. By virtue of this very principle it cannot extend one inch beyond its own territorial limits. A State cannot regulate the relation of master and slave, of owner and property, the manner and title of descent, or

anything else, one inch beyond its territory. Then you cannot, by virtue of the law of slavery, if it makes slaves property in a State, if you please, move that property out of the State. It ends whenever you pass from that State. You may pass into another State that has a like law; and if you do, you hold it by virtue of that law; but the moment you pass beyond the limits of the slaveholding States, all title to the property called property in slaves, there ends. Under such a law slaves cannot be carried as property into the Territories, or anywhere else beyond the States authorizing it. It is not property anywhere else. If the Constitution of the United States gives any other and further character than this to slave property, let us acknowledge it fairly and end all strife about it. If it does not, I ask in all candor, that men on the other side shall say so, and let this point be settled. What is the point we are to inquire into? It is this: does the Constitution of the United States make slaves property beyond the jurisdiction of the States authorizing slavery? If it only acknowledges them as property within that jurisdiction, it has not extended the property one inch beyond the State line; but if, as the Supreme Court seems to say, it does recognize and protect them as property further than State limits, and more than the State laws do, then, indeed, it becomes like other property. The Supreme Court rests this claim upon this clause of the Constitution: 'No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.' Now the question is, does that guarantee it? Does that make it the same as other property? The very fact that this clause makes provision on the subject of persons bound to service, shows that the framers of the Constitution did not regard it as other property. It was a thing that needed some provision; other property did not. The insertion of such a provision shows that it was not regarded as other

property. If a man's horse stray from Delaware into Pennsylvania, he can go and get it. Is there any provision in the Constitution for it? No. How came this to be there, if a slave is property? If it is the same as other property, why have any provision about it?"

It will undoubtedly have struck any person, in hearing this passage read from the speech of the Senator from Vermont, whom I regret not to see in his seat to-day, that the whole argument, ingeniously as it is put, rests upon this fallacy—if I may say so with due respect to him—that a man cannot have *title* in property wherever the law does not give him a *remedy* or *process* for the assertion of his title; or, in other words, his whole argument rests upon the old confusion of ideas which considers a man's right and his remedy to be one and the same thing. I have already shown to you, by the passages I have cited from the opinions of Lord Stowell and of Judge Story, how they regard this subject. They say that the slave who goes to England, or goes to Massachusetts, from a slave State, is still a slave, that he is still his master's property; but that his master has lost control over him, not by reason of the cessation of his *property,* but because those States grant no *remedy* to the master by which he can exercise his control.

There are numerous illustrations upon this point—illustrations furnished by the copyright laws, illustrations furnished by patent laws. Let us take a case, one that appeals to us all. There lives now a man in England who from time to time sings to the enchanted ear of the civilized world strains of such melody that the charmed senses seem to abandon the grosser regions of earth, and to rise to purer and serener regions above. God has created that man a poet. His inspiration is his; his songs are his by right

divine; they are his property so recognized by human law; yet here in these United States men steal Tennyson's works and sell his property for their profit; and this because, in spite of the violated conscience of the nation, we refuse to give him protection for his property. Examine your Constitution; are slaves the only species of property there recognized as requiring peculiar protection? Sir, the inventive genius of our brethren of the North is a source of vast wealth to them and vast benefit to the nation. I saw a short time ago in one of the New York journals, that the estimated value of a few of the patents now before us in this capital for renewal was $40,000,000. I cannot believe that the entire capital invested in inventions of this character in the United States can fall short of one hundred and fifty or two hundred million dollars. On what protection does this vast property rest? Just upon that same constitutional protection which gives a remedy to the slave owner when his property is also found outside of the limits of the State in which he lives.

Without this protection, what would be the condition of the Northern inventor? Why, sir, the Vermont inventor protected by his own law would come to Massachusetts, and there say to the pirate who had stolen his property, "Render me up my property or pay me value for its use." The Senator from Vermont would receive for answer, if he were the counsel of the Vermont inventor, "Sir, if you want protection for your property go to your own State; property is governed by the laws of the State within whose jurisdiction it is found; you have no property in your invention outside of the limits of your State; you cannot go an inch beyond it." Would not this be so? Does not every man see at once that the right of the inventor to his discovery, that

the right of the poet to his inspiration, depends upon those principles of eternal justice which God has implanted in the heart of man, and that wherever he cannot exercise them it is because man denies them the protection to which they are entitled?

Sir, follow out the illustration which the Senator from Vermont himself has given; take his very case of the Delaware owner of a horse riding him across the line into Pennsylvania. The Senator says: "Now, you see that slaves are not property like other property; if slaves were property like other property, why have you this special clause in your Constitution to protect a slave? You have no clause to protect the horse, because horses are recognized as property everywhere." Mr. President, the same fallacy lurks at the bottom of this argument, as of all the rest. Let Pennsylvania exercise her undoubted jurisdiction over persons and things within her own boundary; let her do as she has a perfect right to do—declare that hereafter, within the State of Pennsylvania, there shall be no property in horses, and that no man shall maintain a suit in her courts for the recovery of property in a horse; and where will your horse owner be then? Slaves, if you please, are not property like other property in this: that you can easily rob us of them; but as to the *right* in them, that man has to overthrow the whole history of the world, he has to overthrow every treatise on jurisprudence, he has to ignore the common sentiment of mankind, he has to repudiate the authority of all that is considered sacred with man, ere he can reach the conclusion that the person who owns a slave, in a country where slavery has been established for ages, has no other property in that slave than the mere title which is given by the statute law of the land where it is found. . . .

CHARLES SUMNER

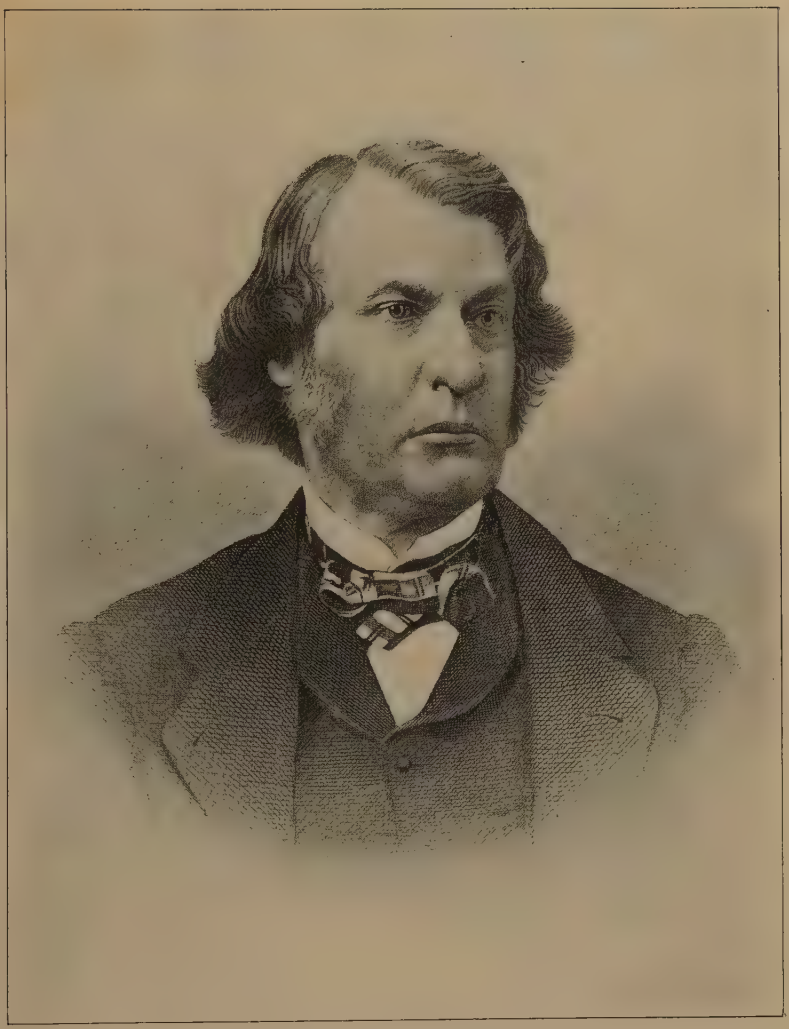
CHARLES SUMNER, eminent American statesman, was born at Boston, Mass., Jan. 6, 1811, and died at Washington, D. C., March 11, 1874. He graduated at Harvard College in 1830, and four years later was admitted to the Bar. For several seasons he was a lecturer in the Harvard Law School, after which he spent three years in Europe. On his return he began the practice of law, but gradually drifted into politics during the anti-slavery struggle. In 1851, he became a member for Massachusetts in the Federal Senate, to which he was periodically reëlected for the remainder of his life. A long series of speeches bristling with invective brought about an attack upon him in May, 1856, by Preston S. Brooks, a congressman from South Carolina, in retaliation for Sumner's criticism of Brooks' uncle, a Senator from his State. Sumner never fully recovered from the effects of the assault, yet, when his party assumed control of the Senate, in 1861, he became one of its foremost members. His special field of service in the Senate was the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which he was chairman for ten years. He opposed the reëlection of Grant to the presidency in 1872, and his later years were passed out of accord with the party which he had helped to organize. His speeches, always stately in their delivery, were yet powerful and convincing, as well as brilliant.

ON THE CRIME AGAINST KANSAS

UNITED STATES SENATE, MAY 19–20, 1856

Mr. President:

YOU are now called to redress a great transgression. Seldom in the history of nations has such a question been presented. Tariffs, army bills, navy bills, land bills, are important, and justly occupy your care; but these all belong to the course of ordinary legislation. As means and instruments only, they are necessarily subordinate to the conservation of government itself. Grant them or deny them, in greater or less degree, and you will inflict no shock. The machinery of government will continue to



CHARLES SUMNER

move. The State will not cease to exist. Far otherwise is it with the eminent question now before you, involving, as it does, liberty in a broad territory, and also involving the peace of the whole country, with our good name in history forever more.

Take down your map, sir, and you will find that the Territory of Kansas, more than any other region, occupies the middle spot of North America, equally distant from the Atlantic on the east, and the Pacific on the west; from the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay on the north, and the tepid Gulf Stream on the south, constituting the precise territorial centre of the whole vast continent. To such advantages of situation, on the very highway between two oceans, are added a soil of unsurpassed richness, and a fascinating, undulating beauty of surface, with a health-giving climate, calculated to nurture a powerful and generous people, worthy to be a central pivot of American institutions. A few short months only have passed since this spacious and mediterranean country was open only to the savage who ran wild in its woods and prairies; and now it has already drawn to its bosom a population of freemen larger than Athens crowded within her historic gates, when her sons, under Miltiades, won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon; more than Sparta contained when she ruled Greece, and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to return with their shields, or on them; more than Rome gathered on her seven hills, when, under her kings, she commenced that sovereign sway, which afterward embraced the whole earth; more than London held, when, on the fields of Crecy and Agincourt, the English banner was carried victoriously over the chivalrous hosts of France.

Against this Territory, thus fortunate in position and population, a crime has been committed, which is without example in the records of the past. Not in plundered provinces or in the cruelties of selfish governors will you find its parallel; and yet there is an ancient instance, which may show at least the path of justice. In the terrible impeachment by which the great Roman orator has blasted through all time the name of Verres, amid charges of robbery and sacrilege, the enormity which most aroused the indignant voice of his accuser, and which still stands forth with strongest distinctness, arresting the sympathetic indignation of all who read the story, is, that away in Sicily he had scourged a citizen of Rome—that the cry, "I am a Roman citizen," had been interposed in vain against the lash of the tyrant governor. Other charges were that he had carried away productions of art, and that he had violated the sacred shrines. It was in the presence of the Roman Senate that this arraignment proceeded; in a temple of the Forum; amid crowds—such as no orator had ever before drawn together—thronging the porticos and colonnades, even clinging to the housetops and neighboring slopes—and under the anxious gaze of witnesses summoned from the scene of crime. But an audience grander far—of higher dignity—of more various people, and of wider intelligence—the countless multitude of succeeding generations, in every land, where eloquence has been studied, or where the Roman name has been recognized—has listened to the accusation, and throbbed with condemnation of the criminal. Sir, speaking in an age of light, and a land of constitutional liberty, where the safeguards of elections are justly placed among the highest triumphs of civilization, I fearlessly assert that the wrongs of much-abused Sicily, thus memor-

able in history, were small by the side of the wrongs of Kansas, where the very shrines of popular institutions, more sacred than any heathen altar, have been desecrated; where the ballot-box, more precious than any work, in ivory or marble, from the cunning hand of art, has been plundered; and where the cry, "I am an American citizen," has been interposed in vain against outrage of every kind, even upon life itself. Are you against sacrilege? I present it for your execration. Are you against robbery? I hold it up to your scorn. Are you for the protection of American citizens? I show you how their dearest rights have been cloven down, while a tyrannical usurpation has sought to instal itself on their very necks!

But the wickedness which I now begin to expose is immeasurably aggravated by the motive which prompted it. Not in any common lust for power did this uncommon tragedy have its origin. It is the rape of a virgin Territory, compelling it to the hateful embrace of slavery; and it may be clearly traced to a depraved longing for a new slave State, the hideous offspring of such a crime, in the hope of adding to the power of slavery in the National Government. Yes, sir, when the whole world, alike Christian and Turk, is rising up to condemn this wrong, and to make it a hissing to the nations, here in our Republic, *force*—ay, sir, FORCE—has been openly employed in compelling Kansas to this pollution, and all for the sake of political power. There is the simple fact, which you will in vain attempt to deny, but which in itself presents an essential wickedness that makes other public crimes seem like public virtues.

But this enormity, vast beyond comparison, swells to dimensions of wickedness which the imagination toils in

vain to grasp, when it is understood that for this purpose are hazarded the horrors of intestine feud not only in this distant Territory, but everywhere throughout the country. Already the muster has begun. The strife is no longer local, but national. Even now, while I speak, portents hang on all the arches of the horizon threatening to darken the broad land, which already yawns with the mutterings of civil war. The fury of the propagandists of slavery, and the calm determination of their opponents, are now diffused from the distant Territory over widespread communities, and the whole country, in all its extent—marshalling hostile divisions, and foreshadowing a strife which, unless happily averted by the triumph of Freedom, will become war—fratricidal, parricidal war—with an accumulated wickedness beyond the wickedness of any war in human annals, justly provoking the avenging judgment of Providence and the avenging pen of history, and constituting a strife, in the language of the ancient writer, more than *foreign,* more than *social,* more than *civil;* but something compounded of all these strifes, and in itself more than war; sed potius commune quoddam ex omnibus, et plus quam bellum.

Such is the crime which you are to judge. But the criminal also must be dragged into day, that you may see and measure the power by which all this wrong is sustained. From no common source could it proceed. In its perpetration was needed a spirit of vaulting ambition which would hesitate at nothing; a hardihood of purpose which was insensible to the judgment of mankind; a madness for slavery which would disregard the Constitution, the laws, and all the great examples of our history; also a consciousness of power such as comes from the habit of power; a combination of energies found only in a hundred arms directed by

a hundred eyes; a control of public opinion through venal pens and a prostituted press; an ability to subsidize crowds in every vocation of life—the politician with his local importance, the lawyer with his subtle tongue, and even the authority of the judge on the bench; and a familiar use of men in places high and low, so that none, from the President to the lowest border postmaster, should decline to be its tool; all these things and more were needed, and they were found in the slave power of our Republic. There, sir, stands the criminal, all unmasked before you—heartless, grasping, and tyrannical—with an audacity beyond that of Verres, a subtlety beyond that of Machiavel, a meanness beyond that of Bacon, and an ability beyond that of Hastings. Justice to Kansas can be secured only by the prostration of this influence; for this the power behind—greater than any President—which succors and sustains the crime. Nay, the proceedings I now arraign derive their fearful consequences only from this connection.

In now opening this great matter, I am not insensible to the austere demands of the occasion; but the dependence of the crime against Kansas upon the slave power is so peculiar and important, that I trust to be pardoned while I impress it with an illustration, which to some may seem trivial. It is related in Northern mythology that the god of Force, visiting an enchanted region, was challenged by his royal entertainer to what seemed a humble feat of strength—merely, sir, to lift a cat from the ground. The god smiled at the challenge, and, calmly placing his hand under the belly of the animal with superhuman strength strove, while the back of the feline monster arched far upward, even beyond reach, and one paw actually forsook the earth, until at last the discomfited divinity desisted; but

he was little surprised at his defeat when he learned that this creature, which seemed to be a cat, and nothing more, was not merely a cat, but that it belonged to and was a part of the great Terrestrial Serpent, which, in its innumerable folds, encircled the whole globe. Even so the creature, whose paws are now fastened upon Kansas, whatever it may seem to be, constitutes in reality a part of the slave power, which, in its loathsome folds, is now coiled about the whole land. Thus do I expose the extent of the present contest, where we encounter not merely local resistance, but also the unconquered sustaining arm behind. But out of the vastness of the crime attempted, with all its woe and shame, I derive a well-founded assurance of a commensurate vastness of effort against it and by the aroused masses of the country, determined not only to vindicate right against wrong, but to redeem the Republic from the thraldom of that oligarchy which prompts, directs, and concentrates the distant wrong.

Such is the crime, and such is the criminal, which it is my duty in this debate to expose, and, by the blessing of God, this duty shall be done completely to the end. . . .

But, before entering upon the argument, I must say something of a general character, particularly in response to what has fallen from Senators who have raised themselves to eminence on this floor in championship of human wrongs. I mean the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), and the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas), who, though unlike as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, yet, like this couple, sally forth together in the same adventure. I regret much to miss the elder Senator from his seat; but the cause, against which he has run a tilt, with such activity

of animosity, demands that the opportunity of exposing him should not be lost; and it is for the cause that I speak. The Senator from South Carolina has read many books of chivalry, and believes himself a chivalrous knight, with sentiments of honor and courage. Of course he has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight—I mean the harlot, Slavery. For her, his tongue is always profuse in words. Let her be impeached in character, or any proposition made to shut her out from the extension of her wantonness, and no extravagance of manner or hardihood of assertion is then too great for this Senator. The frenzy of Don Quixote, in behalf of his wench, Dulcinea del Toboso, is all surpassed. The asserted rights of Slavery, which shock equality of all kinds, are cloaked by a fantastic claim of equality. If the slave States cannot enjoy what, in mockery of the great fathers of the Republic, he misnames equality under the Constitution—in other words, the full power in the National Territories to compel fellow men to unpaid toil, to separate husband and wife, and to sell little children at the auction block—then, sir, the chivalric Senator will conduct the State of South Carolina out of the Union! Heroic knight! Exalted Senator! A second Moses come for a second exodus!

But not content with this poor menace, which we have been twice told was "measured," the Senator, in the unrestrained chivalry of his nature, has undertaken to apply opprobrious words to those who differ from him on this floor. He calls them "sectional and fanatical"; and opposition to the usurpation in Kansas he denounces as "an uncalculating fanaticism." To be sure these charges lack all grace

of originality, and all sentiment of truth; but the adventurous Senator does not hesitate. He is the uncompromising, unblushing representative on this floor of a flagrant *sectionalism,* which now domineers over the Republic, and yet with a ludicrous ignorance of his own position—unable to see himself as others see him—or with an effrontery which even his white head ought not to protect from rebuke, he applies to those here who resist his *sectionalism* the very epithet which designates himself. The men who strive to bring back the government to its original policy, when Freedom and not Slavery was sectional, he arraigns as *sectional.* This will not do. It involves too great a perversion of terms. I tell that Senator that it is to himself, and to the "organization" of which he is the "committed advocate," that this epithet belongs. I now fasten it upon them. For myself, I care little for names; but since the question has been raised here, I affirm that the Republican party of the Union is in no just sense *sectional,* but, more than any other party, *national;* and that it now goes forth to dislodge from the high places of the government the tyrannical sectionalism of which the Senator from South Carolina is one of the maddest zealots. . . .

As the Senator from South Carolina is the Don Quixote, the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) is the Squire of Slavery, its very Sancho Panza, ready to do all its humiliating offices. This Senator, in his labored address, vindicating his labored report—piling one mass of elaborate error upon another mass—constrained himself, as you will remember, to unfamiliar decencies of speech. Of that address I have nothing to say at this moment, though before I sit down I shall show something of its fallacies. But I go back now to an earlier occasion, when, true to his native impulses,

he threw into this discussion, "for a charm of powerful trouble," personalities most discreditable to this body. I will not stop to repel the imputations which he cast upon myself; but I mention them to remind you of the "sweltered venom sleeping got," which, with other poisoned ingredients, he cast into the caldron of this debate. Of other things I speak. Standing on this floor, the Senator issued his rescript, requiring submission to the Usurped Power of Kansas; and this was accompanied by a manner—all his own—such as befits the tyrannical threat. Very well. Let the Senator try. I tell him now that he cannot enforce any such submission. The Senator, with the slave power at his back, is strong; but he is not strong enough for this purpose. He is bold. He shrinks from nothing. Like Danton he may cry, "l'audace! l'audace! toujours l'audace!" but even his audacity cannot compass this work. The Senator copies the British officer who, with boastful swagger, said that with the hilt of his sword he would cram the "stamps" down the throats of the American people, and he will meet a similar failure. He may convulse this country with a civil feud. Like the ancient madman, he may set fire to this Temple of Constitutional Liberty, grander than the Ephesian dome; but he cannot enforce obedience to that Tyrannical Usurpation.

The Senator dreams that he can subdue the North. He disclaims the open threat, but his conduct still implies it. How little that Senator knows himself or the strength of the cause which he persecutes! He is but a mortal man; against him is an immortal principle. With finite power he wrestles with the infinite, and he must fall. Against him are stronger battalions than any marshalled by mortal arm —the inborn ineradicable, invincible sentiments of the hu-

man heart; against him is nature in all her subtle forces; against him is God. Let him try to subdue these. . . .

With regret, I come again upon the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), who, omnipresent in this debate, overflowed with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas had applied for admission as a State; and, with incoherent phrases, discharged the loose expectoration of his speech, now upon her Representative, and then upon her people. There was no extravagance of the ancient parliamentary debate which he did not repeat; nor was there any possible deviation from truth which he did not make, with so much of passion, I am glad to add, as to save him from the suspicion of intentional aberration. But the Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure—with error, sometimes of principle, sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy, whether in stating the Constitution or in stating the law; whether in the details of statistics or the diversions of scholarship. He cannot open his mouth, but out there flies a blunder. Surely he ought to be familiar with the life of Franklin; and yet he referred to this household character, while acting as agent of our fathers in England, as above suspicion; and this was done that he might give point to a false contrast with the agent of Kansas—not knowing that, however they may differ in genius and fame, in this experience they are alike; that Franklin, when intrusted with the petition of Massachusetts Bay, was assaulted by a foul-mouthed speaker, where he could not be heard in defence, and denounced as a "thief," even as the agent of Kansas has been assaulted on this floor, and denounced as a "forger." And let not the vanity of the Senator be inspired by the parallel with the British states-

man of that day; for it is only in hostility to Freedom that any parallel can be recognized.

But it is against the people of Kansas that the sensibilities of the Senator are particularly aroused. Coming, as he announces, "from a State"—ay, sir, from South Carolina—he turns with lordly disgust from this newly-formed community, which he will not recognize even as a "body politic." Pray, sir, by what title does he indulge in this egotism? Has he read the history of "the State" which he represents? He cannot surely have forgotten its shameful imbecility from Slavery, confessed throughout the Revolution, followed by its more shameful assumptions for Slavery since. He cannot have forgotten its wretched persistence in the slave trade as the very apple of its eye, and the condition of its participation in the Union. He cannot have forgotten its Constitution, which is Republican only in name, confirming power in the hands of the few, and founding the qualifications of its legislators on "a settled freehold estate and ten negroes." And yet the Senator, to whom that "State" has in part committed the guardianship of its good name, instead of moving, with backward treading steps, to cover its nakedness, rushes forward in the very ecstasy of madness, to expose it by provoking a comparison with Kansas. South Carolina is old; Kansas is young. South Carolina counts by centuries, where Kansas counts by years. But a beneficent example may be born in a day; and I venture to say, that against the two centuries of the older "State," may be already set the two years of trial, evolving corresponding virtue, in the younger community. In the one, is the long wail of Slavery; in the other, the hymns of Freedom. And if we glance at special achievements, it will be difficult to find anything in the history of

South Carolina which presents so much of heroic spirit in a heroic cause as appears in that repulse of the Missouri invaders by the beleaguered town of Lawrence, where even the women gave their effective efforts to Freedom. The matrons of Rome, who poured their jewels into the treasury for the public defence—the wives of Prussia, who, with delicate fingers, clothed their defenders against French invasion—the mothers of our own Revolution, who sent forth their sons, covered with prayers and blessings, to combat for human rights, did nothing of self-sacrifice truer than did these women on this occasion. Were the whole history of South Carolina blotted out of existence, from its very beginning down to the day of the last election of the Senator to his present seat on this floor, civilization might lose—I do not say how little; but surely less than it has already gained by the example of Kansas, in its valiant struggle against oppression, and in the development of a new science of emigration. Already, in Lawrence alone, there are newspapers and schools, including a High School, and throughout this infant Territory there is more mature scholarship far, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in all South Carolina. Ah, sir, I tell the Senator that Kansas, welcomed as a free State, will be a "ministering angel" to the Republic, when South Carolina, in the cloak of darkness which she hugs, "lies howling."

The Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) naturally joins the Senator from South Carolina in this warfare, and gives to it the superior intensity of his nature. He thinks that the national government has not completely proved its power, as it has never hanged a traitor; but, if the occasion requires, he hopes there will be no hesitation; and this threat is directed at Kansas, and even at the friends

of Kansas throughout the country. Again occurs the parallel with the struggle of our fathers, and I borrow the language of Patrick Henry, when, to the cry from the Senator, of "treason," "treason," I reply, "if this be treason, make the most of it." Sir, it is easy to call names; but I beg to tell the Senator that if the word "traitor" is in any way applicable to those who refuse submission to a Tyrannical Usurpation, whether in Kansas or elsewhere, then must some new word, of deeper color, be invented, to designate those mad spirits who could endanger and degrade the Republic, while they betray all the cherished sentiments of the fathers and the spirit of the Constitution, in order to give new spread to slavery. Let the Senator proceed. It will not be the first time in history that a scaffold erected for punishment has become a pedestal of honor. Out of death comes life, and the "traitor" whom he blindly executes will live immortal in the cause.

> "For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
> On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
> While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return,
> To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

Among these hostile Senators, there is yet another, with all the prejudices of the Senator from South Carolina, but without his generous impulses, who, on account of his character before the country, and the rancor of his opposition, deserves to be named. I mean the Senator from Virginia (Mr. Mason), who, as the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, has associated himself with a special act of inhumanity and tyranny. Of him I shall say little, for he has said little in this debate, though within that little was compressed the bitterness of a life absorbed in the support of slavery. He holds the commission of Virginia; but he does not represent

that early Virginia, so dear to our hearts, which gave to us the pen of Jefferson, by which the equality of men was declared, and the sword of Washington, by which Independence was secured; but he represents that other Virginia, from which Washington and Jefferson now avert their faces, where human beings are bred as cattle for the shambles, and where a dungeon rewards the pious matron who teaches little children to relieve their bondage by reading the Book of Life. It is proper that such a Senator, representing such a State, should rail against free Kansas.

Senators such as these are the natural enemies of Kansas, and I introduce them with reluctance, simply that the country may understand the character of the hostility which must be overcome. Arrayed with them, of course, are all who unite, under any pretext or apology, in the propagandism of human slavery. To such, indeed, the time-honored safeguards of popular rights can be a name only, and nothing more. What are trial by jury, *habeas corpus,* the ballot-box, the right of petition, the liberty of Kansas, your liberty, sir, or mine, to one who lends himself, not merely to the support at home, but to the propagandism abroad, of that preposterous wrong, which denies even the right of a man to himself! Such a cause can be maintained only by a practical subversion of all rights. It is, therefore, merely according to reason that its partisans should uphold the Usurpation in Kansas.

To overthrow this Usurpation is now the special, importunate duty of Congress, admitting of no hesitation or postponement. To this end it must lift itself from the cabals of candidates, the machinations of party, and the low level of vulgar strife. It must turn from that Slave Oligarchy

which now controls the Republic, and refuse to be its tool. Let its power be stretched forth toward this distant Territory, not to bind, but to unbind; not for the oppression of the weak, but for the subversion of the tyrannical; not for the prop and maintenance of a revolting Usurpation, but for the confirmation of Liberty.

"These are imperial arts and worthy thee!"

Let it now take its stand between the living and dead, and cause this plague to be stayed. All this it can do; and if the interests of slavery did not oppose, all this it would do at once, in reverent regard for justice, law, and order, driving away all the alarms of war; nor would it dare to brave the shame and punishment of this great refusal. But the slave power dares anything; and it can be conquered only by the united masses of the people. From Congress to the People I appeal. . . .

The contest, which, beginning in Kansas, has reached us, will soon be transferred from Congress to a broader stage, where every citizen will be not only spectator, but actor; and to their judgment I confidently appeal. To the People, now on the eve of exercising the electoral franchise, in choosing a Chief Magistrate of the Republic, I appeal, to vindicate the electoral franchise in Kansas. Let the ballot-box of the Union, with multitudinous might, protect the ballot-box in that Territory. Let the voters everywhere, while rejoicing in their own rights, help to guard the equal rights of distant fellow citizens; that the shrines of popular institutions, now desecrated, may be sanctified anew; that the ballot-box, now plundered, may be restored; and that the cry, "I am an American citizen," may not be sent forth in vain against outrage of every kind. In just regard for free labor in that Terri-

tory, which it is sought to blast by unwelcome association with slave labor; in Christian sympathy with the slave, whom it is proposed to task and sell there; in stern condemnation of the crime which has been consummated on that beautiful soil; in rescue of fellow citizens now subjugated to a Tyrannical Usurpation; in dutiful respect for the early fathers, whose aspirations are now ignobly thwarted; in the name of the Constitution, which has been outraged —of the laws trampled down—of Justice banished—of Humanity degraded—of Peace destroyed—of Freedom crushed to earth; and, in the name of the Heavenly Father, whose service is perfect Freedom, I make this last appeal."

MAY 20, 1856

Mr. Douglas—I shall not detain the Senate by a detailed reply to the speech of the Senator from Massachusetts. Indeed, I should not deem it necessary to say one word, but for the personalities in which he has indulged, evincing a depth of malignity that issued from every sentence, making it a matter of self-respect with me to repel the assaults which have been made.

As to the argument, we have heard it all before. Not a position, not a fact, not an argument has he used, which has not been employed on the same side of the Chamber, and replied to by me twice. I shall not follow him, therefore, because it would only be repeating the same answer which I have twice before given to each of his positions. He seems to get up a speech as in Yankee land they get up a bed-quilt. They take all the old calico dresses of various colors, that have been in the house from the days of their grandmothers, and invite the young ladies of the neighbor-

hood in the afternoon, and the young men to meet them at a dance in the evening. They cut up these pieces of old dresses and make pretty figures, and boast of what beautiful ornamental work they have made, although there was not a new piece of material in the whole quilt. Thus it is with the speech which we have had rehashed here to-day, in regard to matters of fact, matters of law, and matters of argument—everything but the personal assaults and the malignity. . . .

His endeavor seems to be an attempt to whistle to keep up his courage by defiant assaults upon us all. I am in doubt as to what can be his object. He has not hesitated to charge three-fourths of the Senate with fraud, with swindling, with crime, with infamy, at least one hundred times over in his speech. Is it his object to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement? What is the object of this denunciation against the body of which we are members? A hundred times he has called the Nebraska Bill a "swindle," an act of crime, an act of infamy, and each time went on to illustrate the complicity of each man who voted for it in perpetrating the crime. He has brought it home as a personal charge to those who passed the Nebraska Bill, that they were guilty of a crime which deserved the just indignation of heaven, and should make them infamous among men.

Who are the Senators thus arraigned? He does me the honor to make me the chief. It was my good luck to have such a position in this body as to enable me to be the author of a great, wise measure, which the Senate has approved, and the country will indorse. That measure was sustained by about three-fourths of all the members of the

Senate. It was sustained by a majority of the Democrats and a majority of the Whigs in this body. It was sustained by a majority of Senators from the slaveholding States, and a majority of Senators from the free States. The Senator, by his charge of crime, then, stultifies three-fourths of the whole body, a majority of the North, nearly the whole South, a majority of Whigs, and a majority of Democrats here. He says they are infamous. If he so believed, who could suppose that he would ever show his face among such a body of men? How dare he approach one of those gentlemen to give him his hand after that act? If he felt the courtesies between men he would not do it. He would deserve to have himself spit in the face for doing so. . . .

The attack of the Senator from Massachusetts now is not on me alone. Even the courteous and the accomplished Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler) could not be passed by in his absence.

Mr. Mason—Advantage was taken of it.

Mr. Douglas—It is suggested that advantage is taken of his absence. I think that this is a mistake. I think the speech was written and practiced, and the gestures fixed; and, if that part had been stricken out the Senator would not have known how to repeat the speech. All that tirade of abuse must be brought down on the head of the venerable, the courteous, and the distinguished Senator from South Carolina. I shall not defend that gentleman here. Every Senator who knows him loves him. The Senator from Massachusetts may take every charge made against him in his speech, and may verify by his oath, and by the oath of every one of his confederates, and there is not an honest man in this Chamber who will not repel it as a slan-

der. Your oaths cannot make a Senator feel that it was not an outrage to assail the honorable gentleman in the terms in which he has been attacked. He, however, will be here in due time to speak for himself, and to act for himself, too. I know what will happen. The Senator from Massachusetts will go to him, whisper a secret apology in his ear, and ask him to accept that as satisfaction for a public outrage on his character! I know the Senator from Massachusetts is in the habit of doing those things. I have had some experience of his skill in that respect. . . .

Why these attacks on individuals by name, and two-thirds of the Senate collectively? Is it the object to drive men here to dissolve social relations with political opponents? Is it to turn the Senate into a bear garden, where Senators cannot associate on terms which ought to prevail between gentlemen? These attacks are heaped upon me by man after man. When I repel them, it is intimated that I show some feeling on the subject. Sir, God grant that when I denounce an act of infamy I shall do it with feeling, and do it under the sudden impulses of feeling, instead of sitting up at night writing out my denunciation of a man whom I hate, copying it, having it printed, punctuating the proof-sheets, and repeating it before the glass, in order to give refinement to insult, which is only pardonable when it is the outburst of a just indignation.

Mr. President, I shall not occupy the time of the Senate. I dislike to be forced to repel these attacks upon myself, which seem to be repeated on every occasion. It appears that gentlemen on the other side of the Chamber think they would not be doing justice to their cause if they did not make myself a personal object of bitter denunciation and

malignity. I hope that the debate on this bill may be brought to a close at as early a day as possible. I shall do no more in these side discussions than vindicate myself and repel unjust attacks, but I shall ask the Senate to permit me to close the debate, when it shall close, in a calm, kind summary of the whole question, avoiding personalities.

Mr. Sumner—Mr. President, To the Senator from Illinois, I should willingly leave the privilege of the common scold—the last word; but I will not leave to him, in any discussion with me, the last argument, or the last semblance of it. He has crowned the audacity of this debate by venturing to rise here and calumniate me. He said that I came here, took an oath to support the Constitution, and yet determined not to support a particular clause in that Constitution. To that statement I give, to his face, the flattest denial. When it was made on a former occasion on this floor by the absent Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Butler), I then repelled it. I will read from the debate of the 28th of June, 1854, as published in the "Globe," to show what I said in response to that calumny when pressed at that hour. Here is what I said to the Senator from South Carolina:

"This Senator was disturbed, when to his inquiry, personally, pointedly, and vehemently addressed to me, whether I would join in returning a fellow-man to slavery? I exclaimed, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'"

You will observe that the inquiry of the Senator from South Carolina, was whether I would join in returning a fellow-man to slavery. It was not whether I would support any clause of the Constitution of the United States—far from that. . . .

Sir, this is the Senate of the United States, an important body, under the Constitution, with great powers. Its members are justly supposed, from age, to be above the intemperance of youth, and from character to be above the gusts of vulgarity. They are supposed to have something of wisdom, and something of that candor which is the handmaid of wisdom. Let the Senator bear these things in mind, and let him remember hereafter that the bowie-knife and bludgeon are not the proper emblems of Senatorial debate. Let him remember that the swagger of Bob Acres and the ferocity of the Malay cannot add dignity to this body. The Senator has gone on to infuse into his speech the venom which has been sweltering for months—ay, for years; and he has alleged facts that are entirely without foundation, in order to heap upon me some personal obloquy. I will not go into the details which have flowed out so naturally from his tongue. I only brand them to his face as false. I say, also, to that Senator, and I wish him to bear it in mind, that no person with the upright form of man can be allowed—(Hesitation).

Mr. Douglas—Say it.

Mr. Sumner—I will say it—no person with the upright form of man can be allowed, without violation to all decency, to switch out from his tongue the perpetual stench of offensive personality. Sir, that is not a proper weapon of debate, at least, on this floor. The noisome, squat, and nameless animal, to which I now refer, is not a proper model for an American Senator. Will the Senator from Illinois take notice?

Mr. Douglas—I will; and therefore will not imitate you, sir.

Mr. Sumner—I did not hear the Senator.

Mr. Douglas—I said if that be the case I would certainly never imitate you in that capacity, recognizing the force of the illustration.

Mr. Sumner—Mr. President, again the Senator has switched his tongue, and again he fills the Senate with his offensive odor. . . .

Mr. Douglas—I am not going to pursue this subject further. I will only say that a man who has been branded by me in the Senate, and convicted by the Senate of falsehood, cannot use language requiring a reply, and therefore I have nothing more to say.

ON THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

THE sentiment that in time of peace we must prepare for war has been transmitted from distant ages when brute force prevailed. It is the terrible inheritance, damnosa haereditas, which painfully reminds the people of our day of their relations with the past. It belongs to the rejected dogmas of barbarism. It is the companion of those harsh rules of tyranny, by which the happiness of the many has been offered up to the propensities of the few. It is the child of suspicion and the forerunner of violence. Having in its favor the almost uninterrupted usage of the world, it possesses a hold on popular opinion which is not easily unloosed. And yet the conscientious soul cannot fail, on careful observation, to detect its mischievous fallacy—at least among Christian States in the present age—a fallacy the most costly the world has witnessed, which dooms nations to annual tributes, in comparison with which all that have been extorted by conquests are as the widow's mite by the side of Pharisaical contributions.

I speak of this principle with earnestness: for I believe it

to be erroneous and false, founded in ignorance and barbarism, unworthy of an age of light, and disgraceful to Christians. I have called it a principle; but it is a mere prejudice —sustained by vulgar example only, and not by lofty truth— in obeying which we imitate the early mariners, who steered from headland to headland and hugged the shore, unwilling to venture upon the broad ocean, where their guide was the luminaries of heaven.

Dismissing from our minds the actual usage of nations on the one side, and the considerations of economy on the other, let us regard these preparations for war in the unclouded light of reason, in a just appreciation of the nature of man, and in the injunctions of the highest truth, and we cannot hesitate to brand them as pernicious. They are pernicious on two grounds; and whoso would vindicate them must satisfactorily answer these objections; first, because they inflame the people who make them, exciting them to deeds of violence, otherwise alien to their minds; and secondly, because, having their origin in the low motive of distrust and hate, they inevitably, by a sure law of the human mind, excite a corresponding feeling in other nations. Thus they are, in fact, not the preservers of peace, but the provokers of war.

In illustration of the first of these objections it will occur to every inquirer that the possession of power is always in itself dangerous, that it tempts the purest and highest natures to self-indulgence, that it can rarely be enjoyed without abuse; nor is the power to employ force in war an exception to this law. History teaches that the nations possessing the greatest armaments have always been the most belligerent; while the feebler powers have enjoyed, for a longer period, the blessings of peace. The din of war resounds throughout more than seven hundred years of Roman history, with only two short

lulls of repose; while smaller states, less potent in arms, and without the excitement to quarrels on this account, have enjoyed long eras of peace. It is not in the history of nations only that we find proofs of this law. Like every moral principle it applies equally to individuals. The experience of private life, in all ages, confirms it. The wearing of arms has always been a provocative to combat. It has excited the spirit and furnished the implements of strife. Reverting to the progress of society in modern Europe, we find that the odious system of private quarrels, of hostile meetings even in the street, continued so long as men persevered in the habit of wearing arms. Innumerable families were thinned by death received in these hasty and unpremeditated encounters; and the lives of scholars and poets were often exposed to their rude chances. Marlowe, "with all his rare learning and wit," perished ignominiously under the weapon of an unknown adversary; and Savage, whose genius and misfortune inspired the friendship and the eulogies of Johnson, was tried for murder committed in a sudden broil. "The expert swordsman," says Mr. Jay, "the practised marksman, is ever more ready to engage in personal combats than the man who is unaccustomed to the use of deadly weapons. In those portions of our country where it is supposed essential to personal safety to go armed with pistols and bowie-knives, mortal affrays are so frequent as to excite but little attention, and to se cure, with rare exceptions, impunity to the murderer; where as, at the North and East, where we are unprovided with such facilities for taking life, comparatively few murders of the kind are perpetrated. We might, indeed, safely submit the decision of the principle we are discussing to the calculations of pecuniary interest. Let two men, equal in age and health, apply for an insurance on their lives; one known to be ever

armed to defend his honor and his life against every assailant; and the other a meek, unresisting Quaker; can we doubt for a moment which of these men would be deemed by the insurance company most likely to reach a good old age?"

The second objection is founded on that law of the human mind, in obedience to which the sentiment of distrust or hate, — of which these preparations are the representatives,—must excite a corresponding sentiment in others. This law is a part of the unalterable nature of man, recognized in early ages, though unhappily too rarely made the guide to peaceful intercourse among nations. It is an expansion of the old Horatian adage, *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi;* if you wish me to weep, you must yourself first weep. Nobody can question its force or its applicability; nor is it too much to say that it distinctly declares that military preparations by one nation, in time of professed peace, must naturally prompt similar preparations by other nations, and quicken everywhere, within the circle of their influence, the spirit of war. So are we all knit together that the feelings in our own bosoms awaken corresponding feelings in the bosoms of others; as harp answers to harp in its softest vibrations; as deep responds to deep in the might of its passions. What within us is good invites the good in our brother; generosity begets generosity; love wins love; peace secures peace; while all within us that is bad challenges the bad in our brother; distrust engenders distrust; hate provokes hate; war arouses war.

Life is full of illustrations of this beautiful law. Even the miserable maniac, in whose mind the common rules of conduct are overthrown, confesses its overruling power; and the vacant stare of madness may be illumined by a word of love. The wild beasts confess it; and what is the story of

Orpheus, whose music drew, in listening rapture, the lions and panthers of the forest, but an expression of its prevailing influence? It speaks also in the examples of literature. And here, at the risk of protracting this discussion, I am tempted to glance at some of these instructive instances—hoping, however, not to seem to attach undue meaning to them, and especially disclaiming any conclusions from them beyond the simple law which they illustrate.

Looking back to the early dawn of the world, one of the most touching scenes which we behold, illumined by that Auroral light, is the peaceful visit of the aged Priam to the tent of Achilles to entreat the body of his son. The fierce combat has ended in the death of Hector, whose unhonored corse the bloody Greek has already trailed behind his chariot. The venerable father, after twelve days of grief, is moved to efforts to regain the remains of the Hector he had so dearly loved. He leaves his lofty cedarn chamber, and with a single aged attendant, unarmed, repairs to the Grecian camp, by the side of the distant sounding sea. Entering alone, he finds Achilles within his tent, in the company of two of his chiefs. Grasping his knees, he kisses those terrible homicidal hands which had taken the life of his son. The heart of the inflexible, the angry, the inflamed Achilles, touched by the sight which he beholds, responds to the feelings of Priam. He takes the suppliant by the hand, seats him by his side, consoles his grief, refreshes his weary body, and concedes to the prayers of a weak, unarmed old man what all Troy in arms could not win. In this scene, which fills a large part of a book of the Iliad, the poet, with unconscious power, has presented a picture of the omnipotence of that law of our nature, making all mankind of kin, in obedience to which no word of kindness, no act of confidence, falls idly to the earth.

Among the legendary passages of Roman history, perhaps none makes a deeper impression than that scene, after the Roman youth had been consumed at Allia, and the invading Gauls under Brennus had entered the city, where we behold the venerable senators of the republic, too old to flee, and careless of surviving the Roman name, seated each on his curule chair, in a temple, unarmed, looking, as Livy says, more august than mortal, and with the majesty of the gods. The Gauls gaze on them, as upon sacred images, and the hand of slaughter, which had raged through the streets of Rome, is stayed by the sight of an assembly of unarmed men. At length a Gaul approaches, and with his hands gently strokes the silver beard of a senator, who, indignant at the license, smites the barbarian with his ivory staff; which was the signal for general vengeance. Think you, that a band of savages could have slain these senators, if the appeal to force had not first been made by one of their own number? This story, though recounted by Livy, and also by Plutarch, is properly repudiated by Niebuhr as a legend; but it is none the less interesting, as showing the law by which hostile feelings are necessarily aroused or subdued. The heart of man confesses that the Roman senator provoked death for himself and his associates.

Other instances present themselves. An admired picture by Virgil, in his melodious epic, represents a person, venerable for piety and deserts, assuaging by words alone a furious populace, which had just broken into sedition and outrage. Guizot, in his "History of French Civilization," has preserved a similar instructive example of the effect produced by an unarmed man, in an illiterate epoch, who, employing the word instead of the sword, subdued an angry multitude. And surely no reader of that noble historical romance, the

"Promessi Sposi," can forget that finest scene, where Fra Christofero, in an age of violence, after slaying a comrade in a broil, in unarmed penitence seeks the presence of the family and retainers of his victim, and, by his dignified gentleness, awakens the admiration of those already mad with the desire of vengeance. Another example, made familiar by recent translations of Frithjof's "Saga," the Swedish epic, is more emphatic. The scene is a battle. Frithjof is in deadly combat with Atlé, when the falchion of the latter breaks. Throwing away his own weapon, he says:

> — "swordless foeman's life
> Ne'er dyed this gallant blade."

The two champions now close in mutual clutch; they hug like bears, says the poet:

> "'Tis o'er: for Frithjof's matchless strength
> Has felled his ponderous size;
> And 'neath that knee, at giant length,
> Supine the Viking lies.
> 'But fails my sword, thou Berserk swart!'
> The voice rang far and wide,
> 'Its point should pierce thy inmost heart,
> Its hilt should drink the tide.'
> 'Be free to lift the weaponed hand,'
> Undaunted Atlé spoke,
> 'Hence, fearless, quest thy distant brand!
> Thus abide the stroke.'"

Frithjof regains his sword, intent to close the dread debate, while his adversary awaits the stroke; but his heart responds to the generous courage of his foe; he cannot injure one who has shown such confidence in him; —

> "This quelled his ire, this checked his arm,
> Outstretched the hand of peace."

I cannot leave these illustrations, without alluding particularly to the history of the treatment of the insane, which teaches, by conclusive example, how strong in nature must

be the principle that leads us to respond to the conduct and feelings of others. When Pinel first proposed to remove the heavy chains from the raving maniacs of the hospitals of Paris, he was regarded as one who saw visions, or dreamed dreams. At last his wishes were gratified. The change in the conduct of his patients was immediate; the wrinkled front of evil passions was smoothed into the serene countenance of peace. The old treatment by force is now universally abandoned; the law of love has taken its place; and all these unfortunates mingle together, unvexed by those restraints, which implied suspicion, and, therefore, aroused opposition. The warring propensities, which, while the hospitals for the insane were controlled by force, filled them with confusion and strife, are a dark but feeble type of the present relations of nations, on whose hands are the heavy chains of military preparations, assimilating the world to one great mad-house; while the peace and good will, which now abound in these retreats, are the happy emblems of what awaits mankind when they shall recognize the supremacy of the higher sentiments of our nature; of gentleness, of confidence, of love;

> — "making their future might
> Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart."

I might also dwell on the recent experience, so full of delightful wisdom, in the treatment of the distant, degraded convicts of New South Wales, showing how confidence and kindness, on the part of their overseers, awaken a corresponding sentiment even in these outcasts, from whose souls virtue, at first view, seems to be wholly blotted out.

Thus from all quarters, from the far-off past, from the far-away Pacific, from the verse of the poet, from the legend of history, from the cell of the mad-house, from the assembly of transported criminals, from the experience of daily life, from

the universal heart of man, ascends the spontaneous tribute to that law, according to which we respond to the feelings by which we are addressed, whether of love or hate, of confidence or distrust.

It may be urged that these instances are exceptions to the general laws by which mankind are governed. It is not so. They are the unanswerable evidence of the real nature of man. They reveal the divinity of humanity, out of which all goodness, all happiness, all true greatness can alone proceed. They disclose susceptibilities which are general, which are confined to no particular race of men, to no period of time, to no narrow circle of knowledge and refinement — but which are present wherever two or more human beings come together, and which are strong in proportion to their virtue and intelligence. It is, then, on the impregnable ground of the nature of man, that I place the fallacy of that prejudice, in obedience to which, now, in an age of civilization, among Christian nations, in time of peace we prepare for war.

But this prejudice is not only founded on a misconception of the nature of man; it is abhorrent to Christianity, which teaches that love is more puissant than force. To the reflecting mind the Omnipotence of God himself is less discernible in the earthquake and the storm than in the gentle but quickening rays of the sun and the sweet descending dews. And he is a careless observer who does not recognize the superiority of gentleness and kindness as a mode of exercising influence or securing rights among men. As the winds of violence beat about them, they hug those mantles, which are gladly thrown to the earth under the warmth of a kindly sun. Thus far, nations have drawn their weapons from the earthly armories of force, unmindful of those others of celestial temper from the house of love.

But Christianity not only teaches the superiority of love over force; it positively enjoins the practice of the former as a constant primal duty. It says, "Love your neighbors;" but it does not say, "In time of peace rear the massive fortification, build the man-of-war, enlist armies, train the militia, and accumulate military stores to overawe your neighbors." It directs that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us — a golden rule for the conduct of nations as well as individuals; but how inconsistent with that distrust of others, in wrongful obedience to which nations, in time of peace, seem to sleep like soldiers on their arms! But this is not all. Its precepts inculcate patience, suffering, forgiveness of evil, even the duty of benefiting a destroyer, "as the sandal wood, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe which fells it." And can a people, in whom this faith is more than an idle word, consent to the diversion of such inestimable sums from good works and all the purposes of Christianity, in order to pamper the spirit of war?

The injunction, "Love one another," is as applicable to nations as to individuals. It is one of the great laws of Heaven. And nations, like individuals, may well measure their nearness to God and to his glory by the degree to which they regulate their conduct by this duty.

In response to these successive views, founded on considerations of economy, of the true nature of man, and of Christianity, I hear the sceptical note of some defender of the transmitted order of things, some one who wishes "to fight for peace," saying, these views are beautiful but visionary; they are in advance of the age; the world is not yet prepared for their reception. To such persons I would say, nothing can be beautiful that is not true; but these views are true, and the time is now come for their reception. Now is the

day and now is the hour. Every effort to impede their progress arrests the advancing hand on the great dial-plate of human happiness.

The name of Washington is invoked as an authority for a prejudice which economy, wisdom, humanity and Christianity all declare to be false. Mighty and reverend as is his name, more mighty and more reverend is truth. The words of counsel which he gave were in accordance with the spirit of his age,— an age which was not shocked by the slave-trade. But his lofty soul, which loved virtue, and inculcated justice and benevolence, frowns upon the efforts of those who would use his authority as an incentive to war. God forbid that his sacred character should be profanely stretched, like the skin of John Ziska, on a militia drum to arouse the martial ardor of the American people!

Let the practice of Washington, during the eight years of his administration, compared with that of the eight years last past, explain his real opinions. His condemnation of the present wasteful system speaks to us from the following table:

Years.	Military Establishment.	Naval Establishment.
1789–91	$ 835,000	$ 570
1792	1,223,594	53 !
1793	1,237,620	
1794	2,733,540	61,409
1795	2,573,059	410,562
1796	1,474,661	274,784
Total during eight years of Washington	$10,078,092	$487,378
1835	9,420,313	3,564,939
1836	18,466,110	5,800,763
1837	19,417,274	6,852,060
1838	19,936,412	5,175,771
1839	14,268,981	6,225,003
1840	11,621,438	6,124,445
1842	13,903,898	6,246,503
1843	8,248,918	7,963,678
Total during eight years	$114,283,244	$49,053,473

Thus it appears that the expenditures for the armaments of the country, under the sanction of Washington, amounted

to about $11,000,000, while those during a recent similar period of eight years stretch to upwards of $164,000,000 — an increase of fifteen hundred per cent! To him who quotes the precept of Washington I commend the example. He must be strongly possessed by the military mania who is not ready to confess that in this age, when the whole world is at peace, and when our national power is assured, there is less need of these preparations than in an age convulsed with war, when our national power was little respected. The only semblance of an argument in their favor is founded in the increased wealth of the country; but the capacity to endure taxation is no criterion of its justice, or even its expediency.

The fallacy that whatever is is right is also invoked as an apology. Our barbarous practice is exalted above all those principles by which these preparations are condemned. We are made to count principles as nothing, because they have not yet been recognized by nations. But they have been practically applied to the relations of individuals, of towns, of counties. All these have disarmed. It remains only that they should be extended to the grander sphere of nations. Be it our duty to proclaim the principles, whatever may be the practice! Through us let truth speak. The bigots of the past, and all who are selfishly concerned in the existing system, may close their minds and hearts to her message. Thus it has been in all ages. Nay more; there is often an irritation excited by her presence; and men, who are kind and charitable, forget their kindness and lose their charity towards the unaccustomed stranger. Harshness, neglect, intolerance, ensue. It was this spirit which awarded a dungeon to Galileo, when he declared that the earth moved round the sun — which neglected the great discovery by Harvey of the circulation of the blood — which bitterly opposed the divine phil-

anthropy of Clarkson, when first denouncing the wickedness of the slave-trade. But truth, rejected and dishonored in our day, shall become the household companion of the next generation.

Auspicious omens from the past and the present cheer us for the future. The terrible wars of the French Revolution were the violent rending of the body which preceded the exorcism of the fiend. Since the morning stars first sang together the world has not witnessed a peace so harmonious and enduring as that which now blesses the Christian nations. Great questions between them, fraught with strife, and in another age sure heralds of war, are now determined by mediation or arbitration. Great political movements, which, only a few short years ago, must have led to forcible rebellion, are now conducted by peaceful discussion. Literature, the press, and various societies all join in the holy work of inculcating good will to man. The spirit of humanity now pervades the best writings, whether the elevated philosophical inquiries of the "Vestiges of Creation," the ingenious but melancholy moralizings of the "Story of a Feather," or the overflowing raillery of "Punch." Nor can the breathing thought and burning word of poet or orator have a higher inspiration. Genius is never so Promethean as when it bears the heavenly fire of love to the hearths of men.

In the last age Dr. Johnson uttered the detestable sentiment that he liked "a good hater." The man of this age must say that he likes "a good lover." Thus reversing the objects of regard, he follows a higher wisdom and a purer religion than the renowned moralist knew. He recognizes that peculiar Christian sentiment, the brotherhood of mankind, destined soon to become the decisive touchstone of all human institutions. He confesses the power of love, des-

tined to enter, more and more, into all the concerns of life. And as love is more heavenly than hate, so must its influence redound more to the true glory of man, and to his acceptance with God. A Christian poet — whose few verses bear him with unflagging wing on his immortal flight — has joined this sentiment with prayer. Thus he speaks in words of uncommon pathos and power:

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> All things both great and small.
>
> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> Both man and bird and beast,
> For the dear God, who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

Surely the ancient law of hate is yielding to the law of love. It is seen in the manifold labors of philanthropy and in the voyages of charity. It is seen in the institutions for the insane, for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, for the poor, for the outcast — in the generous efforts to relieve those who are in prison — in the public schools, opening the gates of knowledge to all the children of the land. It is seen in the diffusive amenities of social life, and in the increasing fellowship of nations. It is seen in the rising opposition to slavery and to war.

There are yet other special auguries of this great change, auspicating, in the natural progress of man, the abandonment of all international preparations for war. To these I allude briefly, but with a deep conviction of their significance.

Look at the past; and observe the change in dress. Down to a period quite recent the sword was the indispensable companion of the gentleman wherever he appeared, whether in the street or in society; but he would be thought a madman or a bully who should wear it now. At an earlier period the armor of complete steel was the habiliment of the knight.

From the picturesque sketch by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," we may learn the barbarous constraint of this costume.

> "Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
> With belted sword, and spur on heel;
> They quitted not the harness bright,
> Neither by day, nor yet by night;
> They lay down to rest,
> With corselet laced,
> Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
> They carved at the meal
> With gloves of steel,
> And they drunk the red wine through the helmet barred."

But this is all changed now. Observe also the change in architecture and in domestic life. The places once chosen for castles, or houses, were in savage, inaccessible retreats, where the massive structure was reared, destined to repel attacks and to enclose its inhabitants. Even monasteries and churches were fortified, and girdled by towers, ramparts and ditches, while a child was often stationed as a watchman, to observe what passed at a distance, and announce the approach of an enemy. The homes of peaceful citizens in towns were castellated, often without so much as an aperture for light near the ground, but with loop-holes through which the shafts of the cross-bow might be aimed. From a letter of Margaret Paston, in the time of Henry VII of England, I draw a curious and authentic illustration of the armed life of that period. Addressing in dutiful phrase her "right worshipful husband," she asks him to procure for her "some cross-bows and wyndnacs [grappling irons] to bind them with, and quarrels" [arrows with a square head],—also "two or three short pole-axes to keep within doors;" and she tells her absent lord of the preparations made apparently by a neighbor—"great ordnance within the house"—"bars to bar the door crosswise, and wickets in every quarter of the

house to shoot out at, both with bows and hand-guns." Savages could hardly live in greater distrust of each other. Let now the poet of chivalry describe another scene:

> "Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
> Waited the beck of the warders ten;
> Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
> Stood saddled in stable day and night,
> Barbed with frontlet of steel I trow,
> And with Jedwood axe at saddle bow;
> A hundred more fed free in stall:
> Such was the custom at Branksome Hall."

This also is all changed now. But the principles which have caused this change are not only active still but increasing in activity. They cannot be restrained to individuals. Nations also must soon confess them, and, like individuals, abandoning martial habiliments and fortifications, enter upon a peaceful unarmed life. With shame let it be said, that they continue to live in the very relations of distrust towards their neighbors which shocks us in the knights of Branksome Hall and in the house of Margaret Paston. They seem to pillow themselves on "buckler cold and hard;" and their highest anxiety and largest expenditure are for the accumulation of new munitions of war. The barbarism which individuals have renounced nations continue to cherish. So doing, they take counsel of the wild boar in the fable, who whetted his tusks on a tree of the forest, when no enemy was near, saying that in time of peace he must prepare for war. But has not the time now come, when man, whom God created in his own image, and to whom he gave the heaven-directed countenance, shall cease to look down to the beasts for examples of conduct? Nay; let me not dishonor the beasts by the comparison. Man alone of the animal creation preys upon his own species. The kingly lion turns from his brother lion — the ferocious tiger will not raven upon his kindred tiger —

the wild boar of the forest does not glut his sharpened tusks upon a kindred boar!

> "Sed jam serpentum major concordia; parcit
> Cognatis maculis similis fera. Quando leoni
> Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
> Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
> Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride Pacem
> Perpetuam."

To an early monarch of France homage has already been offered for his efforts in the cause of peace, particularly in abolishing the trial by battle. To another monarch of France, in our own day, a descendant of St. Louis, worthy of the illustrious lineage, Louis Philippe, belongs the honest fame of first, from the throne, publishing the truth, that Peace was endangered by preparations for war. "The sentiment, or rather the principle," he says, in reply to an address from the London Peace Convention in 1843, "that in peace you must prepare for war, is one of difficulty and danger; for while we keep armies on land to preserve peace, they are, at the same time, incentives and instruments of war. He rejoiced in all efforts to preserve peace, for that was what all need. He thought the time was coming when we shall get rid entirely of war in all civilized countries." This time has been hailed by a generous voice from the army itself, by a marshal of France,— Bugeaud, the Governor of Algiers,— who gave, as a toast at a public dinner in Paris, the following words of salutation to a new and approaching era of happiness: "To the pacific union of the great human family, by the association of individuals, nations, and races! To the annihilation of war! To the transformation of destructive armies into corps of industrious laborers, who will consecrate their lives to the cultivation and embellishment of the world!" Be it our duty to speed this consummation! And

may other soldiers emulate the pacific aspirations of this veteran chief, until the trade of war has ceased from the earth!

To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first in human history establishing the law of love as a rule of conduct in the intercourse of nations. While recognizing the duty "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from abuse of power," as a great end of government, he declined the superfluous protection of arms against foreign force, and "aimed to reduce the savage nations, by just and gentle manners, to the love of civil society and the Christian religion." His serene countenance, as he stands, with his followers, in what he called the sweet and clear air of Pennsylvania, all unarmed, beneath the spreading elm, forming the great treaty of friendship with the untutored Indians,— who fill with savage display the surrounding forest as far as the eye can reach,— not to wrest their lands by violence, but to obtain them by peaceful purchase, is, to my mind, the proudest picture in the history of our country. "The great God," said this illustrious Quaker, in his words of sincerity and truth, addressed to the sachems, "has written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love and to help, and to do good to one another. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We have met, then, in the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage can be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love; while all are to be treated as of the same flesh and blood." These are, indeed, words of true greatness. "Without any carnal weapons," says one of his companions, "we entered the land, and inhabited therein, as

safe as if there had been thousands of garrisons." "This little state," says Oldmixon, "subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for its defence." A great man, worthy of the mantle of Penn, the venerable philanthropist, Clarkson, in his life of the founder of Pennsylvania, says, "The Pennsylvanians became armed, though without arms; they became strong, though without strength; they became safe, without the ordinary means of safety. The constable's staff was the only instrument of authority amongst them for the greater part of a century, and never, during the administration of Penn, or that of his proper successors, was there a quarrel or a war."

Greater than the divinity that doth hedge a king is the divinity that encompasses the righteous man and the righteous people. The flowers of prosperity smiled in the blessed footprints of William Penn. His people were unmolested and happy, while (sad, but true contrast!) those of other colonies, acting upon the policy of the world, building forts, and showing themselves in arms, not after receiving provocation, but merely in the anticipation, or from the fear, of insults or danger, were harassed by perpetual alarms and pierced by the sharp arrows of savage war.

This pattern of a Christian commonwealth never fails to arrest the admiration of all who contemplate its beauties. It drew an epigram of eulogy from the caustic pen of Voltaire, and has been fondly painted by many virtuous historians. Every ingenuous soul in our day offers willing tribute to those celestial graces of justice and humanity, by the side of which the flinty hardness of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock seems coarse and earthly.

But let us not confine ourselves to barren words in recognition of virtue. While we see the right, and approve it too,

let us dare to pursue it. Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn, surrounded by savages. Let us, while recognizing those transcendent ordinances of God, the law of right and the law of love,—the double suns which illumine the moral universe,—aspire to the true glory, and, what is higher than glory, the great good of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations. Let us abandon the system of preparations for war in time of peace, as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the very evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means, thus released from iron hands, be devoted to labors of beneficence. Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges, and churches; our arsenals shall be libraries; our navy shall be peaceful ships, on errands of perpetual commerce; our army shall be the teachers of youth, and the ministers of religion. This is indeed the cheap defence of nations. In such entrenchments what Christian soul can be touched with fear? Angels of the Lord shall throw over the land an invisible, but impenetrable panoply.

> "Or if virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her."

At the thought of such a change in policy, the imagination loses itself in the vain effort to follow the various streams of happiness, which gush forth as from a thousand hills. Then shall the naked be clothed and the hungry fed. Institutions of science and learning shall crown every hill-top; hospitals for the sick and other retreats for the unfortunate children of the world, for all who suffer in any way, in mind, body or estate, shall nestle in every valley; while the spires of new churches shall leap exulting to the skies. The whole

land shall testify to the change; art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvas and the marble; the harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it, in the elevation of his sentiments, in the expansion of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country, without the terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunderbolt from his pounces, shall soar, with the olive of peace, into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun.

And here let us review the field over which we have passed. We have beheld war, sanctioned by international law, as a mode of determining justice between nations, elevated into an established custom, defined and guarded by a complex code, known as the laws of war; we have detected its origin in an appeal, not to the moral and intellectual part of man's nature, in which alone is justice, but in an appeal to that low part of his nature, which he has in common with the beasts; we have contemplated its infinite miseries to the human race; we have weighed its sufficiency as a mode of determining justice between nations, and found that it is a rude appeal to force, or a gigantic game of chance, in which God's children are profanely dealt with as a pack of cards, while, in its unnatural wickedness, it is justly likened to the monstrous and impious custom of trial by battle, which disgraced the dark ages; thus showing that, in this period of boastful civilization, justice between nations is determined by the same rules of barbarous, brutal violence which once controlled the relations between individuals. We have next considered the various prejudices by which war is sustained; founded on a false belief in its necessity; on the practice of nations, past and present; on the infidelity of the Christian

Church; on a false idea of honor; on an exaggerated idea of the duties of patriotism; and finally, that monster prejudice, which draws its vampire life from the vast preparations in time of peace for war; especially dwelling, at this stage, upon the thriftless, irrational, and unchristian character of these preparations; hailing also the augeries of their overthrow, and catching a vision of the surpassing good that will be achieved, when the boundless means, thus barbarously employed, shall be dedicated by our Republic to the works of peace, opening the serene path to that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

And now, if it be asked why, on this national anniversary, in considering the true grandeur of nations, I have dwelt, thus singly and exclusively, on war, it is, because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Thus far mankind have worshipped, in military glory, a phantom idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we, in this blessed land of freedom, in this blessed day of light, are among the idolators. The heaven-descended injunction, "Know thyself," still speaks to an unheeding world from the distant letters of gold at Delphi "know thyself; know that the moral nature is the most noble part of man," transcending far that part which is the seat of passion, strife, and war; nobler than the intellect itself. And the human heart, by its untutored judgments,— rendering spontaneous homage to the virtues of peace,— points to the same truth. It admonishes the military idolator that it is not the bloody combats, even of the bravest chiefs, even of the gods themselves,— as they echo from the resounding lines of the great poet of war,— which have received the warmest admiration; but those two scenes, in which he has painted the

gentle, unwarlike affections of our nature, the parting of Hector and Andromache, and the supplication of Priam. In this definitive election of the peaceful pictures of Homer, the soul of man, inspired by a better wisdom than that of books, and drawn unconsciously by the heavenly attractions of what is truly great, has acknowledged, by a touching instance, the vanity of military glory. The Beatitudes of Christ, which shrink from saying "Blessed are the war-makers," inculcate the same lesson. Reason affirms and repeats what the heart has prompted, and Christianity declared. Suppose war to be decided by force, where is the glory? Suppose it to be decided by chance, where is the glory? Surely, in other ways true greatness lies. Nor is it difficult to tell where.

True greatness consists in imitating, as near as is possible for finite man, the perfections of an infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, justice and love, justice, which, like that of St. Louis, shall not serve to the right hand or to the left; love, which, like that of William Penn, shall regard all mankind of kin. "God is angry," says Plato, "when any one censures a man like himself, or praises a man of an opposite character. And the God-like man is the good man." And again, in another of those lovely dialogues, vocal with immortal truth, "Nothing resembles God more than that man among us who has arrived at the highest degree of justice." The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individual. It is not in extent of territory, or in vastness of population, or in wealth; not in fortifications, or armies, or navies; not in the phosphorescent glare of fields of battle; not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds; for all these are the creatures and representa-

tives of those qualities in our nature, which are unlike anything in God's nature. Nor is it to be found in triumphs of the intellect alone,—in literature, learning, science, or art. The polished Greeks, our masters in the delights of language and in range of thought, and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power, were little more than splendid savages. And the age of Louis XIV of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence; thronged by marshals bending under military laurels; enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Molière; dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille; illumined by the splendors of Bossuet; is degraded by immoralities that cannot be mentioned without a blush; by a heartlessness, in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm; and by a succession of deeds of injustice, not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels of heaven.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may enlarge the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessaries. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The surest tokens of this grandeur, in a state, are that Christian beneficence, which diffuses the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless, God-like justice, which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people committed to its charge.

But war crushes, with bloody heel, all beneficence, all happiness, all justice, all that is God-like in man. It suspends every commandment of the Decalogue. It sets at naught every principle of the Gospel. It silences all law, human as well as divine, except only that blasphemous code of its

own, the laws of war. If, in its dismal annals, there is any cheerful passage, be assured that it is not inspired by a martial fury. Let it not be forgotten,—let it ever be borne in mind, as you ponder this theme,—that the virtues, which shed their charm over its horrors, are all borrowed of peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindliness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish, in unregarded luxuriance, in the rich meadows of peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, like violets, shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry, and by golden eagles which swayed in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave, with dying hand, the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen, far, O, far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen! But there are humble suppliants for justice, in other places than the camp; there are hands outstretched, elsewhere than on fields of blood, for so little as a cup of cold water; the world constantly affords opportunities for deeds of like greatness. But, remember well, that these are not the product of war. They do not spring from enmity, hatred, and strife; but from those benign sentiments, whose natural and ripened fruit, of joy and blessing, can be

found only in peace. If, at any time, they appear in the soldier, it is not because, but notwithstanding, he is the hireling of battle. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of war. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice, which have blossomed on its fields, be invoked in its defence. From such a giant root of bitterness no true good can spring. The poisonous tree, in oriental imagery, though watered by nectar, and covered with roses, can produce only the fruit of death!

Casting our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. Even as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. O, let it not be in the future ages, as in those which we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of man be discerned, not in bloody victories, or in ravenous conquests, but in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of beneficence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and, with all-embracing arms, clasps every land, while, on its heaving bosom, it bears the products of various climes; so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, justice is arrested, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature,— not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton,— not when we behold him

victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown,—but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and, at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of justice, by which her Parliament, at a cost of $100,000,000, gave freedom to 800,000 slaves! And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of greater justice still, the peaceful emancipation of 3,000,000 of our fellow men, "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now, in this land of jubilant freedom, held in gloomy bondage, then shall there be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes, that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It shall be one of the famed land-marks of civilization; nay, more, it shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God.

As man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than man; as Christ is higher than Mars; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city, so are the victories of peace higher than the victories of war.

Far be from us, fellow citizens, on this festival, the pride of national victory, and the illusions of national freedom, in which we are too prone to indulge. None of you make rude boasts of individual prosperity, individual possessions, individual power, or individual bravery. But there can be only one and the same rule, whether in morals or in conduct, for nations and individuals; and our country will act

wisely, and in the spirit of true greatness, by emulating, in its public behavior, the reserve and modesty which are universally commended in private life. Let it cease to vaunt itself and to be puffed up; but rather brace itself, by firm resolves and generous aspirations, to the duties before it. We have but half done, when we have made ourselves free. Let not the scornful taunt, wrung from the bitter experience of the early French Revolution, be directed at us: "They wish to be free; but know not how to be just." Freedom is not an end in itself, but a means only,— a means of securing justice and beneficence, in which alone is happiness, the real end and aim of nations, as of every human heart. It becomes us to inquire earnestly, if there is not much to be done by which these can be advanced. If I have succeeded in impressing on your minds the truths, which I have endeavored to uphold to-day, you will be ready, as faithful citizens, alike of our own republic, and of the universal Christian commonwealth, to join in efforts to abolish the arbitrament of war, to suppress international lynch law, and to induce the disarming of the nations, as measures indispensable to the establishment of permanent peace — that grand, comprehensive blessing, at once the child and parent of all those guardian virtues, without which there can be no national honor, no national glory, no true grandeur of nations!

To this great work let me summon you. That future, which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, when man, in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has

been driven once from Paradise, while an angel, with a flaming sword, forbade his return, there is another Paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself, by the cultivation of knowledge, religion, and the kindly virtues of life; where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts; and joyous nature, borrowing prolific charms from the prevailing harmony, shall spread her lap with unimagined bounty, and there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "the odoriferous wing of gentle gales," through valleys of delight, more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The robber conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience, even of the soldier, whispers "peace." There are considerations, springing from our situation and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in this work. Here should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our Republic. Let us renounce, and throw off forever, the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new

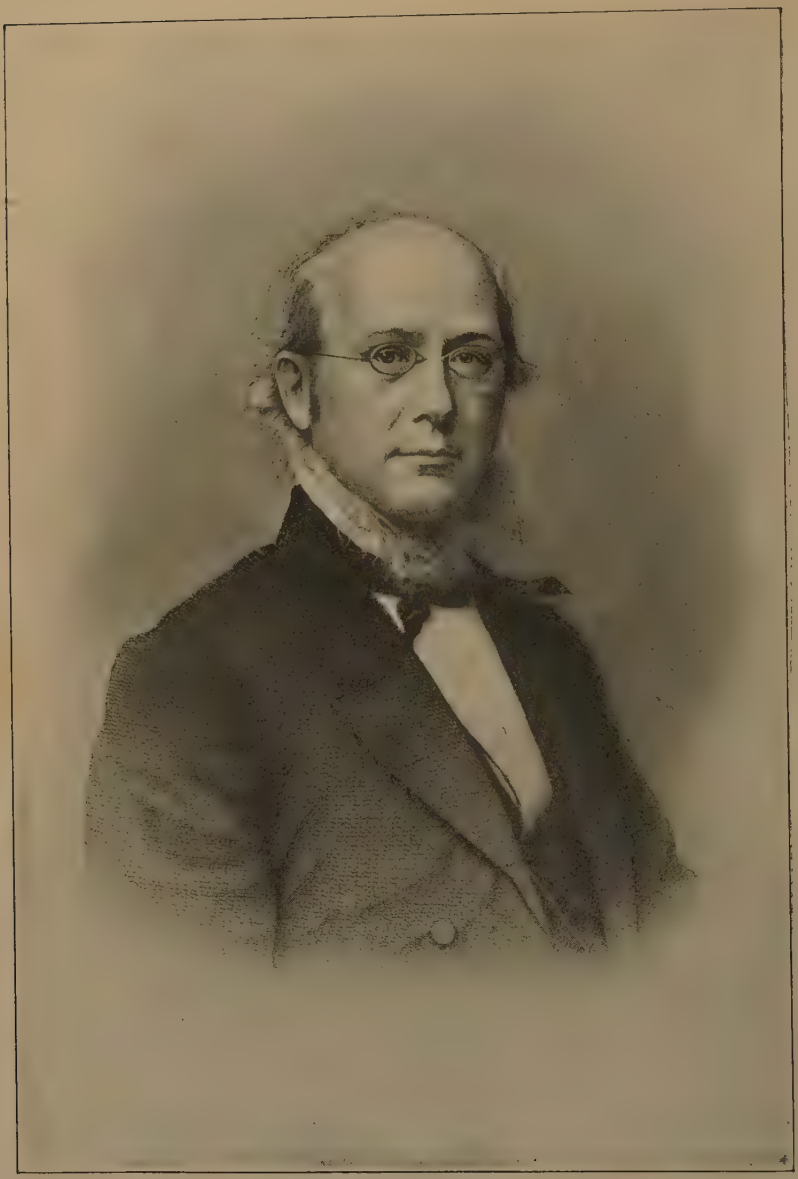
era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in,—the King of True Glory,—of peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty;

"And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!"

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story that there was at least one spot, the small Island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil; and the citizens of all countries here met, in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt, in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The temple of honor shall be surrounded, here at last, by the temple of concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of war; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its enraptured courts, purged of violence and wrong, justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree and, with words of infinite cheer, shall inspire those good works that cannot vanish away. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of

mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music, which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed, by massacring soldiers, upon the spot occupied by the sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould! The whole earth is the sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth, and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY, a notable American journalist and politician, author of "The American Conflict" (1864–66), a history of the Civil War, was born at Amherst, N. H., Feb. 3, 1811, and died in Westchester Co., N. Y., Nov. 29, 1872. His education was only that furnished by a common school in his native State, from which he passed to enter a printing office in Vermont. His parents removing to near Erie, Pa., he accompanied them thither, after which, about the year 1831, he worked as a journeyman printer at New York, and there, after some experiments in journalism, he founded "The Log Cabin," a campaign paper issued periodically, and which was of service in the election of W. H. Harrison to the Presidency. This and another venture, "The New Yorker," were merged in the present great Republican daily, "The New York Tribune," the first issue of which appeared April 10, 1841. Its politics were at first Whig, then anti-slavery Whig, an advocate of "temperance, coöperation, a protective tariff, the abolition of slavery, and capital punishment." Though the new undertaking, in time, came to be prosperous as well as influential, it was still the day of small things in a pecuniary sense to Mr. Greeley. He was, however, of thrifty habits, as well as an indefatigable worker, and the "Tribune," in his hands, and with the friends he was able to associate with him, was ere long put upon a strong financial footing and became a potent leader of public opinion. In 1848–49 he sat for a few months in Congress, and in 1851 and again in 1855 paid visits to Europe, of which he published subsequently some record of, in "Glances at Europe," a collection of his characteristic letters to his journal. In the National Republican Convention of 1860, he sought to avert the impending Civil War; but when it broke out, he vigorously urged its prosecution, though in 1864 he sought to effect a reconciliation between the contending sections of the country, and at the close of the struggle he pled warmly for a general amnesty. He moreover deemed the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis a mistake and even came forward with bail for his release. In 1872, he was a candidate for the Presidency, but was beaten by General Grant, who secured a second term of office. Beside his gifts as an able journalist, Greeley was a popular speaker, and shone on the platform at agricultural fair gatherings and such like occasions. He had much good common sense, considerable humor, and a few characteristic eccentricities; he had moreover a manifest liking for journalistic controversy. His abolitionism, and a desire to be helpful to humanity, in whatever way he could serve his fellowmen, together with his advocacy of protection to native manufactures and the encouragement he sought to give to the farmer, commended him to masses of his countrymen, who still honor and respect his memory. His journalistic writings was a model of terse, strong, Saxon English. His widely circulated journal, a critic has remarked, contains "good specimens of acute wit, critical reasoning, solid argument, brilliant invective, profound philosophy, beautiful poetry, and moving eloquence, mixed with the opposites of these. . . . With a shrewd, clear intellect, an astonishingly vigorous style, and a heart easily wrought up to that degree of passion necessary to the best kind of writing," it has been further said

of him, "that he feared not the quill of any living man." Besides the works mentioned, he also wrote "What I Know of Farming," "Essays in Political Economy," "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States," "Overland Journey to San Francisco," and "Recollections of a Busy Life." His life was written by the late James Parton.

ON THE UNION OF WORKERS

[Address delivered to the organized journeymen printers of New York at their celebration of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, January 17, 1850.]

THE ancient Egyptians had a custom of seating at their feasts the robed skeleton of some departed friend, whose stern silence contrasted strikingly with the mirth and hilarity of his living companions.

I believe scholars are not agreed as to the purpose and meaning of this strange custom — whether the rigid, silent guests were intended to say to the festal throng, "Enjoy and revel while you may, for time flies, man perishes; in a few years all is dust, is nothing; therefore, make haste to quaff the wine while it sparkles, to seize pleasure while the capacity of enjoyment remains to you;" or rather to impress the opposite sentiment — "Life is short; life is earnest; stupendous consequences hang suspended on your use or abuse of the speck of time allotted you; therefore, be temperate in your indulgence, moderate in you festive mirth, and, seeing in what I am what you soon must be, consider and beware!"

I shall not, of course, pretend to decide this grave question, though I shall assume for the occasion that the latter is the true rendering; and, in accordance with the elemental idea, I venture to assume among you to-night the functions of the Egyptians' silent monitor, and while others stir you with lofty eloquence or charm you with dulcet flatteries, with pic-

tures of the grand achievements of our art in the past, and its brilliant prospects for the future, I shall speak to you frankly of our deficiencies, our failings, and the urgent demands upon us for new and more arduous exertions in yet unrecognized fields of duty.

It is now some four centuries since the discovery or invention of our art, fully three since our continent began to be the home of civilized men, and more than two since the Pilgrim fugitives first landed on Plymouth Rock. Since that landing, and even within the last century, what amazing strides have been made in the diffusion of knowledge and the perfection of the implements and processes of industry; in the efficiency of human labor and the facilitation of intercourse between country and country, clime and clime! The steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the canal, steam-ship, power-press, railroad and lightning telegraph,—these, in their present perfection and efficiency, are a few of the trophies of human genius and labor within even the last century.

But while labor has thus doubled and quadrupled its own efficacy in the production of whatever is needful to the physical sustenance, intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of man, I do not find that there has been a corresponding melioration in the condition of the laborer. That there has been some improvement I do not deny; but has it been at all commensurate with the general progress of our race in whatever pertains to physical convenience or comfort?

I think not; and I could not help pondering this matter even while our orator's silvery tones were delighting our ears with poetical descriptions of the wonders which science and invention have achieved and are achieving. I could not help

considering that, while labor builds far more sumptuous mansions in our day than of old, furnishing them far more gorgeously and luxuriously, the laborer who builds those mansions lives oftenest in a squalid lodging, than which the builders of palaces in the fifteenth century can hardly have dwelt in more wretched; and that while the demands for labor, the uses of labor, the efficiency of labor, are multiplied and extended on every side by the rush of invention and the growth of luxury around us, yet in this middle of the nineteenth century (call it the last year of the first half or the first year of the last half, as you please), labor is a drug in the market; that the temperate, efficient, upright worker often finds the comfortable maintenance and proper education of his children beyond his ability; and that, in this thriving commercial emporium of the New World, this trophy and pride of Christian civilization, there are at this day not less than forty thousand human beings anxious to earn the bread of honest industry but vainly seeking, and painfully, despairingly awaiting opportunity for so doing.

This last is the feature of our condition which seems to me most important and commanding, and it is to this, on occasions like the present, and in listening to such orations as that which has just delighted us, that my thoughts are irresistibly turned.

What can be the reason of this? Why is it that these forty thousand strong-handed, willing workers stand here thus fixed, enchained, in loathed, despairing idleness? Why are they compelled to wear out our pavements in hurrying hither and thither in anxious, heart-sick quest of something to do,—with downcast looks and trembling voice beseeching some fellow man to give them leave to labor for their bread?

I trust no one here gives any heed to the mumbling of self-

styled political economists about "over-production" and the kindred phrases with which counsel is darkened. "Over-production"—of what? Where? Can there be over-production of food, when so many, even in our midst, are suffering the pangs of famine? "Over-production" of clothing and fabrics, while our streets swarm with men, women and children who are not half clad, and who shiver through the night beneath the clothing they have worn by day? "Over-production" of dwellings, when not half the families of our city have adequate and comfortable habitations, not to speak of that large class whose lodgings are utterly incompatible with decency and morality?

No, friends! there is no "over-production," save of articles pernicious and poisonous, like alcoholic liquors, lewd books, implements of gaming, etc.

Of whatever conduces to human sustenance, comfort or true education, there is not and never has been too much produced, although, owing to imperfect and vicious arrangements for distribution, there may often be a glut in the warehouses of trade, while thousands greatly need and would gladly purchase if they could.

What the world eminently requires is some wise adjustment, some remodelling of the social machinery diminishing its friction, whereby every person willing to work shall assuredly have work to do, and the just reward of that work in the articles most essential to his sustenance and comfort.

It may be that there is indeed a surplus of that particular product which some man's labor could most skilfully or rapidly produce,—pianos, watches, or gauzes, for example—and therefore it may be advisable to intermit for a season the production of these, yet the skill, the faculty, the muscular energy not required in that particular department of

production might nevertheless be made available, even though in a subordinate degree, in the fabrication of some kindred product for which there is a demand among the general mass of consumers.

I maintain, then, that in our day no man should be compelled to stand idle or wander vainly in search of employment, even though that particular calling for which he is best fitted has now no place for him, but that the palpable self-interest of the community should prescribe the creation of some social providence expressly to take care that no man, woman or child shall ever stand uselessly idle when willing and anxious to work.

Even the most injudicious application of the labor now wasted through lack of opportunity could not fail to increase the national wealth to the extent of millions on millions per annum, while its effect on the condition of the laboring class, in preserving them from temptation, dissipation and crime, would be incalculably beneficent.

Now what I stand here to complain of is the indifference and inattention of the laboring mass, and especially of those entitled to a leading position in it, like the printers, to the discussion of a truth so grand and so fruitful as the right to labor. It is more discussed, more pondered, to-day, by merchants, capitalists, scholars, and men who are called aristocrats, than by the mass of those who earn their living by the sweat of the face.

It is now eighteen years since I came to this city a journeyman printer, during which years I have been intimately connected with our craft in one capacity or another, and yet I have never heard of a meeting of printers to consider and discuss the rights generally of labor, the causes of its depression, the means of its advancement.

During these eighteen years there have been hard times and good times, so called; seasons of activity and seasons of depression — in the course of which the country has been "saved" — I forget how often — our city has doubled in population and more than doubled in wealth, and yet the laboring class as a class is just where it was when I came here, or, if anything, in a worse condition, as the increased valuation of property has caused advance in rents and in some other necessaries of life. Individuals have risen out of the laboring class, becoming buyers of labor and sellers of its products, and grown rich thereby; but the condition of the laboring class, as such, has not improved, and I think is less favorable than it was twenty years ago.

Why should it not investigate, determine and develop the causes of this? Why not consider the practicability of securing work and homes to all willing to work for them? Can we imagine that inprovement is to come without effort or even inquiry? Is it the order of nature or of providence that it should? Do blessings come to other classes without foresight or calculation? I have heard complaints that machinery and invention do not work for the laboring class, but rather against them.

Concede the assumption, and is not the inquiry a fair one, What has the laboring class ever done to make machinery work in its favor? When has it planned, or sought, or calculated, to render machinery its ally and aid rather than its enemy and oppressor?

I am here to-night to tell you that you, and our trade and the laboring class of our city have been glaringly unfaithful in this respect to yourselves, your posterity, and your race, and that the workers of Paris, for example, are in advance of their brethren here in knowledge of and devotion to the

interests and rights of labor. And I am here, not to find fault merely, but to exhort you to awake from your apathy and heed the summons of duty.

I stand here, friends, to urge that a new leaf be now turned over, that the laboring class, instead of idly and blindly waiting for better circumstances and better times, shall begin at once to consider and discuss the means of controlling circumstances and commanding times, by study, calculation, foresight, union. We have heard to-night of a union of printers and a printers' library, for which latter one generous donation has been proffered.

I have little faith in giving, as a remedy for the woes of mankind, and not much of any effort for the elevation or improvement of any one section of producers of wealth in our city. What I would suggest would be the union and organization of all workers for their mutual improvement and benefit, leading to the erection of a spacious edifice at some central point in our city to form a Laborers' Exchange, just as commerce now has its exchange, very properly.

Let the new exchange be erected and owned as a joint-stock property, paying a fair dividend to those whose money erected it; let it contain the best spacious hall for general meetings to be found in our city, with smaller lecture-rooms for the meetings of particular sections or callings — all to be leased or rented at fair prices to all who may choose to hire them, when not needed for the primary purpose of discussing and advancing the interests of labor.

Let us have here books opened, wherein any one wanting work may inscribe his name, residence, capacities and terms, while any one wishing to hire may do likewise, as well as meet personally those seeking employment. These are but hints toward a few of the uses which such a labor exchange

might subserve, while its reading-room and library, easily formed and replenished, should be opened freely and gladly to all. Such an edifice, rightly planned and constructed, might become, and I confidently hope would become, a most important instrumentality in the great work of advancing the laboring class in comfort, intelligence and independence. I trust we need not long await its erection.

WILLIAM THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, eminent English novelist, was born at Calcutta, the grandson of a member of the East India Council, July 18, 1811, and died at his home, close to Kensington Palace, London, on Christmas eve, 1863. In 1815 his father died, and, his mother having married again, the boy was sent to England and entered at the famous Charterhouse School,—the "Grey Friars" of "The Newcomes"—where he remained six years. In 1829, he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, but at the end of two years he left college without taking his degree. He visited the Continent, intending on his return to adopt law for his profession; but having lost most of his small patrimony, he turned his attention for a while to art, but soon exchanged the brush for the pen. In 1833, he became editor of a weekly journal to which he had already contributed, but this venture proved a failure and he went to Paris to prosecute his studies in art. In 1835, he offered his services to illustrate the "Pickwick Papers," and the following year married. Six months later the newspaper publishing concern, of which his stepfather was chairman, failed, and Thackeray was left penniless. He moved to London and engaged actively in literary work. In 1840, after the birth of his third daughter, Mrs. Thackeray became hopelessly insane and his home was broken up. In 1840, appeared his first volume, the "Paris Sketch Book," but this and another publishing venture of the following year were failures. His work in "Fraser's Magazine" and elsewhere was beginning to attract attention, and in 1842 he joined the staff of "Punch," in which he published his "Snob" papers. "Vanity Fair," completed in monthly parts in July, 1848, made the author's fame secure and gave him a fair share of this world's goods. "Pendennis" was begun in November of the same year, and "Henry Esmond" followed in 1852. Meanwhile he had taken to lecturing in London and in various English cities on the "English Humorists of the 18th Century," with such success that he was invited to deliver them in the United States. On his return, in 1853, he began "The Newcomes," which was completed in 1855. In that year he gave in America his famous lectures on "The Four Georges." After his return to England he stood for Parliament as a Radical member for Oxford, but failed of election. In 1857 "The Virginians" began, and three years later he became editor of "Cornhill Magazine," to which he contributed "Lovell, the Widower," "Philip," and his "Roundabout Papers," and the first chapters of his unfinished "Dennis Duval," which was interrupted by the sudden summons of death. Of Thackeray as a writer it is pleasant as well as easy to speak — pleasant because there was so much that is delightful about the man; easy because there are few British authors, save perhaps Dickens and Scott, who are so largely read. His personality abounds in his books — a personality that was so genial and charming, so full of a large humanity, while alien to all that was vapid, warped, and mean in human nature. In these respects he was a thorough gentleman — high-minded, generous, sincere, and sympathetic. In all he wrote he was ever clean and wholesome, with a wonderful power of detecting and exposing the weaknesses, deceits, subterfuges, and littlenesses of mankind, a scourger of impurity and viciousness,

and the satirist of the follies, failings, and frailties of his time and people. His own personal purity and the innate nobleness of his nature made him the satirist — even the cynic — he was; though as a censor he was never unfeeling or unkindly. Besides his gift of seeing the vivid reality of things, the sense of humor in him prevented him from becoming the moralist prig or the canting preacher; while unlike either of the latter he had that tenderness of heart that could not conceal itself behind frowns and censorious lashings, but would break out occasionally into sentiment, and, in spite of himself, betray itself in deep pathos. He adds moreover to the pleasure of his reader by writing, after his Addisonian and Fielding models, in the purest and most felicitous English.

LECTURE: CHARITY AND HUMOR

[This lecture was first delivered at New York on behalf of a charity at the time of Mr. Thackeray's visit to America in 1852, when he had been giving his series of lectures on the English Humorists. It was subsequently repeated, with slight variations, in London (once under the title of "Week-Day Preachers") for the benefit of the families of Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold.]

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place; and which you are all abetting,—the cause of love and charity, the cause of the

poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good will towards men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath days is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbors, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them to forward the end which brings you, too, together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home and be no better than his neighbors. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband, who are always preaching fine sentiments and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the

old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has this of good in it, that its fruits are good: a man may preach good morals though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book no better or no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them knowing that he has an almost endless balance

at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the benefaction we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humor: I think, it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world — that sweet friendliness

which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single point of wit, or a single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and cannot be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points, of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as everything else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Laurence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say: "Away you drivelling quack: do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and cry misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefevre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the

generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence and sympathize with honor; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I do not love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race — the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to s othe him. I do not remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention, in the Journal to Stella, a sick child, to be sure — a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the smallpox — but then it is to confound the brat for being ill and the mother for attending to it when she should have been busy about a court intrigue, in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man, Tisdall, who loved her, and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them!

Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There is no more feeling in his comedies than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and good will for the unfortunate, than a dancing master does; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked — more so than any man of his age, almost; and, to have been so liked, must have been kind and good natured. His good nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon; we may be certain that this man was brave, good tempered, and liberal; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillions, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the

lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel, and understand, and use the noble English word "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbor; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of, is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me — I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, cannot venture to express an opinion of my own — that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it; and cutting the connection with father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the fogy interest, and ask leave to rank in,

and plead for that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the Diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a bygone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great, and a brilliant and polished society; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him, a courteousness, which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag, a politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of. I mean our books (not books of history, but books of humor). I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight, Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus carriages and railway cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well dressed or not, and a workman in hobnail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator,

with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentleman-like action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half a dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy, and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women; a kiss for all children; a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us Heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes; not gilded palace roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine

lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common life ever since Steele's and Addison's time; the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbor, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand "Don Quixote;" children and common people still read "Gulliver" for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by "Jonathan Wild" than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appal many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the vizored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wild's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in "Tom Jones," and Doctor Harrison's in "Amelia," and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read; we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them

still — of love and beauty, of frankness, and bravery, and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succor gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the groom's-man's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence; a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate; a great love for the pure and good; these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humor over Moses's gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly — what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible, its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Béranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "Bonne Vieille," the "Soldats, au pas, au

pas;" with tears rolling down their moustachios. At a Burns's festival I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbor's; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities,— of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion: you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum,* strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humor, and especially modern popular humor, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chival-

rous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece in which a wicked aristocrat is not bepummelled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe has been greatly read here, in which the mysteries of the Court of London were said to be unveiled by a gentleman who, I suspect, knows about as much about the Court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpennyworth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George IV, our late most religious and gracious king, occupied in the most flagitious designs against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after I took sixpennyworth more of the same delectable history: George IV was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families; he had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, "it lashes the aristocracy!" Not long since I went to two penny theatres in London; immense eager crowds of people thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage and burst into applause or laughter such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked Lord kicked out of the window — there is always a wicked Lord kicked out of the window. First piece: — "Domestic drama — Thrilling interest! — Weaver's family in distress! — Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves! — Enter wicked Lord: tempts Fanny with offer of Diamond Necklace, Champagne Sup-

pers, and Coach to ride in! — Enter sturdy Blacksmith.— Scuffle between Blacksmith and Aristocratic minion: exit wicked Lord out of the window." Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of hornpipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain Earls and Magistrates towards the people. Two wicked Lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels: one Aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck trousers and Berlin cotton gloves; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eyeglass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a press-gang, they meet her all alone on a common and subject her to the most opprobrious language and behavior: "Release me, villains!" says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her pockets and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked Lord to the right, wicked Lord to the left; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at the very nick of time, armed with a great marlinespike, with which — whack! whack! down goes wicked Lord No. 1 — wicked Lord No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with an hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry and are very happy ever after. Popular fun is always kind: it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables it is Little Jack that conquers and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather hard upon the great folks. Well, well! their lordships have all the money and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous

preacher has prodigiously increased; his audiences are enormous; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. "Punch" is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth; I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivalled pen commenced to delight the world with its humor. We have among us other literary parties; we have "Punch," as I have said, preaching from his booth; we have a Jerrold party very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit; and we have also — it must be said, and it is still to be hoped — a "Vanity Fair" party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London "Times" newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good anywhere, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that fault must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind English humorists have done; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That "Song of the Shirt" which "Punch" first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity

to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all of you know, of the "Bridge of Sighs,"—who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us nobly?

I never saw the writer but once; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them)—I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon

preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol?" I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is tired, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, Papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember, when that famous "Nicholas Nickleby" came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establish-

ments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed that never were ashamed before until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly; but afterwards schoolboys' backs were not so much caned; schoolboys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and schoolboys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good humor!

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris. Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it — I speak with awe and reverence — a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.

BISHOP SIMPSON

MATTHEW SIMPSON, a notable American pulpit orator and bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born at Cadiz, O., June 20, 1811, and died at Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1884. He was educated at Madison (now Alleghany) College, in Meadville, Pa. After leaving college he studied and practiced medicine for a time, but in 1834 entered the Methodist ministry. From 1839 to 1848 he was President of Asbury (now De Pauw) University, and in 1852 was elected bishop. In 1873, he proceeded to Europe as delegate to the World's Evangelical Alliance at Berlin, and the sermons and addresses delivered by him abroad added greatly to his reputation as an orator, especially his sermon before the Alliance. Before returning to America he made an extended tour in the Orient. In 1859, he removed to Evanston, Ill., where he was connected with the Garrett Biblical Institute, and subsequently he resided at Philadelphia. His fame as a preacher continually grew; during the Civil War he delivered many patriotic addresses. He officiated at the funeral of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., and while in England, in 1881, he delivered an address at Exeter Hall on the death of President Garfield. In 1878, he delivered a series of addresses at Yale University on preaching, which were published as "Lectures on Preaching" (1879). His other works embrace: "A Hundred Years of Methodism" (1879); and "Cyclopædia of Methodism" (1878).

SERMON ON THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD

DELIVERED EASTER SUNDAY, 1866

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. xv, 20.

A LITTLE more than eighteen hundred years ago, as the light of the morning was breaking around the walls of Jerusalem, there was a guard placed about a sepulchre in a small garden near the walls of the city. They were guarding a grave. Some strange scenes had occurred on the Friday before. While a man whom they had taken from the hills of Galilee and around the little lake of Capernaum had been hanging on the cross crucified as a malefactor, strange signs appeared in the heavens, and on the earth, and in the temple.

It was rumored that he had said he would rise the third

morning. The third morning was coming, and as the light began to break in the East, there came two women silently and sadly wending their way among the tents that were pitched all around the city of Jerusalem; they had sojourned all night in the tents, for as yet the gates of the city had not been opened. They came to see the sepulchre and were bringing spices in their hands. They loved the man who had been crucified as a malefactor, because of his goodness, his purity, and his compassion. They seemed to be almost the only hearts on earth that did love him deeply, save the small circle of friends who had gathered around him. There had been curses upon his head as he hung on the cross—curses from the bystanders, curses from the soldiers, curses from the people. They cried: "Away with him; his blood be on us and on our children!" and on that morning there were none but a few feeble, obscure, heart-broken friends that dared to come near his grave.

A little more than eighteen hundred years have passed and on the anniversary of that day, the morning of the first day of the week, the first Sabbath after the full moon and the vernal equinox, at the same season, the whole world comes to visit that grave. The eyes of princes and of statesmen, the eyes of the poor and the humble in all parts of the earth are turned toward that sepulchre.

All through Europe men and women are thinking of that grave and of him who lay in it. All over western lands, from ocean to ocean, on mountain top and in valley, over broad prairies and deep ravines, the eyes and hearts of people are gathered round that grave. In the darkness of Africa, here and there, we see them stretching out their hands toward it. Along from the coasts of India and the heights of the Himalayas they have heard of that grave and are bending

toward it. The Chinese, laying aside their prejudices, have turned their eyes westward and are looking toward that sepulchre. Along the shores of the seas, over the mountain tops and in the valleys, the hearts of the people have not only been gathering around the grave, but they have caught a glimpse of the rising inmate who ascended in his glory toward heaven.

The song of jubilee has gone forth, and the old men are saying, "The Lord is risen from the dead." The young men and matrons catch up the glowing theme, and the little children around our festive boards, scarcely comprehending the source of their joy, with glad hearts are now joyful, because Jesus has risen from the dead. All over the earth tidings of joy have gone forth, and as the valleys have been ringing out their praises on this bright Sabbath morning how many hearts have been singing—

"Our Jesus is gone up on high!"

Why this change? What hath produced such a wonderful difference in public feeling? The malefactor once cursed, now honored; the obscure and despised, now sought for; the rising Redeemer, not then regarded by men, now universally worshipped. What is the cause of this great change?—how brought about? The subject of this morning, taken from the associations of this day, call us to consider as briefly as we may the fact of the resurrection of Christ from the dead and some of the consequences which flow to us from that resurrection.

It is important for us to fix clearly in our mind the fact that this is one reason why such days are remembered in the annals of the church as well as in the annals of nations; for our faith rests on facts, and the mind should clearly embrace the facts that we may feel that we are standing on firm

ground. This fact of the resurrection of Christ is the foundation of the Christian system; for the Apostle says: "And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins; then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ will perish." If Christ be not risen, we shall never see the fathers and the mothers who have fallen asleep in Jesus; we shall never see the little ones which have gone up to be, as we believe, angels before the throne of God. If Christ be not raised, we are of all men the most miserable, because we are fancying future enjoyment which never can be realized; but if Christ be raised, then shall we also rise, and them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. And that our minds may rest as to the fact of Christ's resurrection, let us notice how God hath arranged the evidences to secure the knowledge of this fact clearly to man.

The first point to which our attention is invited is the fact of Christ's death. Were not this fact clearly established it would be in vain to try to prove his resurrection from the dead. Christ might have suffered for man in some obscure place; he might have laid down his life as a ransom, and yet there would have been no legal evidence of it. God allowed the wrath of man to become the instrument of praising him, in that he suffered Christ to be taken under what was then the legal process—arrested first by the great council of the Jews, and then by the authority of the Roman governor, so that the matter became a matter of public record—a legal transaction. The highest power, both of the Jewish and Roman governments, united in this fact of his arrest, his trial, and his condemnation to death.

Not only was this permitted, but the time of the occurrence was wisely arranged. It was at the feast of the Jews, the Passover, when all the Jews came up to keep the Passover.

They came not only from Egypt but from all the country through which they were scattered. Jerusalem could not hold the people that came together; they pitched their tents all around the city, on the hills and in the valleys. It was the time of full moon, when there was brightness all night, and they came together with safety and security. The multitude, then, was there to witness the scene, so that it might be attested by people from all parts of Judea and from all countries round about Judea.

Then, again, the form of the death was such as to be not a sudden one, but one of torture, passing through many hours. Had the execution been a very sudden one, as it might have been, the death would have been equally efficacious, yet it would not have been witnessed by so many; but as he hung those dreadful hours, from nine until three, the sun being darkened, what an opportunity was given to the people passing by to be impressed with the scene! The crucifixion was near the city; the crowd was there; the temple worship was in process; the strangers were there; and as one great stream passes on some festive day through the great thoroughfare of your city, so passed the stream of men, women, and children by that cross on which the Saviour hung. They wagged their heads and reviled as they passed by. The very ones whom Jesus had healed, whose fathers had been cured of leprosy or fever, whose mothers' eyes had been opened; the ones who had been raised up from beds of sickness by the touch of that Saviour, passed by and reviled, and said: "He saved others, himself he cannot save." The multitude saw him as he hung suffering on the cross.

Then, again, the circumstances attending his death were such as to invite universal attention. It was not designed that the death should be a private one; not merely a legal

transaction, a matter soon over, but a protracted and agonizing spectacle—one to be seen and known by the multitude; but, in addition, that man's attention should be drawn to something to be connected with that wonderful scene; hence God called upon the heavens and the earth, the air and the graves, and the temple itself for testimony. It is said that before the coronation of a prince in olden time in Europe—and in some kingdoms the custom is still observed—there is sent forth a herald, sometimes three days in advance, at different periods according to the custom, to issue a challenge to any one that dares to claim the kingdom to come and prove his right, and to announce that the coronation of his prince is to take place.

Methinks it was such a challenge God gave to all the powers of humanity and to all the powers of darkness. There hung suffering on the cross he who died for human woe, and as he hung God was about to crown him King of kings and Lord of lords on the morning of the third day. He sends forth his voice of challenge, and as he speaks the earth rocks to its centre; that ground, shaking and convulsing, was a call to man to witness what was about to occur.

Not only is there a voice of earth. Yonder the sun clothed himself in sackcloth for three hours, as much as to say: "There may be gloom for three days; the great source of light hath veiled himself, as in a mantle of night, for three days. As for three hours this darkness hangs, but as out of the darkness the light shines forth, so at the end of the three days shall the Sun of Righteousness shine out again, the great centre of glory, with that glory which he had with the Father from the foundation of the world." It was the herald's voice that passed through the heavens, and that spoke through all the orbs of light, "Give attention, ye created

beings, to what is to happen!" But it was not alone in the earth, which is the great centre, nor in the heavens, which is the great source of light, that the tidings were proclaimed.

Look in yonder valley. The tombs are there; the prophets have been buried there. Yon hillside is full of the resting-places of the dead; generations on generations have been buried there; friends are walking in it, and they are saying, "Yonder is a mighty judge in Israel; there is the tomb of a prophet." They were passing to and fro through that valley of death when the earthquake's tread was heard, and behold! the tombs were opened, the graves displayed the dead within, and there was a voice that seemed to call from the very depths of the graves, "Hear, O sons of men!"

What feelings must have thrilled through the hearts of those who stood by those monuments and bended over those graves, when, thrown wide open, the doors bursting, and the rocks giving way, they saw the forms of death come forth and recognized friends that once they had known. What was to occur? What could all this mean? Then the great sacrifice was offered. It was at three o'clock in the afternoon when Christ was to give up the ghost. Yonder the multitude of pious people were gathered toward the temple. The outer court was full; the doors and gates which led into the sanctuary were crowded; the lamb was before the altar; the priest in his vestments had taken the sacrificial knife; the blood was to be shed at the hour of three; the multitude were looking.

Yonder hangs a veil; it hides that inner sanctuary; there are cherubim in yonder with their wings spread over the mercy-seat; the shekinah once dwelt there; God himself in his glory was there and the people are bending to look in. No one enters into that veil save the high priest, and he, with

blood and in the midst of incense, but once a year; but it was the mercy-seat and the eye of every pious Jew was directed toward that veil, thinking of the greater glory which lay beyond it.

As the hour of three came and as the priest was taking the sacrificial knife from the altar and was about to slay the lamb, behold! an unseen hand takes hold of that veil and tears it apart from top to bottom, and has thrown open the mercy-seat, not before seen by men. The cherubim are there; the altar with its covering of blood is there; the resting-place of the ark is there; it is the holiest of holies. Methinks the priest drops the knife, the lamb goes free, for the lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world is suffering for man. The way to the holy of holies is open,—a new and a living way, which man may not close, which priest alone cannot enter; but a way is open whereby humanity, oppressed and downtrodden, from all parts of the earth, may find its way to the mercy-seat of God. There was a call to the pious worshipper by voices which seemed to say: "An end to all the sacrifices, an end to all the suffering victims, an end to all the sprinkled hyssop that is used in purification, for one has come to do the will of God on whom the burden of man had been laid."

Now here were all these calls to humanity from all parts, as if to announce the great transaction. While all this was occurring Christ was on the cross, suffering the agony of crucifixion. How deep that agony we need not attempt to tell you; it was fearful; and yet no complaint escaped his lips, no murmuring was there. He bore the sins of many in his own flesh on the tree. He heard the multitudes revile him; he saw them wag their heads; he remembered that the disciples had fled from him—one followed afar off, but the

rest had gone; and yet he complained not. Friends and kindred had all left him and he trod the wine-press alone. He drank the cup in all its bitterness and no complaint escaped from him. One left him that had never forsaken him before. "The world is gone, the disciples I have fed and taught have all fled and passed away,—all have forsaken me."

But there was no time until that moment of fearful darkness came, when all the load of guilt was upon him and for our sins he was smitten, that his spirit was crushed, and he called out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" All else might go—it were little; "Why hast *thou* forsaken me?" But it is over; the darkness is past; the load is borne; and I hear him say, "It is finished;" he bows his head and dies.

Now there is publicity for the transaction. It demanded public investigation, it received it. There was not only the mental agony united with the agony of crucifixion, but there was the voluntary giving up of his life; yet, lest there might be some suspicion, to all this was added the proof of the fact of his death. When the limbs of the others were broken and he was perceived to be dead, the soldier thrust the spear into his side and there came out of that side both water and blood.

There is a peculiarity in the sacred writings. A little incident that seems to be mentioned without care becomes the strongest possible proof, not only of the fact of Christ's death, but of the nature of his death. When that sentence was written the human frame was not understood, the circulation of the blood was not understood. Anatomists had not then, as they have now, unveiled the human system; the great science of pathology had not yet been clearly taught to man; and yet in that sentence we have almost a world of

meaning. For it is well attested now that where persons die from violent mental emotion, by what is termed a broken heart, a crushed spirit, there is always formed a watery secretion around the heart. It was not known then to the soldier who lifted up that spear and pierced the body; but so much of that water had secreted around the heart that he saw it issuing forth from the pierced side, unstained by blood, which showed that that great heart had been crushed by agony within.

When taken from the cross he was put in the sepulchre. His friends had given him up, his disciples had forsaken him; some of them saw him die; they knew that he was crucified and they abandoned him. They were returning to their former employments; but his enemies remembered he had said he would rise the third day, and they put a guard around him. The Roman soldiers were there; the king's seal was on the stone rolled over the mouth of the sepulchre; they made everything secure. Here again God ordered that we should have abundant proof of Christ's crucifixion.

He was crucified on Friday, which was to them the last day of the week, resting in the grave on our Saturday, which is their Sabbath, and then comes the first day of the week, our Sabbath morning, made our Sabbath because of Christ's resurrection from the dead. There came an humble visitant to the tomb, Mary Magdalene; she had been healed of much, forgiven much and she loved much. Mary, the mother of James, came also and beheld the scenes that occurred; but there had been strange commotions elsewhere.

Heaven had been gathering around that grave. Angels had been watching there; they had seen the Roman guard; they had seen the shining spear and the polished shield; they

had seen that Christ was held as a prisoner by the greatest powers on earth. Methinks I see the angelic host as they gathered around the throne of God and looked up into the face of Omnipotence, and if ever there was a time when there was silence in heaven for half an hour it was before the morning light of the third day dawned. I hear them say, "How long shall man triumph? How long shall human power exalt itself? How long shall the powers of darkness hold jubilee? Let us away and roll away the stone; let us away and frighten yonder Roman guard and drive them from the sepulchre."

They waited until permission was given. I see the angel coming down from the opening doors of glory; he hastens outside the walls of Jerusalem and down to the sepulchre; when they saw him coming the keepers shook, they became like dead men; he rolls away the stone and sets himself by the mouth of the sepulchre. Christ, girding himself with all the power of his divinity, rises from the grave. He leads captivity captive, tears the crown from the head of death, and makes light the darkness of the grave. Behold him as he rises just preparatory to his rising up to glory. Oh, what a moment was that! Hell was preparing for its jubilee; the powers of earth were preparing for a triumph; but as the grave yields its prey, Christ, charged with being an impostor, is proved to be the Son of God with power; it is the power of his resurrection from the dead.

There was Christ's resurrection from the dead. He became the first fruits of them that slept. But to give the amplest proofs of his resurrection he lingered on earth to be seen of men, and to be seen in such a manner as to show that he was still the Saviour Christ. In my younger days I used often to wonder why was it that Mary Magdalene came

first to the sepulchre, and the mother of James that stood there—why he should appear to them; but in later days I have said it was to show that he was the Saviour still; that the same nature was there which had made him stoop to the lowliest of the low—the power that enabled him to heal the guiltiest of the guilty; that that power, that compassion, were with him still.

Though now raised beyond death and triumphing over hell, he still had within him the Saviour's heart Methinks I see, when Peter had run in anxiety to tell the news, Mary remained there; she could not fully comprehend it; the grave was open, the napkins were there; it was said he was not there, but he was risen. And yet, there was a darkness upon her; she could not fully conceive, it seems to me, the resurrection of the dead. She stood wondering, when she heard a voice behind her which said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Bathed in tears as she was, she turned round and saw the man standing, and taking him to be the gardener, and supposing that he had taken the body and carried it away as not fit to lie in that tomb or be in that garden, she said: "If thou hast taken him away, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. If he must not lie in this tomb, if he cannot lie in the garden, if as a malefactor he must be cast out from man, tell me where the body is and I will take it away." It was a proof of her affection.

A voice said, "Mary, Mary." Oh, she recognized it, and her heart cried out: "Rabboni, my Lord and my God!" and then she would have thrown herself at his feet and bathed those feet again with her tears, but he said: "Touch me not, I am not ascended to my Father; go and tell the disciples and Peter that I am risen from the dead." See the compassion of the Saviour! and then that message! "Tell the disciples

and Peter." Why send a message to him? Because he cursed and swore and denied the Master. The other disciples might have said, If Christ is risen, he may receive and bless us all; but Peter is gone, hopelessly and irretrievably gone; he that forsook his Master and denied him, there is no hope for him. And yet, said Jesus, "Go and tell the disciples and Peter"—poor backslidden Peter.

Jesus knew his sorrow and anguish and almost felt the throbbings of his broken heart, and he sent a message to Peter. He may be a disciple still—may come back and be saved through the boundless love of Christ. Oh, the compassion of the Son of God! Thank God that Peter's Saviour is on the throne this morning.

Not only was he seen by these, but he met with the disciples journeying by the way and explained the Scriptures to them; and as they met in the upper room he was there. When the doors were unopened he came in their midst and said, "Peace!" breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Thus he met with them, and said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy fingers, and be not faithless but believing."

Then afterward he was seen by five hundred, and from the Mount of Olives, while the disciples were gathered around him, he was received up into glory. They saw him and as he went he blessed them. The last vision that ever humanity had of the Son of God ere he ascended to heaven was that of spreading out his hands in blessing. Oh, my Saviour hath thus gone up, and he dropped from those outstretched hands a blessing which falls to-day like the gentle dew all over the earth; it reaches heart after heart. It hath reached patriarchs, apostles, martyrs, fathers, and mothers and little children, and, thank God, the heavenly dew, as from those outstretched hands, is coming down on our assembly this

very morning. On this glad day blessings are dropping from the throne of God upon us from this risen Saviour. He hath ascended up on high, the gates have opened for him, and he hath gone to his throne in glory.

Let us look at a few of the results that flow to us from these facts thus sustained of his death and resurrection from the dead!

In the first place it establishes all Bible declarations. It had been predicted that he should not stay in the grave, and when he arose it put the seal to the Old Testament as the Word of God. The prophecy in him fulfilled gave glorious proof that the other parts of it should be also fulfilled as the word of an unchanging God.

Again in his resurrection we see a proof of his divine power. No man hath been raised from the dead by his own power. All died, from Adam to Moses, with the exception of Enoch and Elijah, who, because of their devotion and acknowledgment of the divine head, themselves became prophets of a coming Saviour. He rose by his own power. He conquered death itself, the grave, and the whole powers of humanity.

Jupiter is represented by an old classic writer as saying to the lesser gods that if all of them combined together and should endeavor to throw down his throne—if all power was arrayed against him—he, by his own might, would be able to overcome them all. What was fiction with the ancients becomes gloriously realized in Christ. Take all the powers of humanity—the Jewish power, the Roman power; the power of learning, of art, of public opinion; take all the powers of earth and hell, death and the grave, and combine them all against the Saviour and, without one effort, without one single apparent movement—the sleeper lies in death, his eyes are

sealed, and, as if all unconscious, for the warning had not been given before—in an instant those eyes were opened, that frame rises, the grave yields up its prey, death retires conquered, and Christ demonstrates himself to be the ruler of the whole universe. He made the earth to tremble, the sun to put on sackcloth, the very air to grow dark, the graves to open, the dead to come forth, and proclaimed himself to be the conqueror of death and hell. So we have proof of his being the Son of God with power.

In that resurrection from the dead we have a pledge of our own resurrection. Christ has become the first-fruits of them that slept. You know the figure of the first-fruits as understood by the Jews. Their religion was connected with the seasons of the year—with the harvest crops; one of their feasts was called the feast of the first-fruits, and was on this wise: When the first heads of grain began to ripen in the field and there was thus a pledge of harvest, they cut off those first ripened heads and went up to Jerusalem.

Before that the grain was not crushed, no bread was baked out of it, and nothing was done to appropriate that crop to man's use until first those ripened heads of grain were brought up to Jerusalem and presented to the Lord as a thank-offering. He was acknowledged as Lord of the harvest and they were laid up as a kind of thank-offering before God. They were the first-fruits. Then they went away to the fields and all through Judea the sickle was thrust in, the grain was reaped and gathered into sheaves, and when the harvest was secured they baked the bread for their children out of this first grain. They came up to the temple, where the first-fruits had been laid, and they held a feast of thanksgiving and shouted harvest home. The old harvest feast seems to be descended from this ancient custom.

Christ rose as the first-fruits, and there is to be a glorious resurrection. Christ came, the first man to rise in this respect, by his own power, from the grave, having snatched the crown from death, having thrown light into the grave, having himself ascended up toward glory. He goes up in the midst of the shouts of angels; the heavens open before him; yonder is the altar; there is the throne and around it stand the seraphim and the cherubim; and Christ enters the victor and sits down upon the throne, from henceforth expecting until his enemies be made his footstool. He is the first-fruits of the harvest, but the angels are to be sent out like the reapers, and by and by humanity is coming.

As Christ, the first-fruits, passed through the grave and went up to glory, so there shall come from their sleeping dust in Asia, in Africa, in Europe, and in America, from every mountain top, from the depths of the sea, from deep ravines, and from plains outspread—oh, there shall come in the time of the glorious harvest—the uprising of humanity, when all the nations,waking from their long sleep, shall rise and shall shout the harvest home! Thank God! at that time none shall be wanting.

Oh, they come, they come, from the nations of the past and from the generations yet unborn! I see the crowd gathering there. Behold the angels are waiting, and as the hosts rise from the dead they gather round the throne. Christ invites his followers to overcome and sit down with him on his throne, as he overcame and sat down with the Father on his throne. In that is the pledge of our resurrection from the dead. Can I not suffer, since Christ suffered? Can I not die, since Christ died? Let the grave be my resting-place, for Christ rested there. Is it cold? The warmth of his animation is in it. Is it lonely? He shall be beside me in all his

spirit's power. Does the load of earth above me and beneath which I am placed press upon me? Christ hath power to burst the tomb; he shall burst the tomb, though deep it be, and I shall rise through his almighty power.

Yes, let the malice of men be directed against me; let me be taken, if it must be, as a martyr and be bound to the stake; let the fagots be kindled, let the flame ascend, let my body be burned; gather my ashes, grind my bones to powder, scatter them on the ocean's surface; or carry those ashes to the top of yonder volcano and throw them within its consuming fire—let them be given to the dust—and yet I can sing:

> "God, my Redeemer, lives,
> And ever from the skies
> Looks down and watches all my dust,
> Till he shall bid it rise."

Thank God! it may be scattered on the wings of the wind—Christ is everywhere present; he has marked every particle and it shall rise again by his own almighty power. And what is it to sleep awhile if I am Christ's? To die, if I am like Christ in dying? and be buried, if I am like Christ in being buried? I trust I shall be like him when he comes forth in his glory. I shall be like him, for the Apostle says, We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is; we shall be changed from glory into glory, into the same image as by the Spirit of God.

It would be a great change to be changed from glory to glory, from saints to angels, from angels to cherubim, from cherubim to seraphim, from glory to glory; but, thank God! we shall not stop being changed; for the change shall go on from glory to glory until we shall be transformed into the likeness of the Son of God, brighter than angels ever shone, more glorious than were ever cherubim.

We shall be near the throne; we shall sit beside him, for he hath made room for us there. Then, if we can calmly look at death and face him, because his strength has been overcome, it reconciles us to parting a little while with friends. A father or a mother may be taken from us, but we shall see them again; they shall not sleep forever. The little ones that drop from our arms, we can almost see them this morning; some of us can almost feel them in our arms—can see the glance of that beautiful eye and hear the sound of that little prattling lip; they seem to be with us now, as a little while ago they dropped from out of our arms. We followed them to the grave and we left them there, where the winter's storm has been howling around them.

Sometimes loneliness like that terrible storm has swept over our hearts and left them almost in despair; but through Christ's resurrection we see our children yonder in glory, safe in the Saviour's arms. Their little forms shall rise all-glorious from the tomb in the morning of the resurrection; we shall find them, for Jesus is the resurrection and the life.

All this comes to us from the resurrection of Christ from the dead. He died once; he dies no more; the condemnation of death is forever gone; he sits on the throne of everlasting dominion; his kingdom is an eternal kingdom; and as he died once and has risen to die no more, so when we have died once and gone to the grave and entered the dark valley and shadow of death and we come up safely on the other side, thank God! death is passed forever; we shall then put our feet on the neck of the monster and shall be able to say:

> "Oh death, where is thy sting?
> Oh grave, where is thy victory?"

Looking at the resurrection of Christ we exclaim, Thanks be unto God who hath given us the victory! Such is the eter-

nity of glory and blessedness that awaits us. Thank God for a spiritual body! Here some of us long to triumph over nature. We would grasp, if we could, angelic wisdom; but our brows will ache with pain, our frames decay, our eyes grow dim, our hearing fail. This flesh of ours will not stand hours of painful study and seasons of protracted labor; but, thank God! when the body that now oppresses us is laid in the grave a spiritual body will be given to us, pure, ethereal, and holy. Oh, what an extent of knowledge shall flash upon us! what light and glory! what spirituality and power! Then we shall not need to ask an angel anything. We shall know as we are known. Jesus will be our teacher; the Everlasting God, the Man whose name is Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace. He himself shall be our Leader. We shall know then as also we are known.

Then rejoice in God. Dry up those tears. Cast away that downcast look. Child of the dust, you are an heir of glory. There is a crown all burnished for you; there is a mansion all ready for you; there is a white robe prepared for you; there is eternal glory for you; angels are to be your servants and you are to reign with the King of kings forever. But while you wait on earth, be witnesses for God; attest the glory of your Master; rise in the greatness of his strength; bind sin captive to your chariot wheels; go onward in your heavenly career, and be as pure as your ascended Head is pure. Be active in works of mercy; be angels of light; be flames of fire; go on your mission of mercy and convert the world unto God before you go up higher. When you go, not only go forward to present yourself, but may every one of you be able to say: "Here am I, and those which thou hast given me."

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS, American statesman, was born near Crawfordsville, Ga., Feb. 11, 1812, and died at Atlanta, Ga., March 4, 1883. Educated at the University of Georgia, he studied law and was admitted to the Bar in 1834. Two years later, he began his political career by entering the lower house of the State legislature, where he continued until 1840. In 1841, he became State senator, and from 1843 to 1859 was a Representative in Congress for Georgia. He advocated the annexation of Texas, but opposed the Mexican War policy and was a supporter of the Compromise of 1850. He was greatly averse to the dissolution of the Union, and in 1860 delivered a strong Union speech. He supported the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas, and early the next year, in the Georgia State convention, he eloquently opposed Secession. When, however, the Ordinance of Secession was passed, he acquiesced in the result, for although he doubted the wisdom of the policy he still maintained the right of Secession. He was chosen Vice-president of the provisional government of the Confederacy and was elected to the office in the following autumn, but it was soon evident that he and President Davis differed widely on not a few important matters. On the fall of the Confederacy, Stephens was imprisoned for some months in Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, but was released on parole in the following October (1865). In February, 1866, he delivered a strong speech in favor of reconstruction, and in the same month was elected to Congress as Senator, but was not suffered to take his seat, as Congress ignored the return of Georgia to the Union under President Johnson's proclamation. In 1874, he was permitted to reënter Congress, and served there until, in 1882, he became Governor of Georgia, dying during his period of office. His political course often seemed contradictory, but he ever acted upon some principle quite clear to himself, though not always at first sight apparent to others. He was a lifelong believer in State rights and local self-government. Mr. Stephens published a work entitled "War between the States," and a "History of the United States."

ON THE EVILS OF SECESSION

DELIVERED IN THE SECESSION CONVENTION OF GEORGIA, JANUARY, 1861

THIS step [the secession of Georgia], once taken, can never be recalled; and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow (as you will see) will rest on the Convention for all coming time. When we and

our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery and fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolations of war upon us,—who but this Convention will be held responsible for it? and who but him who shall have given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure (as I honestly think and believe) shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate?

Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments,—what reasons you can give to your fellow sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us? What reason can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case; and to what cause or one overt act can you name or point on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied, and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld?

Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer! While, on the other hand, let me show the facts (and believe me, gentlemen, I am not here the advocate of the North; but I am here the friend, the firm friend and lover of the South and her institutions, and for this reason I speak thus plainly and faithfully, for yours, mine,

and every other man's interest, the words of truth and soberness) of which I wish you to judge, and I will only state facts which are clear and undeniable and which now stand as records authentic in the history of our country.

When we of the South demanded the slave-trade or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the constitution and again ratified and strengthened in the fugitive-slave law of 1850?

But do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individuals and local communities they may have done so, but not by the sanction of government; for that has always been true to Southern interests. Again, gentlemen, look at another fact. When we have asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more to be added in due time if you by this unwise and impolitic act do not destroy this hope and perhaps by it lose all and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South America and Mexico were, or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation, which may reasonably be expected to follow.

But again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the general government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet if we remain in it

and are as united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the executive department.

So of the judges of the supreme court, we have had eighteen from the South and but eleven from the North; although nearly four fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the free States, yet a majority of the court has always been from the South. This we have required so as to guard against any interpretation of the constitution unfavorable to us.

In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the legislative branch of government. In choosing the presiding Presidents (*pro tem.*) of the Senate we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House we have had twenty-three and they twelve. While the majority of the representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have so generally secured the Speaker, because he to a great extent shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the general government. Attorney-generals we have had fourteen while the North have had but five.

Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty-four. While three fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the free States, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world markets for our cotton, tobacco, and sugar, on the best possible terms.

We have had a vast majority of the higher offices of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks,

auditors, and comptrollers filling the executive department; the records show for the last fifty years that of the three thousand thus employed we have had more than two thirds of the same, while we have but one third of the whole population of the republic.

Again, look at another item, and one, be assured, in which we have a great and vital interest; it is that of revenue, or means of supporting government. From official documents we learn that a fraction over three fourths of the revenue collected for the support of government has uniformly been raised from the North.

Pause, now, while you can, gentlemen, and contemplate carefully and candidly these important items. Look at another necessary branch of government and learn from stern statistical facts how matters stand in that department. I mean the mail and post-office privileges that we now enjoy under the general government as it has been for years past. The expense for the transportation of the mail in the free States was by the report of the Postmaster-General for the year 1860 a little over $13,000,000, while the income was $19,000,000. But in the slave States the transportation of the mail was $14,716,000, while the revenue from the same was $8,001,026, leaving a deficit of $6,115,735 to be supplied by the North for our accommodation, and without it we must have been entirely cut off from this most essential branch of government.

Leaving out of view for the present the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition,— and for what, we ask again? Is it for the overthrow of the American government, established by our common ancestry,

cemented and built up by their sweat and blood, and founded on the broad principles of right, justice, and humanity? And as such I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon.

Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three quarters of a century,—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety,—while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquillity accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed, is the height of madness, folly, and wickedness, to which I can lend neither my sanction nor my vote.

GREAT CORNERSTONE SPEECH

DELIVERED AT SAVANNAH, MARCH 22, 1861

THE new constitution has put at rest forever all agitating questions relating to our peculiar institution, African slavery as it exists among us,—the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization. This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this as the "rock upon which the old Union would split." He was right. What was conjecture with him is now a realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which that rock stood and stands may be doubted. The prevailing ideas en-

tertained by him and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old constitution were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically.

It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with, but the general opinion of the men of that day was that somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent and pass away. This idea, though not incorporated in the constitution, was the prevailing idea at the time.

The constitution, it is true, secured every essential guaranty to the institution while it should last, and hence no argument can be justly used against the constitutional guaranties thus secured, because of the common sentiment of the day. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of the government built upon it; when the storm came and the wind blew, it fell.

Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and moral condition.

This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth. This truth has been slow in the process of its development, like all other truths in the various departments of science. It has been so even among us. Many who hear me perhaps can recollect well that this truth was not generally admitted even within their day. The errors of the past generation still clung to many as late as twenty years ago. Those

at the North who still cling to these errors with a zeal above knowledge we justly denominate fanatics.

All fanaticism springs from an aberration of the mind, from a defect in reasoning. It is a species of insanity. One of the most striking characteristics of insanity, in many instances, is forming correct conclusions from fancied or erroneous premises. So with the anti-slavery fanatics; their conclusions are right, if their premises are. They assume that the negro is equal, and hence conclude that he is entitled to equal privileges and rights with the white man. If their premise were correct, their conclusions would be logical and just; but, their premise being wrong, their whole argument fails. I recollect once having heard a gentleman from one of the northern States, of great power and ability, announce in the House of Representatives, with imposing effect, that we of the South would be compelled, ultimately, to yield upon this subject of slavery; that it was as impossible to war successfully against a principle in politics as it was in physics or mechanics; that the principle would ultimately prevail; that we, in maintaining slavery as it exists with us, were warring against a principle, a principle founded in nature, the principle of the equality of man. The reply I made to him was that upon his own grounds we should succeed, and that he and his associates in their crusades against our institutions would ultimately fail. The truth announced, that it was as impossible to war successfully against a principle in politics as in physics and mechanics, I admitted, but told him that it was he and those acting with him who were warring against a principle. They were attempting to make things equal which the Creator had made unequal.

In the conflict thus far success has been on our side, complete throughout the length and breadth of the Confederate

States. It is upon this, as I have stated, our social fabric is firmly planted, and I cannot permit myself to doubt the ultimate success of a full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world.

As I have stated, the truth of this principle may be slow in development, as all truths are and ever have been in the various branches of science. It was so with the principles announced by Galileo; it was so with Adam Smith and his principles of political economy. It was so with Harvey and his theory of the circulation of the blood. It is stated that not a single one of the medical profession, living at the time of the announcement of the truths made by him, admitted them. Now they are universally acknowledged. May we not, therefore, look with confidence to the ultimate universal acknowledgment of the truths upon which our system rests? It is the first government ever instituted upon principles in strict conformity to nature and the ordination of Providence in furnishing the materials of human society.

Many governments have been founded upon the principle of the enslavement of certain classes; but the classes thus enslaved were of the same race and in violation of the laws of nature. Our system commits no such violation of nature's laws. The negro by nature, or by the curse against Canaan, is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system. The architect, in the construction of buildings, lays the foundation with proper materials—the granite—then comes the brick or the marble. The substratum of our society is made of the material fitted by nature for it, and by experience we know that it is best not only for the superior, but for the inferior race that it should be so. It is, indeed, in conformity with the ordinance of the Creator. It is not for us to inquire into the wisdom of his ordinances or to question them.

For his own purposes he has made one race to differ from another, as he has made "one star to differ from another in glory."

The great objects of humanity are best attained when conformed to his laws and decrees, in the formation of governments as well as in all things else. Our Confederacy is founded upon principles in strict conformity with these laws. This stone which was rejected by the first builders "is become the chief stone of the corner" in our new edifice.

I have been asked, what of the future? It has been apprehended by some that we would have arrayed against us the civilized world. I care not who or how many they may be, when we stand upon the eternal principles of truth we are obliged and must triumph.

Thousands of people who begin to understand these truths are not yet completely out of the shell. They do not see them in their length and breadth. We hear much of the civilization and Christianization of the barbarous tribes of Africa. In my judgment those ends will never be attained but by first teaching them the lesson taught to Adam, that "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and teaching them to work, and feed, and clothe themselves. But to pass on; some have propounded the inquiry whether it is practicable for us to go on with the Confederacy without further accessions? Have we the means and ability to maintain nationality among the Powers of the earth? On this point I would barely say that as anxiously as we all have been and are for the border States with institutions similar with ours to join us, still we are abundantly able to maintain our position even if they should ultimately make up their minds not to cast their destiny with ours. That they ultimately will join us—be compelled to do it—is my confident belief, but

we can get on very well without them, even if they should not. . . .

Will everything commenced so well continue as it has begun? In reply to this anxious inquiry I can only say it all depends upon ourselves. A young man starting out in life on his majority, with health, talent, and ability, under a favoring Providence, may be said to be the architect of his own fortunes. His destinies are in his own hands. He may make for himself a name of honor or dishonor, according to his own acts. If he plants himself upon truth, integrity, honor, and uprightness, with industry, patience, and energy, he cannot fail of success. So it is with us; we are a young republic just entering upon the arena of nations; we will be the architect of our own fortunes. Our destiny, under providence, is in our own hands. With wisdom, prudence, and statesmanship on the part of our public men, and intelligence, virtue, and patriotism on the part of the people, success, to the full measures of our most sanguine hopes, may be looked for.

But if we become divided; if schisms arise; if dissensions spring up; if factions are engendered; if party spirit, nourished by unholy personal ambition, shall rear its hydra head,—I have no good to prophesy for you. Without intelligence, virtue, integrity, and patriotism on the part of the people, no republic or representative government can be durable or stable.

We have intelligence, and virtue, and patriotism. All that is required is to cultivate and perpetuate these. Intelligence will not do without virtue. France was a nation of philosophers. These philosophers became Jacobins. They lacked that virtue, that devotion to moral principle, and that patriotism which is essential to good government. Organized

upon principles of perfect justice and right, seeking amity and friendship with all other Powers, I see no obstacle in the way of our upward and onward progress.

Our growth by accessions from other States will depend greatly upon whether we present to the world, as I trust we shall, a better government than that to which they belong. If we do this, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas cannot hesitate long; neither can Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. They will necessarily gravitate to us by an imperious law. We made ample provision in our constitution for the admission of other States; it is more guarded—and wisely so, I think—than the old constitution on the same subject, but not too guarded to receive them as fast as it may be proper.

Looking to the distant future, and perhaps not very distant either, it is not beyond the range of possibility and even probability that all the great States of the Northwest shall gravitate this way as well as Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, etc. Should they do so our doors are wide enough to receive them, but not until they are ready to assimilate with us in principle.

The process of disintegration in the old Union may be expected to go on with almost absolute certainty. We are now the nucleus of a growing power which, if we are true to ourselves, our destiny, and high mission, will become the controlling power on this continent. To what extent accession will go on in the process of time, or where it will end, the future will determine. So far as it concerns States of the old Union, they will be upon no such principle of reconstruction as now spoken of, but upon reorganization and new assimilation. Such are some of the glimpses of the future as I catch them.

But at first we must necessarily meet with the inconveni-

ences and difficulties and embarrassments incident to all changes of government. These will be felt in our postal affairs and changes in the channel of trade. These inconveniences, it is to be hoped, will be but temporary, and must be borne with patience and forbearance.

As to whether we shall have war with our late confederates, or whether all matters of differences between us shall be amicably settled, I can only say that the prospect for a peaceful adjustment is better, so far as I am informed, than it has been.

The prospect of war is at least not so threatening as it has been. The idea of coercion shadowed forth in President Lincoln's inaugural seems not to be followed up thus far so vigorously as was expected. Fort Sumter, it is believed, will soon be evacuated. What course will be pursued toward Fort Pickens and the other forts on the gulf is not so well understood. It is to be greatly desired that all of them should be surrendered. Our object is peace, not only with the North, but with the world. All matters relating to the public property, public liabilities of the Union when we were members of it, we are ready and willing to adjust and settle upon the principles of right, equality, and good faith. War can be of no more benefit to the North than to us. The idea of coercing us or subjugating us is utterly preposterous.

Whether the intention of evacuating Fort Sumter is to be received as an evidence of a desire for a peaceful solution of our difficulties with the United States, or the result of necessity, I will not undertake to say. I would fain hope the former. Rumors are afloat, however, that it is the result of necessity. All I can say to you, therefore, on that point is, keep your armor bright and your powder dry.

The surest way to secure peace is to show your ability to

maintain your rights. The principles and position of the present administration of the United States—the Republican party—present some puzzling questions. While it is a fixed principle with them never to allow the increase of a foot of slave territory, they seem to be equally determined not to part with an inch "of the accursed soil."

Notwithstanding their clamor against the institution, they seem to be equally opposed to getting more or letting go what they have got. They were ready to fight on the accession of Texas, and are equally ready to fight now on her secession. Why is this? How can this strange paradox be accounted for? There seems to be but one rational solution, and that is, notwithstanding their professions of humanity, they are disinclined to give up the benefits they derive from slave labor. Their philanthropy yields to their interest. The idea of enforcing the laws has but one object, and that is a collection of the taxes raised by slave labor to swell the fund necessary to meet their heavy appropriations. The spoils is what they are after, though they come from the labor of the slave.

HENRY WILSON

HENRY WILSON, American statesman and author, was born at Farmington, N. H., Feb. 16, 1812, and died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 22, 1875. The son of a farm laborer, he at the age of ten was apprenticed to a farmer for a period of years, during which he had little schooling, but read, it is said, over a thousand volumes. Until he came of age, his name had been Jeremiah Jones Colbath, but he now assumed the name of Henry Wilson. After abandoning farming he learned the shoemaker's trade at Natick, Mass., and presently came into notice as a speaker at political meetings and an outspoken opponent of slavery. In 1840, he entered the State legislature and from 1844 to 1846 was State Senator. He was actively opposed to the admission of Texas as a slave State, and, with the poet Whittier, presented a largely-signed petition to Congress against it. He was a delegate to the Whig convention at Philadelphia in 1848, but withdrew because of its rejection of anti-slavery resolutions. He once more sat in the State Senate, from 1850 to 1853, and, succeeding Everett in the Senate of the United States, in 1855, was a member continuously of that body for eighteen years. He took part in all debates of importance, and although his speeches are not marked by special graces of style, they are statesmanlike and effective. Wilson was a man of positive convictions, though he was careful in his statements of fact and was seldom successfully challenged. He was elected Vice-president on the ticket with General Grant, in November, 1872, and accordingly resigned from the Senate. His published writings comprise, besides single speeches: "History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses" (1865); "Military Measures of the United States Congress" (1866); "History of the Reconstruction Measures of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses" (1868); "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America" (1872–77). Though the latter was hardly completed when death overtook him, it is his best-known production and one on which he spent much and assiduous labor.

SPEECH ON BILL TO CONFISCATE THE PROPERTY AND FREE THE SLAVES OF REBELS

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE, MAY 1, 1862

MR. PRESIDENT,—The senator from Vermont [Mr. Collamer], in submitting this amendment to the original bill proposes to authorize the President of the United States, if in his judgment it shall be necessary for the more speedy suppression of this insurrection, to appoint a day when all persons held to service or labor in any State

whose inhabitants he has declared by proclamation to be in a state of insurrection shall be declared free. That honorable senator, in the course of his speech, said that it seemed to be the chief object of some of the supporters of the original bill to carry that provision of the bill emancipating the slaves of rebels; and yesterday the senator from Virginia [Mr. Carlisle] alluded to and indorsed that declaration.

Now, sir, I am free to confess here that it is with me the chief object of solicitude. I care something for the confiscation of the property of the leading rebels; but I do not wish to touch the property of the masses of the people. I think the distinction is a just one,—that the leaders should be punished, and that the masses of the people should feel that they will be forgiven and protected if they return to their loyalty.

I do not expect that we shall realize any large amount of property by any confiscation bill that we shall pass. After the conflict, when the din of battle has ceased, the humane and kindly and charitable feelings of the country and of the world will require us to deal gently with the masses of the people who are engaged in this rebellion. It will be pleaded that wives and children will suffer for the crimes of husbands and fathers; and such appeals will have more or less effect upon the future policy of the government.

But, sir, take from rebel masters their bondmen, and from the hour you do so until the end of the world, to "the last syllable of recorded time," the judgment of the country and the judgment of the world will sanction the act and it will be stronger every day while the world lasts. Therefore, sir, I am in favor of emancipating the slaves of all the rebels who are engaged in this rebellion.

Sir, with the lights of to-day I do not see how any man

can be for slavery and at the same time be a loyal man. Slavery and treason this day and this hour in this country are one and the same. Slavery and treason are synonymous words. I can conceive how a man of intelligence and character can recognize the existence of slavery, look upon it as it is as an evil, and yet not see how it is to be abolished or when it is to be got rid of. I can appreciate the position of such a man, and I think I do appreciate it.

But, sir, how can any man looking over this broad land to-day and seeing flashing from every quarter of the heavens the crimes of human slavery against this country, labor to uphold, strengthen, and support human slavery in America? It is the cause and the whole cause of this rebellion. We talk about "Jeff" Davis, Slidell, Mason, and Toombs, and their treasonable confederates; but they are not the cause of this rebellion; they are simply the hands, the tools: the heart, the brain, the soul is slavery; the motive power is slavery. Slavery is the great rebel; Davis and his compeers are but its humble tools and instruments.

Slavery for thirty years has been hostile to and aggressive upon the free institutions of America. There is not a principle embodied in our free institutions, there is not an element of our government that elevates or blesses mankind, there is not anything in our government or our institutions worth preserving, that slavery for a generation has not warred against and upon.

It smote down thirty years ago the great right of petition in these halls. It destroyed in large sections of the country the constitutional freedom of the press. It suppressed freedom of speech. It corrupted presses, churches, and political organizations. It plunged the nation into a war for the acquisition of slave-holding territory. It enacted a fugitive-

slave law, inhuman, unchristian, disgraceful to the country and to the age. It repealed the prohibition of slavery over half a million square miles in the central regions of the continent. It seized the ballot-boxes in Kansas; it usurped the government of the Territory; it enacted inhuman and unchristian laws; it made a slave constitution and attempted to force it upon a free people; it bathed the virgin sods of that magnificent Territory with the blood of civil war. It mobbed, flogged, expelled, and sometimes murdered Christian men and women in the slave-holding States for no offence against law, humanity, or religion. It turned the hearts of large masses of men against their brethren, against the institutions of their country, against the glorious old flag, and the constitution of their fathers. It has now plunged this nation into this unholy rebellion, into this gigantic civil war that rends the country, and stains our waters and reddens our fields with fraternal blood.

Sir, I never see a loyal soldier upon a cot of sickness, sorrow, or death, without feeling that slavery has laid him there. I never gaze upon the wounds of a loyal soldier fallen in support of the flag of the republic without feeling that slavery inflicted those wounds upon him. I never see a loyal soldier wounded and maimed hobbling through your streets without feeling that he was wounded and maimed by slavery. I never gaze upon the lowly grave of a loyal soldier dying for the cause of his country without feeling that he was murdered by slavery. I never see a mourning wife or sorrowing children without realizing that slavery has made that mourning wife a widow and those sorrowing children orphans.

Sir, all these sacrifices of property, of health, of life, all this sorrow, agony, and death, now upon us, are born of slavery. Slavery is the prolific mother of all these woes

that blight our land and fill the heart of our people with sorrows.

Slavery pronounced long ago against the free elements of our popular institutions; it scoffed at the Declaration of Independence; it pronounced free society a failure; it jeered and sneered at the laboring masses as mudsills and white slaves. Scoffing at everything which tended to secure the rights and enlarge the privileges of mankind, it has pronounced against the existence of democratic institutions in America. Proud, domineering, defiant, it has pronounced against the supremacy of the government, the unity and life of the nation.

Sir, slavery is the enemy, the clearly pronounced enemy of the country. Slavery is the only clearly pronounced enemy our country has on God's earth. There it stands. Hate is in its heart, scorn in its eye, defiance in its mien. It hates our cherished institutions, despises our people, defies our government. Slavery is the great rebel, the giant criminal, the murderer striving with bloody hands to throttle our government and destroy our country.

Senators may talk round it if they please, they may scold at its agents and denounce its tools. I care little about its agents or its tools. I think not of Davis and his compeers in crime; I look at the thing itself, to the great rebel with hands dripping with the blood of my murdered countrymen. I give the criminal no quarter. If I with the lights I have could utter a word or give a vote to continue for one moment the life of the great rebel that is now striking at the vitals of my country I should feel that I was a traitor to my native land and deserved a traitor's doom. Sir, I believe that every word spoken in Congress or out of Congress, every act that continues, strengthens, or keeps the breath of life in human slavery in America, is against the existence

and perpetuity of democratic institutions; against the dignity of the toiling millions of my country; against the peace, the honor, the glory, and the life of the nation.

Sir, slavery being the criminal, slavery being the rebel, it should be stricken down through the agents it employs. It has its hundreds of thousands of rebels in arms against the country. To punish its instruments I will strike at it and destroy it if I can. I believe that we have a constitutional right to free the slaves of rebel masters, and I think it would be a crime against my country if I did not give a vote to free the slaves of every rebel on this continent. If this Congress adjourns without putting upon the statute-book of the country an act to free the slaves of every rebel in the United States I believe it will be false and recreant to the cause of the country.

I believe it is policy to emancipate the slaves of rebels. Gentlemen tell us that they do not see success in this direction. I do not see success in any other direction. I expect the armies to win brilliant victories. I have no doubt of success either on the Mississippi or at Yorktown, under Halleck or McClellan. I have no doubt but that the brave men whose hearts are burning with love of liberty and of country and hatred of this criminal that is striving to destroy the republic will, with arms in their hands, smite down its agents on land or wave. Victory I am sure will flash upon the banners of the republic.

I believe that we are to win victories, but how are we to change the hearts of the masses of men that have plunged into this rebellion? What made them hate the people of this country? What made them jeer at the toiling millions of the free States as mudsills of society? What made them scoff at the Declaration of Independence and at the free in-

stitutions that do not pull down the highest to elevate the lowly up? What made them hate the old flag of our country? What made them raise their hands for the overthrow of our institutions, the destruction of this government and this nation?

Slavery made them do it. It was slavery, nothing more, nothing less, that perverted their hearts, clouded their reason, blinded their consciences, and made them traitors. Just in proportion to the strength of slavery in any locality in the country is the hate of the people against our institutions, our government, and our people; and so long as slavery shall live, so long as it shall have vitality, so long as it shall be an institution to be nurtured and strengthened, upheld and sustained, so long as it shall be an element of power on this continent, just so long will the people now in rebellion against the government hate our people and hate our country.

An intelligent man who believes in slavery, who would strengthen and spread it, who would nurture it, who would make it an element of political power, cannot love the democratic institutions of this country; he cannot love the country itself. It is an impossibility—a moral impossibility.

You have all cast your eyes over the country in rebellion. Where live the loyal men? In western Virginia, in eastern Tennessee, in western North Carolina, in Missouri, in the mountain regions where there are few slaves. There you have men who are not seduced or conquered by slavery; men who yet love our institutions, love our government, love our people, love our old flag. But wherever slavery is strong it has seduced, subdued, or conquered the hearts of the people, made them disloyal against the country; and they will hate us so long as slavery is a power on earth.

Sir, casting aside all regard for the bondman, looking at

this question simply in the light of action for the suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of the future harmony and repose of the country, I believe it is our duty to destroy the cause that has changed the hearts of millions of our people. Destroy slavery and you take from the heart of that people the sole motive for hating us and hating our country. When they shall see that the cause of all their hate and disloyalty lies low in the dust they will rise again and support your institutions and your government, and be proud again to recognize the flag of their country. Slavery has intoxicated and maddened the people of the slave-holding States. Take the cup from the trembling hand of the drunkard, who is ready, in his delirium, to smite down wife and child, and the drunkard will be a man again and love and protect that wife and child. Strike the chains from the limbs of the slaves of rebel masters and those masters will become loyal again, ready to pour out their blood for the institutions they now hate and the government they so madly assail.

Every hour of thought and reflection brings me to the conclusion that death to slavery is life to the republic. Believing this, I think it is our duty to walk up to the extreme verge of our constitutional power, and I would go no farther, but I would walk up to the extreme verge of constitutional power to destroy slavery. If there is a doubt I would not give that doubt to slavery, but I would give that doubt to my country. If I have any doubts on these points I give the doubts in favor of my country against slavery, and not for slavery against my country. But, sir, I have no doubt. We have a right to take the life, take the property, and free the slaves of every rebel on this continent. While I would not take the lives of many, if any; while I would not take the property of more than the leaders, I would take the bondmen

from every rebel on the continent, and in doing it I should have the sanction of my own judgment, the sanction of the enlightened world, the sanction of the coming ages, and the blessings of Almighty God. Every day, while the world stands, that act would be approved and applauded by the human heart all over the globe.

Sir, it seems to me our duty is as clear as the track of the sun across the heavens, and that duty is, before the adjournment of this Congress, to lay low in the dust under our feet, so that iron heels will rest upon it, this great rebel, this giant criminal, this guilty murderer, that is warring upon the existence of the country. It is in our power to do it, and we ought to meet it; and I must confess I have no sort of respect for any of those doubts that have been thrown out during this session of Congress in regard to this policy of freeing the slaves of rebel masters.

Why, sir, I remember, from the time the flag of rebellion was raised, that every act of the government to uphold its authority has been denounced in Congress and out of Congress as offensive to the rebels. We could not propose anything to sustain the authority of the government without being told, "Oh, you will offend the loyal men of the border States, and you will exasperate the rebels." We disregarded it in many cases, and this country has lost many lives and millions of dollars because we did not disregard it in the commencement and boldly act up to our constitutional obligations.

Last summer when it was proposed to free the slaves who had been actually employed by their masters, with arms in their hands, to smite down our brethren, we were told: "It will not do; you offend these rebels; you will unite the hearts of the people of the slave States against you; you will offend the loyal border-State men." Well, sir, we passed the act in

spite of these doubts, and it is the law of the land to-day. I only regret that it is not more faithfully executed by the government and by the military men in the service of the government. When we proposed to abolish slavery in this District the other day we were told it would not do; we would unite the hearts of traitors against the country and strengthen their hands, and it would be a rock of offence before our border-State men. We passed the bill, and this day and this hour thirteen thousand black men in this District in their churches are offering up prayers to Almighty God for blessings on us for that beneficent act. Sir, every movement we make, every proposition we make, we are met with this same talk about giving offence to rebels. I do not fear these rebels. Our bayonets will be as bright and as sharp after we act upon this subject as they are now.

Sir, every day that slavery stands, every moment that it breathes the breath of life in all its power, there stands an enemy that can never love our people, our institutions, or our government. It is a moral impossibility. Then destroy it, and when it is gone will come back the old sentiments of the Washingtons and the Jeffersons and the great men of the revolutionary era in the slave-holding States. Then will come back the love for the Declaration of Independence, for the constitution of the United States, for the free institutions that adorn, bless, and elevate the masses of mankind. Then will come back the reverence for the glorious memories of the past. Then will come back the love for the Stars and Stripes of our country. Then will come back a feeling of amazement and of shame that men were so perverted by the monster slavery as to imbrue their hands in the blood of their countrymen. Rebels will come back with a feeling of repentance for these crimes against their country. Then, when slavery is

stricken down, they will come back again and offer their hands, red though they be with the blood of our brethren, and we shall forgive the past, take them to our bosoms, and be again one people. But, senators, keep slavery; let it stand; shrink from duty; let men whose hands are stained with the blood of our countrymen, whose hearts are disloyal to our country, hold fast to the chains that bind three millions of men in bondage, and we shall have an enemy to hate us, ready to seize on all fit opportunities to smite down all that we love, and again to raise their disloyal hands against the perpetuity of the republic. Sir, I believe this to be as true as the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God, and nothing but the prejudices of association on the one side, or timidity on the other, can hold us back from doing the duty we owe to our country in this crisis.

The senator from Vermont has proposed in his amendment to authorize the President of the United States, whenever he shall believe it necessary for the suppression of this rebellion, to issue his proclamation declaring the slaves of rebels free. This proposition gives up the whole question. If I understand it, it is a full concession. It concedes the right of this Congress to authorize the President of the United States to emancipate the slaves of rebels in all the States where he has made proclamation that the people are in insurrection.

I accept it, sir, and if Congress has the right to authorize the President to issue a proclamation emancipating these slaves, if in his judgment he believes it necessary, then Congress has the right to authorize and require the President to do it if Congress believes it necessary, for the suppression of the rebellion, that such a proclamation shall be issued. The senator from Vermont has laid down a doctrine upon which we can stand; and therefore I propose to amend his proposi-

tion and not allow any discretion anywhere but in the law, and let the law say that, for the more speedy and efficient suppression of this rebellion, the President shall be authorized and required to issue his proclamation. We decide that question for ourselves. With the lights that are flashing upon us this day, how can we doubt for a moment? If the Senate will sustain the amendment I have proposed, we shall require the President, thirty days after the passage of this act, for the speedy and more effectual suppression of this rebellion, to issue a proclamation declaring the slaves of rebels, in these States and parts of States, free. I hope the Senate will thus amend this proposition so that we shall leave nothing to accident, nothing to contingencies. With the lights of to-day let us meet the responsibilities of to-day and do our whole duty.

I feel, sir, that if we adjourn, if we go hence without putting upon the statute-book of our country a law declaring the slaves of rebels free men, we shall be guilty of the blood of the brave men who are to uphold the flag of our country the hot and sickly climes of the South. Many of them lie to-day in humble graves in the land of strangers. Many of them are now marching to the far South. They are to die by thousands with the disease and sickness of the climate. They are to perish by thousands on battle-fields.

Shall we permit this power to stand in front of them, ready to overwhelm them? Shall we permit this power to stand unbroken, because we are afraid of offending timid or doubting men? Sir, I care for the blood of the brave men from my State, from the loyal part of the country, who are fighting this battle for freedom and for national life. Their lives are dearer to me than the doubtful constitutional rights of criminals. We are very tender of the constitutional rights of

crime. Hardly a day passes that the constitutional rights of crime are not illustrated in this chamber or in the other House. Sir, I joyfully give my vote and my voice for the cause of my countrymen and my country, against the great criminal that stands to-day with bloody hands ready to pull down the institutions and destroy the existence of my country. In thus acting I am cheered and sustained by the proud consciousness that I am actuated by a patriotism that embraces our whole country and the present and future welfare of the republic.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HENRY WARD BEECHER, eminent American Congregational clergyman, lecturer, and author, son of Lyman Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813, and died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. Graduating from Amherst College in 1834, he studied theology at Lane Seminary and settled in 1837 as a Presbyterian minister in Lawrenceburg, Ind., whence he shortly removed to Indianapolis, and preached there until 1847, when he received a call to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Here he acquired and maintained throughout his life a reputation as a pulpit orator of the first rank. He became deeply interested in politics, discussed frequently from the platform the great political questions of the day, and in 1856 and 1860 took an active part in the campaigns. In 1863, he also delivered many Union addresses in Great Britain on subjects relating to the Civil War. Among his chief published works, besides his many volumes of sermons and addresses, are "Lectures to Young Men," "Lecture Room Talks," "Star Papers," and "Yale Lectures on Preaching."

EFFECT OF THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

DELIVERED AT BROOKLYN, APRIL 16, 1865

AGAIN a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night, he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking at home. Upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms, and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. . . .

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business

from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings; that blood was stanched, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth—these thoughts, and that indistinguishable throng of fancies, and hopes, and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, dishevelling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some

impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down, and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish. . . .

This nation has dissolved—but in tears only. It stands four-square, more solid to-day than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. The government is not weakened, it is made stronger. How naturally and easily were the ranks closed! Another steps forward, in the hour that the one fell, to take his place and his mantle; and I avow my belief that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty; true to the whole trust that is reposed in him; vigilant of the Constitution; careful of the laws; wise for

liberty, in that he himself, through his life, has known what it was to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from bitter personal experiences.

Where could the head of government in any monarchy be smitten down by the hand of an assassin, and the funds not quiver or fall one-half of one per cent? After a long period of national disturbance, after four years of drastic war, after tremendous drafts on the resources of the country, in the height and top of our burdens, the heart of this people is such that now, when the head of government is stricken down, the public funds do not waver, but stand as the granite ribs in our mountains.

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar

of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right, and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of his country shake out of place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pallbearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the

infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome. Your sorrows, O people, are his peace. Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God made it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on.

Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man and from among the people. We turn him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies. In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem. Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty.

ORATION AT THE RAISING OF "THE OLD FLAG" AT FORT SUMTER

DELIVERED APRIL 14, 1865

ON this solemn and joyful day we again lift to the breeze our father's flag, now again the banner of the *United* States, with the fervent prayer that God would crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion. Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving. Once, and but once, has treason dishonored it. In that insane hour, when the guiltiest and bloodiest rebellion of time hurled their fires upon this fort, you sir [turning to

General Anderson], and a small heroic band, stood within these now crumbled walls and did gallant and just battle for the honor and defence of the nation's banner.

In that cope of fire this glorious flag still peacefully waved to the breeze above your head, unconscious of harm as the stars and skies above it. Once it was shot down. A gallant hand, in whose care this day it has been, plucked it from the ground and reared it again—"cast down, but not destroyed." After a vain resistance, with trembling hand and sad heart, you withdrew it from its height, closed its wings, and bore it far away, sternly to sleep amid the tumults of rebellion and the thunder of battle. The first act of war had begun. The long night of four years had set in. While the giddy traitors whirled in a maze of exhilaration, dim horrors were already advancing, that were ere long to fill the land with blood.

To-day you are returned again. We devoutly join with you in thanksgiving to Almighty God that he has spared your honored life and vouchsafed you the honors of this day. The heavens over you are the same; the same shores; morning comes, and evening, as they did. All else, how changed! What grim batteries crowd the burdened shores! What scenes have filled this air and disturbed these waters! These shattered heaps of shapeless stone are all that is left of Fort Sumter. Desolation broods in yonder sad city; solemn retribution hath avenged our dishonored banner! You have come back with honor who departed hence, four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism. The surging crowds that rolled up their frenzied shouts as the flag came down are dead, or scattered, or silent; and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason. Rebellion has perished. But there flies the same flag that was insulted. With starry eyes it looks all over this bay for that banner that

supplanted it, and sees it not. You that then, for the day, were humbled are here again, to triumph once and forever. In the storm of that assault this glorious ensign was often struck; but, memorable fact, not one of its stars was torn out by shot or shell. It was a prophecy.

It said: "Not one State shall be struck from this nation by treason!" The fulfilment is at hand. Lifted to the air to-day, it proclaims, after four years of war, "Not a State is blotted out!"

Hail to the flag of our fathers, and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! And glory be to God, who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory and shall ordain peace!

Wherefore have we come hither, pilgrims from distant places? Are we come to exult that Northern hands are stronger than Southern? No, but to rejoice that the hands of those who defend a just and beneficent government are mightier than the hands that assaulted it! Do we exult over fallen cities? We exult that a nation has not fallen. We sorrow with the sorrowful. We sympathize with the desolate. We look upon this shattered fort and yonder dilapidated city with sad eyes, grieved that men should have committed such treason and glad that God hath set such a mark upon treason that all ages shall dread and abhor it.

We exult, not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious; not for temper, but for conscience; not as we devoutly believe that our will is done, but that God's will hath been done. We should be unworthy of that liberty entrusted to our care if on such a day as this we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance; and equally unworthy if we did not devoutly thank him who hath said, "Vengeance is

mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," that he hath set a mark upon arrogant Rebellion, ineffaceable while time lasts!

Since this flag went down on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men? The soil has drunk blood and is glutted. Millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion. Towns and villages have been razed. Fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It came to pass, as the prophet said: "The sun was turned to darkness, and the moon to blood." The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed; morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole States ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sank here, it was as if political night had come and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour.

That long night is ended! And for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks. No more war! No more accursed secession! No more slavery, that spawned them both!

Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag! It says, "Government hath returned hitherto." It proclaims in the name of vindicated government peace and protection to loyalty; humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The nation, not the States, is sovereign. Restored to authority, this flag commands, not supplicates.

There may be pardon, but no concession. There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no honeyed compromises. The nation to-day has peace for the peaceful and war for the turbulent. The only condition of submission is to submit! There is the constitution, there are the laws, there is the

government. They rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved. They are the conditions of peace.

One nation, under one government, without slavery, has been ordained and shall stand. There can be peace on no other basis. On this basis reconstruction is easy and needs neither architect nor engineer. Without this basis no engineer or architect shall ever reconstruct these rebellious States.

We do not want your cities or your fields. We do not envy you your prolific soil or heavens full of perpetual summer. Let agriculture revel here; let manufactures make every stream twice musical; build fleets in every port; inspire the arts of peace with genius second only to that of Athens; and we shall be glad in your gladness and rich in your wealth.

All that we ask is unswerving loyalty and universal liberty. And that, in the name of this high sovereignty of the United States of America, we demand; and that, with the blessing of Almighty God, we will have!

We raise our fathers' banner, that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restore lawful government and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may win parted friends from their alienation; that it may inspire hope and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword "Return to thy sheath," and to the plow and sickle, "Go forth;" that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, compact our strength, purify our principles, ennoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong, not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for the peace of the world, giving to us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies, to sincerer friend-

ship, to rational, instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the cloud, and with solemn fervor beseech God to look upon it and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail.

Why need any eye turn from this spectacle? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when over North and South this flag was honored alike by all? In all our colonial days we were one, in the long Revolutionary struggle, and in the scores of prosperous years succeeding. When the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 aroused the colonies, it was Gadsden of South Carolina that cried with prescient enthusiasm: "We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men. There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on this continent, but all of us," said he, "Americans!" That was the voice of South Carolina. That shall be the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo; but it is coming. We now hear it sighing sadly through the pines; but it shall yet break upon the shore—no North, no West, no South, but one United States of America.

There is scarcely a man born in the South who has lifted his hand against this banner but had a father who would have died for it. Is memory dead? Is there no historic pride? Has a fatal fury struck blindness or hate into eyes that used to look kindly toward each other; that read the same Bible; that hung over the same historic pages of our national glory; that studied the same constitution?

Let this uplifting bring back all of the past that was good, but leave in darkness all that was bad.

It was never before so wholly unspotted; so clear of all wrong; so purely and simply the sign of justice and liberty. Did I say that we brought back the same banner that you bore away, noble and heroic sir? It is not the same. It is more and better than it was. The land is free from slavery since that banner fell.

When God would prepare Moses for emancipation he overthrew his first steps and drove him for forty years to brood in the wilderness. When our flag came down, four years it lay brooding in darkness. It cried to the Lord, "Wherefore am I deposed?" Then arose before it a vision of its sin. It had strengthened the strong and forgotten the weak. It proclaimed liberty, but trod upon slaves.

In that seclusion it dedicated itself to liberty. Behold, to-day it fulfils its vows. When it went down four million people had no flag. To-day it rises and four million people cry out, "Behold our flag!" Hark! they murmur. It is the gospel that they recite in sacred words: "It is a gospel to the poor, it heals our broken hearts, it preaches deliverance to captives, it gives sight to the blind, it sets at liberty them that are bruised." Rise up, then, glorious gospel banner and roll out these messages of God. Tell the air that not a spot now sullies thy whiteness. Thy red is not the blush of shame, but the flush of joy. Tell the dews that wash thee that thou art pure as they. Say to the night that thy stars lead toward the morning; and to the morning that a brighter day arises with healing in its wings. And then, oh! glorious flag, bid the sun pour light on all thy folds with double brightness whilst thou art bearing around and round the world the solemn joy—a race set free! a nation redeemed!

The mighty hand of government, made strong in war by the favor of the God of Battles, spreads wide to-day the ban-

ner of liberty that went down in darkness, that arose in light; and there it streams, like the sun above it, neither parcelled out nor monopolized, but flooding the air with light for all mankind. Ye scattered and broken, ye wounded and dying, bitten by the fiery serpents of oppression everywhere in all the world, look upon this sign, lifted up, and live! And ye homeless and houseless slaves, look and ye are free! At length you too have part and lot in this glorious ensign that broods with impartial love over small and great, the poor and the strong, the bond and the free.

In this solemn hour let us pray for the quick coming of reconciliation and happiness under this common flag!

But we must build again from the foundations in all these now free southern States. No cheap exhortations "to forgetfulness of the past, to restore all things as they were," will do. God does not stretch out his hand, as he has for four dreadful years, that men may easily forget the might of his terrible acts. Restore things as they were? What! the alienations and jealousies, the discords and contentions, and the causes of them? No. In that solemn sacrifice on which a nation has offered up for its sins so many precious victims, loved and lamented, let our sins and mistakes be consumed utterly and forever.

No, never again shall things be restored as before the war. It is written in God's decree, "Old things are passed away." That new earth in which dwelleth righteousness draws near.

Things as they were! Who has an omnipotent hand to restore a million dead, slain in battle, or wasted by sickness, or dying of grief, broken-hearted? Who has omniscience to search for the scattered ones? Who shall restore the lost to broken families? Who shall bring back the squandered treasure, the years of industry wasted, and convince you that

four years of guilty rebellion and cruel war are no more than dirt upon the hand, which a moment's washing removes and leaves the hand clean as before? Such a war reaches down to the very vitals of society.

Emerging from such a prolonged rebellion, he is blind who tells you that the State, by a mere amnesty and benevolence of government, can be put again, by a simple decree, in its old place. It would not be honest, it would not be kind or fraternal, for me to pretend that Southern revolution against the Union has not reacted and wrought revolution in the southern States themselves, and inaugurated a new dispensation.

Society here is like a broken loom, and the piece which rebellion put in, and was weaving, has been cut and every thread broken. You must put in new warp and new woof, and weaving anew as the fabric slowly unwinds, we shall see in it no Gorgon figures, no hideous grotesques of the old barbarism, but the figures of liberty, vines, and golden grains, framing in the heads of Justice, Love, and Liberty!

The august convention of 1787 framed the constitution with this memorable preamble:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this constitution for the United States of America."

Again, in the awful convention of war the people of the United States, for the very ends just recited, have debated, settled, and ordained certain fundamental truths which must henceforth be accepted and obeyed. Nor is any State or any individual wise who shall disregard them. They are to civil

affairs what the natural laws are to health,—indispensable conditions of peace and happiness.

What are the ordinances given by the people, speaking out of fire and darkness of war, with authority inspired by that same God who gave the law from Sinai amid thunders and trumpet voices?

1. That these United States shall be one and indivisible.

2. That States have not absolute sovereignty and have no right to dismember the republic.

3. That universal liberty is indispensable to republican government, and that slavery shall be utterly and forever abolished!

Such are the results of war. These are the best fruits of the war. They are worth all they have cost. They are foundations of peace. They will secure benefits to all nations as well as to ours.

Our highest wisdom and duty is to accept the facts as the decrees of God. We are exhorted to forget all that has happened. Yes, the wrath, the conflict, the cruelty, but not those overruling decrees of God which this war has pronounced. As solemnly as on Mount Sinai, God says, "Remember! Remember! Hear it to-day." Under this sun, under that bright child of the sun, our banner, with the eyes of this nation and of the world upon us, we repeat the syllables of God's providence and recite the solemn decrees: No more disunion! No more secession! No more slavery!

Why did this civil war begin? We do not wonder that European statesmen failed to comprehend this conflict, and that foreign philanthropists were shocked at a murderous war that seemed to have had no moral origin, but, like the brutal fights of beasts of prey, to have sprung from ferocious animalism. This great nation,—filling all profitable lati-

tudes, cradled between two oceans, with inexhaustible resources, with riches increasing in an unparalleled ratio by agriculture, by manufactures, by commerce, with schools and churches, with books and newspapers thick as leaves in our own forests, with institutions sprung from the people and peculiarly adapted to their genius; a nation not sluggish but active, used to excitement, practical in political wisdom, and accustomed to self-government, and all its vast outlying parts held together by a federal government mild in temper, gentle in administration, and beneficent in results,—seemed to have been formed for peace.

All at once, in this hemisphere of happiness and hope, there came drooping clouds with fiery bolts full of death and desolation. At a cannon-shot upon this fort, the nation, as if it had been a trained army lying on its arms awaiting a signal, rose up and began a war of defence which, for awfulness, rises into the first rank of eminence. The front of battle, going with the sun, was twelve hundred miles long; and the depth, measured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast area more than two million men, first and last, for four years, have, in skirmish, fight, and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts; while a coast and river line not less than four thousand miles in length has swarmed with fleets freighted with artillery. The very industry of the country seemed to have been touched by some infernal wand, and, with sudden wheel, changed its front from peace to war. The anvils of the land beat like drums. As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose new and strange iron-clad machines of war.

And so, in a nation of peaceful habits, without external provocation, there arose such a storm of war as blackened the whole horizon and hemisphere. What wonder that for-

eign observers stood amazed at this fanatical fury that seemed without divine guidance and inspired wholly with infernal frenzy?

The explosion was sudden, but the train had long been laid. We must consider the condition of Southern society if we would understand the mystery of this iniquity. Society in the South resolves itself into three divisions, more sharply distinguished than in any other part of the nation. At the base is the laboring class, made up of slaves. Next is the middle class, made up of traders, small farmers, and poor men. The lower edge of this class touches the slave and the upper edge reaches up to the third and ruling class. This class was a small minority in numbers, but in practical ability they had centred in their hands the whole government of the South and had mainly governed the country.

Upon this polished, cultured, exceedingly capable, and wholly unprincipled class rests the whole burden of this war. Forced up by the bottom-heat of slavery, the ruling class in all the disloyal States arrogated to themselves a superiority not compatible with republican equality or with just morals. They claimed a right of pre-eminence. An evil prophet arose who trained these wild and luxuriant shoots of ambition to the shapely form of a political philosophy.

By its re-agents they precipitated labor to the bottom of society and left at the top what they thought to be a clarified fluid. In their political economy labor was to be owned by capital. In their theory of government a few were to rule the many. They boldly avowed, not the fact alone that under all forms of government the few rule the many, but their right and duty to do so. Set free from the necessity of labor, they conceived a contempt for those who felt its wholesome regimen. Believing themselves foreordained to supremacy,

they regarded the popular vote, when it failed to register their wishes, as an intrusion and a nuisance. They were born in a garden, and popular liberty, like freshets over-swelling their banks, covered their dainty walks and flowers with the slime and mud of democratic votes.

When with shrewd observation they saw the growth of the popular element in the northern States, they instinctively took in the inevitable events. It must be controlled or cut off from a nation governed by gentlemen! Their power to control that popular element became less every decade; and they prepared secretly and earnestly, with wide conference and mutual connivance, to separate the South from the North.

We are to distinguish between the pretended and the real causes of this war.

To inflame and unite the great middle class of the South who had no interest in separation and no business with war, they alleged grievances that never existed and employed arguments which they, better than all other men, knew to be specious and false. Slavery itself was cared for only as an instrument of power or of excitement. They had unalterably fixed their eyes upon empire, and all was good which would secure that, and bad which hindered it.

Thus the ruling class of the South,—an aristocracy as intense, proud, and inflexible as ever existed; not limited either by customs or institutions; not recognized and adjusted in the regular order of society, playing a reciprocal part in its machinery, but secret, disowning its own existence, baptized with the ostentatious name of democracy; obsequious to the people for the sake of governing them; this nameless, lurking aristocracy, that ran in the blood of society like a rash not yet come to the skin; this political tapeworm that produced nothing but lay coiled in the body, feeding on its nutriment, and

holding the whole structure to be but a servant set up to nourish it,—this aristocracy of the plantation with firm and deliberate resolve brought on the war that they might cut the land in two, and clearing themselves from incorrigible free society, set up a sterner, statelier empire where slaves worked that gentlemen might live at ease. Nor can there be any doubt that though, at first, they meant to erect the form of republican government this was but a device; a step necessary to the securing of that power by which they should be able to change the whole economy of society.

That they never dreamed of such a war we may well believe. That they would have accepted it, though twice as bloody, if only thus they could rule, none can doubt that knows the temper of these worst men of modern society. But they miscalculated. They understood the people of the South; but they were totally incapable of understanding the character of the great working classes of the loyal States. That industry which is the foundation of independence, and so of equity, they stigmatized as stupid drudgery or as mean avarice. That general intelligence and independence of thought which schools for the common people and newspapers breed they reviled as the incitement of unsettled zeal running easily into fanaticism.

They more thoroughly misunderstood the profound sentiment of loyalty and the deep love of country which pervaded the common people. If those who knew them best had never suspected the depth and power of that loyalty and love which threw them into an agony of grief when the flag was here humbled, how should they conceive of it who were wholly disjoined from them in sympathy? The whole land rose up, you remember, when the flag came down, as if inspired unconsciously by the breath of the Almighty and the power of

Omnipotence. It was as when one pierces the banks of the Mississippi for a rivulet and the whole raging stream plunges through with headlong course. There they calculated and miscalculated.

And more than all, they miscalculated the bravery of men who have been trained under law; who are civilized and hate personal brawls; who are so protected by society as to have dismissed all thought of self-defence; the whole force of whose life is turned to peaceful pursuits. These arrogant conspirators against government, with Chinese vanity, believed that they could blow away the self-respecting citizens as chaff from the battle-field. Few of them are left alive to ponder their mistake.

Here, then, are the roots of this civil war. It was not a quarrel of wild beasts; it was an inflection of the strife of ages between power and right, between ambition and equity. An armed band of pestilent conspirators sought the nation's life. Her children rose up and fought at every door and room and hall to thrust out the murderers and save the house and household. It was not legitimately a war between the common people of the North and South. The war was set on by the ruling class, the aristocratic conspirators, of the South. They suborned the common people with lies, with sophistries, with cruel deceits and slanders, to fight for secret objects which they abhorred and against interests as dear to them as their own lives.

I charge the whole guilt of this war upon the ambitious, educated, plotting political leaders of the South. They have shed this ocean of blood. They have desolated the South. They have poured poverty through all her towns and cities. They have bewildered the imagination of the people with phantasms and led them to believe that they were fighting for

their homes and liberty, whose homes were unthreatened and whose liberty was in no jeopardy.

These arrogant instigators of civil war have renewed the plagues of Egypt, not that the oppressed might go free but that the free might be oppressed. A day will come when God will reveal judgment and arraign at his bar these mighty miscreants; and then every orphan that their bloody game has made and every widow that sits sorrowing and every maimed and wounded sufferer and every bereaved heart in all the wide regions of this land, will rise up and come before the Lord to lay upon these chief culprits of modern history their awful witness. And from a thousand battle-fields shall rise up armies of airy witnesses, who, with the memory of their awful sufferings, shall confront these miscreants with shrieks of fierce accusation; and every pale and starved prisoner shall raise his skinny hand in judgment. Blood shall call out for vengeance and tears shall plead for justice, and grief shall silently beckon, and love, heart-smitten, shall wail for justice. Good men and angels will cry out, "How long, oh Lord, how long wilt thou not avenge?"

And then those guiltiest and most remorseless traitors, these high and cultured men with might and wisdom used for the destruction of their country; these most detested of all criminals that have drenched a continent in needless blood and moved the foundations of their times with hideous crimes and cruelty, shall be plunged downward forever and forever in an endless retribution, while God shall say "Thus shall it be to all who betray their country;" and all in heaven and upon the earth will say "Amen!"

But for the people misled, for the multitudes drafted and driven into their civil war, let not a trace of animosity remain. The moment their willing hand drops the musket and they

return to their allegiance, then stretch out your own honest right hand to greet them. Recall to them the old days of kindness. Our hearts wait for their redemption. All the resources of a renovated nation shall be applied to rebuild their prosperity and smooth down the furrows of war.

Has this long and weary period of strife been an unmingled evil? Had nothing been gained? Yes, much. This nation has attained its manhood.

Among Indian customs is one which admits young men to the rank of warriors only after severe trials of hunger, fatigue, pain, endurance. They reach their station, not through years, but ordeals. Our nation has suffered and now is strong.

The sentiment of loyalty and patriotism, next in importance to religion, has been rooted and grounded. We have something to be proud of and pride helps love. Never so much as now did we love our country.

But four such years of education in ideas, in the knowledge of political truth, in the lore of history, in the geography of our own country, almost every inch of which we have probed with the bayonet, have never passed before. There is half a hundred years' advance in four.

We believed in our institutions and principles before; but now we know their power. It is one thing to look upon artillery and be sure that it is loaded; it is another thing to prove its power in battle. We believed in the hidden power stored in our institutions; we had never before seen this nation thundering like Mount Sinai at all those that worshipped the calf at the base of the mountain.

A people educated and moral are competent to all the exigencies of national life. A vote can govern better than a crown. We have proved it. A people intelligent and re-

ligious are strong in all economic elements. They are fitted for peace and competent to war. They are not easily inflamed and when justly incensed not easily extinguished. They are patient in adversity, endure cheerfully needful burdens, tax themselves for real wants more royally than any prince would dare to tax his people. They pour forth without stint relief for the sufferings of war, and raise charity out of the realm of a dole into a munificent duty of beneficence.

The habit of industry among freemen prepares them to meet the exhaustion of war with increase of productiveness commensurate with the need that exists. Their habits of skill enable them at once to supply such armies as only freedom can muster with arms and munition such as only free industry can create. Free society is terrible in war and afterward repairs the mischief of war with celerity almost as great as that with which the ocean heals the seams gashed in it by the keels of ploughing ships.

Free society is fruitful of military genius. It comes when called; when no longer needed it falls back, as waves do to the level of the common sea, that no wave may be greater than the undivided water. With proof of strength so great, yet in its infancy, we stand up among the nations of the world, asking no privileges, asserting no rights, but quietly assuming our place, and determine to be second to none in the race of civilization and religion.

Of all nations we are the most dangerous and the least to be feared. We need not expound the perils that wait upon enemies that assault us. They are sufficiently understood. But we are not a dangerous people because we are warlike. All the arrogant attitudes of this nation, so offensive to foreign governments, were inspired by slavery under the admin-

istration of its minions. Our tastes, our habits, our interests, and our principles incline us to the arts of peace.

This nation was founded by the common people for the common people. We are seeking to embody in public economy more liberty, with higher justice and virtue, than have been organized before. By the necessity of our doctrines we are put in sympathy with the masses of men in all nations. It is not our business to subdue nations, but to augment the powers of the common people. The vulgar ambition of mere domination, as it belongs to universal human nature, may tempt us; but it is withstood by the whole force of our principles, our habits, our precedents, and our legends.

We acknowledge the obligation which our better political principles lay upon us to set an example more temperate, humane, and just than monarchical governments can. We will not suffer wrong, and still less will we inflict it upon other nations. Nor are we concerned that so many, ignorant of our conflict, for the present misconceive the reasons of our invincible military zeal. "Why contend," say they, "for a little territory that you do not need?" Because it is ours. Because it is the interest of every citizen to save it from becoming a fortress and refuge of iniquity. This nation is our house, and our fathers' house; and accursed be the man who will not defend it to the uttermost. More territory than we need? England, that is not large enough to be our pocket, may think that it is more than we need because it is more than it needs; but we are better judges of what we need than others are.

Shall a philanthropist say to a banker who defends himself against a robber, "Why do you need so much money?" But we will not reason with such questions. When any foreign nation will willingly divide its territory and give it cheer-

fully away, we will answer the question why we are fighting for territory.

At present, for I pass to the consideration of benefits that accrue to the South in distinction from the rest of the nation, the South reaps only suffering; but good seed lies buried under the furrows of war that peace will bring to harvest.

Deadly doctrines have been purged away in blood. The subtle poison of seccession was a perpetual threat of revolution. The sword has ended that danger. That which reason had affirmed as a philosophy the people have settled as a fact. Theory pronounces, "There can be no permanent government where each integral particle has liberty to fly off." Who would venture upon a voyage on a ship each plank and timber of which might withdraw at its pleasure? But the people have reasoned by the logic of the sword and of the ballot, and they have declared that States are inseparable parts of national government. They are not sovereign. State rights remain; but sovereignty is a right higher than all others; and that has been made into a common stock for the benefit of all. All further agitation is ended. This element must be cast out of political problems. Henceforth that poison will not rankle in the blood.

Another thing has been learned: the rights and duties of minorities. The people of the whole nation are of more authority than the people of any section. These United States are supreme over northern, western, and southern States. It ought not to have required the awful chastisement of this war to teach that a minority must submit the control of the nation's government to a majority. The army and navy have been good political schoolmasters. The lesson is learned. Not for many generations will it require further illustration.

No other lesson will be more fruitful of peace than the dispersion of those conceits of vanity which on either side have clouded the recognition of the manly courage of all Americans. If it be a sign of manhood to be able to fight, then Americans are men. The North, certainly, is in no doubt whatever of the soldierly qualities of Southern men. Southern soldiers have learned that all latitudes breed courage on this continent. Courage is a passport to respect. The people of all the regions of this nation are likely hereafter to cherish a generous admiration of each other's prowess. The war has bred respect, and respect will breed affection, and affection, peace and unity.

No other event of the war can fill an intelligent Southern man, of candid nature, with more surprise than the revelation of the capacity, moral and military, of the black race. It is a revelation indeed. No people were ever less understood by those most familiar with them. They were said to be lazy, lying, impudent, and cowardly wretches, driven by the whip alone to the tasks needful to their own support and the functions of civilization. They were said to be dangerous, bloodthirsty, liable to insurrection; but four years of tumultuous distress and war have rolled across the area inhabited by them, and I have yet to hear of one authentic instance of the misconduct of a colored man. They have been patient, and gentle, and docile, and full of faith, and hope, and piety; and, when summoned to freedom they have emerged with all the signs and tokens that freedom will be to them what it was to us, the swaddling-band that shall bring them to manhood. And after the government, honoring them as men, summoned them to the field, when once they were disciplined and had learned the arts of war they proved themselves to be not second to their white brethren in arms. And when the roll

of men that had shed their blood is called in the other land, many and many a dusky face will rise, dark no more when the light of eternal glory shall shine upon it from the throne of God.

The industry of the southern States is regenerated and now rests upon a basis that never fails to bring prosperity. Just now industry is collapsed; but it is not dead. It sleepeth. It is vital yet. It will spring like mown grass from the roots that need but showers and heat and time to bring them forth.

Though in many districts this generation may not see the wanton wastes of self-invoked war repaired, and though many portions may lapse again to wilderness; yet in our lifetime we shall see States, as a whole, raised to a prosperity vital, wholesome, and immovable.

The destruction of class interests, working with a religion which tends toward true democracy in proportion as it is pure and free, will create a new era of prosperity for the common laboring people of the South. Upon them have come the labor, the toil, and the loss of this war. They have fought blindfolded. They have fought for a class that sought their degradation while they were made to believe that it was for their own homes and altars. Their leaders meant a supremacy which would not long have left them political liberty save in name. But their leaders are swept away. The sword has been hungry for the ruling classes. It has sought them out with remorseless zeal. New men are to rise up; new ideas are to bud and blossom; and there will be men with different ambition and altered policy.

Meanwhile the South, no longer a land of plantations but of farms; no longer filled by slaves, but by freemen, will find no hindrance to the spread of education. Schools will mul-

tiply. Books and papers will spread. Churches will bless every hamlet. There is a good day coming for the South. Through darkness and tears and blood she has sought it. It has been an unconscious *via dolorosa*. But in the end it will be worth all it has cost. Her institutions before were deadly; she nourished death in her bosom; the greater her secular prosperity the more sure was her ruin; and every year of delay but made the change more terrible. Now, by an earthquake, the evil is shaken down, and her own historians, in a better day, shall write that from the day the sword cut off the cancer she began to find her health.

What, then, shall hinder the rebuilding of this republic? The evil spirit is cast out; why should not this nation cease to wander among tombs cutting itself? Why should it not come clothed, and in its right mind, to sit at the feet of Jesus? Is it feared that the government will oppress the conquered States? What possible motive has the government to narrow the base of that pyramid on which its own permanence depends?

It is feared that the rights of the States will be withheld? The South is not more jealous of State rights than the North. State rights from the earliest colonial days have been the peculiar pride and jealousy of New England. In every stage of national formation it was peculiarly northern, and not southern, statesmen that guarded State rights as we were forming the constitution. But once united, the loyal States gave up forever that which had been delegated to the national government. And now, in the hour of victory, the loyal States do not mean to trench upon southern State rights. They will not do it or suffer it to be done. There is not to be one rule for high latitudes and another for low. We take nothing from the southern States that has not already

been taken from the northern. The South shall have just those rights that every eastern, every middle, every western State has—no more or less.

We are not seeking our own aggrandizement by impoverishing the South. Its prosperity is an indispensable element of our own. We have shown by all that we have suffered in war how great is our estimate of the southern States of this Union; and we will measure that estimate now in peace by still greater exertions for their rebuilding.

Will reflecting men not perceive, then, the wisdom of accepting established facts, and, with alacrity of enterprise, begin to retrieve the past?

Slavery cannot come back. It is the interest therefore of every man to hasten its end. Do you want more war? Are you not yet weary of contest? Will you gather up the unexploded fragments of this prodigious magazine of all mischief and heap them up for continued explosions? Does not the South need peace? And since free labor is inevitable will you have it in its worst forms or its best? Shall it be ignorant, impertinent, indolent; or shall it be educated, self-respecting, moral, and self-supporting? Will you have men as drudges or will you have them as citizens? Since they have vindicated the government and cemented its foundation-stones with their blood may they not offer the tribute of their support to maintain its laws and its policy? It is better for religion; it is better for political integrity; it is better for industry; it is better for money, if you will have that ground-motive, that you should educate the black man, and by education make him a citizen. They who refuse education to the black man would turn the South into a vast poorhouse, and labor into a pendulum, incessantly vibrating between poverty and indolence.

From this pulpit of broken stone we speak forth our earnest greeting to all our land.

We offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom.

To the members of the government associated with him in the administration of perilous affairs in critical times, to the senators and representatives of the United States who have eagerly fashioned the instruments by which the popular will might express and enforce itself, we tender our grateful thanks.

To the officers and men of the army and navy who have so faithfully, skilfully and gloriously upheld their country's authority by suffering, labor, and sublime courage, we offer a heart-tribute beyond the compass of words.

Upon those true and faithful citizens, men and women, who have borne up with unflinching hope in the darkest hour and covered the land with their labor of love and charity, we invoke the divinest blessing of him whom they have so truly imitated.

But chiefly to thee, God of our fathers, we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace.

We invoke peace upon the North. Peace be to the West. Peace be upon the South!

In the name of God we lift up our banner and dedicate it to peace, union, and liberty, now and forever more. Amen.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS, American Democratic politician, popularly known in his day as "The Little Giant," was born at Brandon, Vt., April 23, 1813, and died at Chicago, Ill., June 3, 1861. He studied for three years at the Academy of Canandaigua, and in 1833 settled at Jacksonville, Ill., where, for a time, he supported himself by keeping school. Called to the Bar in 1834, he early gained a lucrative practice, and in the following year was chosen Attorney-General of the State. In 1835, he was elected a member of the legislature of his own State, and five years later became Illinois Secretary of State. He was a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State from 1841 until 1843, when he resigned the office to become a Representative in the Federal Congress. In 1847, he was sent from Illinois to the United States Senate. In 1852, and again in 1856, he received active support as a candidate for the Presidency in the Democratic National Convention. In January, 1854, he reported to the Senate what became known as the Nebraska Bill, a measure which repealed the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and declared the people of any Territory free to regulate its domestic institutions in its own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. In 1857, Douglas denounced and opposed the admission of Kansas into the Union, under the Lecompton Constitution, and in the following year engaged in a close and exciting contest for the United States senatorship with Abraham Lincoln, the then Republican candidate. Successful in his candidature, he however alienated most of the Slave-holding States, who refused to support him for the Presidency in 1860. The Democratic National Convention, held in that year, was rent asunder, but Douglas was nominated by one of the fragments, and received a large popular vote. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he urged all patriotic men to sustain the Union and the Constitution, giving Mr. Lincoln's administration a loyal and hearty support, and in his public speeches execrating Secession as "madness and a crime." Even on his deathbed, he appealed to all patriotic men to uphold the national government against all assailants and to rally for the preservation of the Union.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

IN THE FIRST LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATE

OPENING SPEECH DELIVERED AT OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 21, 1858

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— I appear before you to-day for the purpose of discussing the leading political topics which now agitate the public mind. By an arrangement between Mr. Lincoln and myself, we are present here to-day for the purpose of having a joint discussion, as the representatives of the two great political parties of the State and Union, upon the principles in issue between those parties; and this vast concourse of people shows the deep feeling which pervades the public mind in regard to the questions dividing us.

Prior to 1854 this country was divided into two great political parties, known as the Whig and Democratic parties. Both were national and patriotic, advocating principles that were universal in their application. An old-line Whig could proclaim his principles in Louisiana and Massachusetts alike. Whig principles had no boundary sectional line: they were not limited by the Ohio River, nor by the Potomac, nor by the line of the free and slave States, but applied and were proclaimed wherever the constitution ruled or the American flag waved over the American soil. So it was and so it is with the great Democratic party, which, from the days of Jefferson until this period, has proven itself to be the historic party of this nation. While the Whig and Democratic parties differed in regard to a bank, the tariff, distribution, the specie circular, and the sub-treasury, they agreed on the great slavery question which now agitates the Union. . . .

During the session of Congress of 1853–54 I introduced into the Senate of the United States a bill to organize the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska on that principle which had been adopted in the compromise measures of 1850, approved by the Whig party and the Democratic party in Illinois in 1851, and indorsed by the Whig party and the Democratic party in national convention in 1852. In order that there might be no misunderstanding in relation to the principle involved in the Kansas and Nebraska bill, I put forth the true intent and meaning of the act in these words: "It is the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any State or Territory, or to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the federal constitution."

Thus you see that up to 1854, when the Kansas and Nebraska bill was brought into Congress for the purpose of carrying out the principles which both parties had up to that time indorsed and approved, there had been no division in this country in regard to that principle except the opposition of the Abolitionists. In the House of Representatives of the Illinois legislature, upon a resolution asserting that principle, every Whig and every Democrat in the House voted in the affirmative, and only four men voted against it, and those four were old-line Abolitionists.

In 1854 Mr. Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Lyman Trumbull entered into an arrangement, one with the other, and each with his respective friends, to dissolve the old Whig party on the one hand, and to dissolve the old Democratic party on the other, and to connect the members of both into an Abolition party, under the name and disguise of a Republican party. The terms of that arrangement between Lincoln and

Trumbull have been published by Lincoln's special friend, James H. Matheny, Esq.; and they were that Lincoln should have General Shields's place in the United States Senate, which was then about to become vacant, and that Trumbull should have my seat when my term expired.

Lincoln went to work to abolitionize the old Whig party all over the State, pretending that he was then as good a Whig as ever; and Trumbull went to work in his part of the State preaching abolitionism in its milder and lighter form, and trying to abolitionize the Democratic party, and bring old Democrats handcuffed and bound hand and foot into the Abolition camp. In pursuance of the arrangement the parties met at Springfield in October, 1854, and proclaimed their new platform.

Lincoln was to bring into the Abolition camp the old-line Whigs, and transfer them over to Giddings, Chase, Fred Douglass, and Parson Lovejoy, who were ready to receive them and christen them in their new faith. They laid down on that occasion a platform for their new Republican party, which was thus to be constructed. I have the resolutions of the State convention then held, which was the first mass State convention ever held in Illinois by the Black Republican party; and I now hold them in my hands and will read a part of them, and cause the others to be printed. Here are the most important and material resolutions of this Abolition platform: —

1. *Resolved,* That we believe this truth to be self-evident, that, when parties become subversive of the ends for which they are established, or incapable of restoring the government to the true principles of the constitution, it is the right and duty of the people to dissolve the political bands by which they may have been connected therewith, and to organize new parties upon such principles and with such

views as the circumstances and the exigencies of the nation may demand.

2. *Resolved,* That the times imperatively demand the reorganization of parties, and, repudiating all previous party attachments, names, and predilections, we unite ourselves together in defence of the liberty and constitution of the country, and will hereafter co-operate as the Republican party, pledged to the accomplishment of the following purposes: to bring the administration of the government back to the control of first principles; to restore Nebraska and Kansas to the position of free Territories; that, as the constitution of the United States vests in the States, and not in Congress, the power to legislate for the extradition of fugitives from labor, to repeal and entirely abrogate the Fugitive Slave Law; to restrict slavery to those States in which it exists; to prohibit the admission of any more slave States into the Union; to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; to exclude slavery from all the Territories over which the general government has exclusive jurisdiction; and to resist the acquirement of any more Territories unless the practice of slavery therein forever shall have been prohibited.

3. *Resolved,* That in furtherance of these principles we will use such constitutional and lawful means as shall seem best adapted to their accomplishment, and that we will support no man for office, under the general or State government, who is not positively and fully committed to the support of these principles, and whose personal character and conduct is not a guarantee that he is reliable, and who shall not have abjured old party allegiance and ties.

Now, gentlemen, your Black Republicans have cheered every one of those propositions; and yet I venture to say that you cannot get Mr. Lincoln to come out and say that he is now in favor of each one of them. That these propositions, one and all, constitute the platform of the Black Republican party of this day, I have no doubt; and, when you were not aware for what purpose I was reading them, your Black Republicans cheered them as good Black Republican doctrines.

My object in reading these resolutions was to put the question to Abraham Lincoln this day, whether he now stands and will stand by each article in that creed, and carry it out. I desire to know whether Mr. Lincoln to-day stands as he did in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to-day, as he did in 1854, against the admission of any more slave States into the Union, even if the people want them. I want to know whether he stands pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union with such a constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make. I want to know whether he stands to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to the prohibition of the slave-trade between the different States. I desire to know whether he stands pledged to prohibit slavery in all the Territories of the United States, north as well as south of the Missouri Compromise line. I desire him to answer whether he is opposed to the acquisition of any more territory unless slavery is prohibited therein. I want his answer to these questions.

Your affirmative cheers in favor of this Abolition platform are not satisfactory. I ask Abraham Lincoln to answer these questions, in order that, when I trot him down to lower Egypt, I may put the same questions to him. My principles are the same everywhere. I can proclaim them alike in the North, the South, the East, and the West. My principles will apply wherever the constitution prevails and the American flag waves. I desire to know whether Mr. Lincoln's principles will bear transplanting from Ottawa to Jonesboro?

I put these questions to him to-day distinctly, and ask an

answer. I have a right to an answer; for I quote from the platform of the Republican party, made by himself and others at the time that party was formed, and the bargain made by Lincoln to dissolve and kill the old Whig party, and transfer its members, bound hand and foot, to the Abolition party, under the direction of Giddings and Fred Douglass.

In the remarks I have made on this platform, and the position of Mr. Lincoln upon it, I mean nothing personally disrespectful or unkind to that gentleman. I have known him for nearly twenty-five years. There were many points of sympathy between us when we first got acquainted. We were both comparatively boys, and both struggling with poverty in a strange land. I was a school-teacher in the town of Winchester, and he a flourishing grocery-keeper in the town of Salem. He was more successful in his occupation than I was in mine, and hence more fortunate in this world's goods. Lincoln is one of those peculiar men who perform with admirable skill everything which they undertake. I made as good a school-teacher as I could, and, when a cabinet-maker, I made a good bedstead and tables, although my old boss said I succeeded better with bureaus and secretaries than with anything else; but I believe that Lincoln was always more successful in business than I, for his business enabled him to get into the legislature. I met him there, however, and had sympathy with him, because of the up-hill struggle we both had in life. He was then just as good at telling an anecdote as now. He could beat any of the boys wrestling or running a foot-race, in pitching quoits or tossing a copper; could ruin more liquor than all the boys of the town together; and the dignity and impartiality with which he presided at a horse-race or fist-fight excited the admiration

and won the praise of everybody that was present and participated. I sympathized with him because he was struggling with difficulties, and so was I.

Mr. Lincoln served with me in the legislature in 1836, when we both retired; and he subsided or became submerged, and he was lost sight of as a public man for some years. In 1846, when Wilmot introduced his celebrated proviso, and the Abolition tornado swept over the country, Lincoln again turned up as a member of Congress from the Sangamon district. I was then in the Senate of the United States, and was glad to welcome my old friend and companion. Whilst in Congress, he distinguished himself by his opposition to the Mexican war, taking the side of the common enemy against his own country; and, when he returned home, he found that the indignation of the people followed him everywhere, and he was again submerged, or obliged to retire into private life, forgotten by his former friends.

He came up again in 1854, just in time to make this Abolition or Black Republican platform, in company with Giddings, Lovejoy, Chase, and Fred Douglass, for the Republican party to stand upon. Trumbull, too, was one of our own contemporaries. He was born and raised in old Connecticut, was bred a Federalist, but, removing to Georgia, turned Nullifier when nullification was popular, and, as soon as he disposed of his clocks and wound up his business, migrated to Illinois, turned politician and lawyer here, and made his appearance in 1841 as a member of the legislature. He became noted as the author of the scheme to repudiate a large portion of the State debt of Illinois, which, if successful, would have brought infamy and disgrace upon the fair escutcheon of our glorious State. The odium attached to that measure consigned him to oblivion for a time. I helped to

do it. I walked into a public meeting in the hall of the House of Representatives, and replied to his repudiating speeches, and resolutions were carried over his head denouncing repudiation, and asserting the moral and legal obligation of Illinois to pay every dollar of the debt she owed and every bond that bore her seal. Trumbull's malignity has followed me since I thus defeated his infamous scheme.

These two men, having formed this combination to abolitionize the old Whig party and the old Democratic party, and put themselves into the Senate of the United States, in pursuance of their bargain, are now carrying out that arrangement. Matheny states that Trumbull broke faith; that the bargain was that Lincoln should be the senator in Shields's place, and Trumbull was to wait for mine; and the story goes that Trumbull cheated Lincoln, having control of four or five abolitionized Democrats who were holding over in the Senate. He would not let them vote for Lincoln, which obliged the rest of the Abolitionists to support him in order to secure an Abolition senator. There are a number of authorities for the truth of this besides Matheny, and I suppose that even Mr. Lincoln will not deny it.

Mr. Lincoln demands that he shall have the place intended for Trumbull, as Trumbull cheated him and got his; and Trumbull is stumping the State, traducing me for the purpose of securing the position for Lincoln, in order to quiet him It was in consequence of this arrangement that the Republican convention was impanelled to instruct for Lincoln and nobody else; and it was on this account that they passed resolutions that he was their first, their last, and their only choice. Archy Williams was nowhere, Browning was nobody, Wentworth was not to be considered; they had no man in the Republican party for the place except Lincoln, for the reason

that he demanded that they should carry out the arrangement.

Having formed this new party for the benefit of deserters from Whiggery and deserters from Democracy, and having laid down the Abolition platform which I have read, Lincoln now takes his stand and proclaims his Abolition doctrines. Let me read a part of them. In his speech at Springfield to the convention which nominated him for the Senate he said: —

"In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, — I do not expect the house to fall, — but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, — old as well as new, North as well as South." ["Good," "Good," and cheers.]

I am delighted to hear you Black Republicans say, "Good." I have no doubt that doctrine expresses your sentiments; and I will prove to you now, if you will listen to me, that it is revolutionary and destructive of the existence of this government. Mr. Lincoln, in the extract from which I have read, says that this government cannot endure permanently in the same condition in which it was made by its framers — divided into free and slave States. He says that it has existed for about seventy years thus divided, and yet he tells you that it cannot endure permanently on the same principles and in the same relative condition in which our fathers made it. Why

can it not exist divided into free and slave States? Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Jay, and the great men of that day made this government divided into free States and slave States, and left each State perfectly free to do as it pleased on the subject of slavery. Why can it not exist on the same principles on which our fathers made it? They knew when they framed the constitution that in a country as wide and broad as this, with such a variety of climate, production, and interest, the people necessarily required different laws and institutions in different localities.

They knew that the laws and regulations which would suit the granite hills of New Hampshire would be unsuited to the rice plantations of South Carolina; and they therefore provided that each State should retain its own legislature and its own sovereignty, with the full and complete power to do as it pleased within its own limits, in all that was local and not national.

One of the reserved rights of the States was the right to regulate the relations between master and servant, on the slavery question. At the time the constitution was framed there were thirteen States in the Union, twelve of which were slaveholding States and one a free State. Suppose this doctrine of uniformity preached by Mr. Lincoln, that the States should all be free or all be slave, had prevailed; and what would have been the result? Of course, the twelve slaveholding States would have overruled the one free State; and slavery would have been fastened by a constitutional provision on every inch of the American republic, instead of being left, as our fathers wisely left it, to each State to decide for itself. Here I assert that uniformity in the local laws and institutions of the different States is neither possible nor desirable. If uniformity had been adopted when the government was estab-

lished, it must inevitably have been the uniformity of slavery everywhere, or else the uniformity of negro citizenship and negro equality everywhere.

We are told by Lincoln that he is utterly opposed to the Dred Scott decision, and will not submit to it, for the reason that he says it deprives the negro of the rights and privileges of citizenship. That is the first and main reason which he assigns for his warfare on the supreme court of the United States and its decision.

I ask you, Are you in favor of conferring upon the negro the rights and privileges of citizenship? Do you desire to strike out of our State constitution that clause which keeps slaves and free negroes out of the State, and allow the free negroes to flow in, and cover your prairies with black settlements? Do you desire to turn this beautiful State into a free negro colony, in order that, when Missouri abolishes slavery, she can send one hundred thousand emancipated slaves into Illinois, to become citizens and voters, on an equality with yourselves? If you desire negro citizenship, if you desire to allow them to come into the State and settle with the white man, if you desire them to vote on an equality with yourselves, and to make them eligible to office, to serve on juries, and to adjudge your rights, then support Mr. Lincoln and the Black Republican party, who are in favor of the citizenship of the negro.

For one, I am opposed to negro citizenship in any and every form. I believe this government was made on the white basis. I believe it was made by white men, for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever; and I am in favor of confining citizenship to white men, men of European birth and descent, instead of conferring it upon negroes, Indians, and other inferior races.

Mr. Lincoln, following the example and lead of all the little Abolition orators who go around and lecture in the basements of schools and churches, reads from the Declaration of Independence that all men were created equal, and then asks how can you deprive a negro of that equality which God and the Declaration of Independence award to him? He and they maintain that negro equality is guaranteed by the laws of God, and that it is asserted in the Declaration of Independence. If they think so, of course they have a right to say so, and so vote. I do not question Mr. Lincoln's conscientious belief that the negro was made his equal, and hence is his brother; but, for my own part, I do not regard the negro as my equal and positively deny that he is my brother or any kin to me whatever.

Lincoln has evidently learned by heart Parson Lovejoy's catechism. He can repeat it as well as Farnsworth, and he is worthy of a medal from Father Giddings and Fred Douglass for his abolitionism. He holds that the negro was born his equal and yours, and that he was endowed with equality by the Almighty, and that no human law can deprive him of these rights which were guaranteed to him by the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

Now, I do not believe that the Almighty ever intended the negro to be the equal of the white man. If he did, he has been a long time demonstrating the fact. For thousands of years the negro has been a race upon the earth; and during all that time, in all latitudes and climates, wherever he has wandered or been taken, he has been inferior to the race which he has there met. He belongs to an inferior race, and must always occupy an inferior position. I do not hold that, because the negro is our inferior, therefore he ought to be a slave. By no means can such a conclusion be drawn from what I have said.

On the contrary, I hold that humanity and Christianity both require that the negro shall have and enjoy every right, every privilege, and every immunity consistent with the safety of the society in which he lives. On that point, I presume, there can be no diversity of opinion. You and I are bound to extend to our inferior and dependent beings every right, every privilege, every facility and immunity consistent with the public good.

The question then arises, What rights and privileges are consistent with the public good? This is a question which each State and each Territory must decide for itself. Illinois has decided it for herself. We have provided that the negro shall not be a slave; and we have also provided that he shall not be a citizen, but protect him in his civil rights, in his life, his person, and his property, only depriving him of all political rights whatsoever, and refusing to put him on an equality with the white man. That policy of Illinois is satisfactory to the Democratic party and to me, and, if it were to the Republicans, there would then be no question upon the subject; but the Republicans say that he ought to be made a citizen, and, when he becomes a citizen, he becomes your equal, with all your rights and privileges. They assert the Dred Scott decision to be monstrous because it denies that the negro is or can be a citizen under the constitution.

Now, I hold that Illinois had a right to abolish and prohibit slavery as she did, and I hold that Kentucky has the same right to continue and protect slavery that Illinois had to abolish it. I hold that New York had as much right to abolish slavery as Virginia has to continue it, and that each and every State of this Union is a sovereign power, with the right to do as it pleases upon this question of slavery and upon

all its domestic institutions. Slavery is not the only question which comes up in this controversy. There is a far more important one to you; and that is, What shall be done with the free negro? We have settled the slavery question as far as we are concerned: we have prohibited it in Illinois forever, and, in doing so, I think we have done wisely, and there is no man in the State who would be more strenuous in his opposition to the introduction of slavery than I would; but, when we settled it for ourselves, we exhausted all our power over that subject.

We have done our whole duty, and can do no more. We must leave each and every other State to decide for itself the same question. In relation to the policy to be pursued toward the free negroes, we have said that they shall not vote; whilst Maine, on the other hand, has said that they shall vote. Maine is a sovereign State, and has the power to regulate the qualifications of voters within her limits. I would never consent to confer the right of voting and of citizenship upon a the free negro? We have settled the slavery question as far ing from me in opinion. Let Maine take care of her own negroes, and fix the qualifications of her own voters to suit herself, without interfering with Illinois; and Illinois will not interfere with Maine. So with the State of New York. She allows the negro to vote provided he owns two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property, but not otherwise. While I would not make any distinction whatever between a negro who held property and one who did not, yet, if the sovereign State of New York chooses to make that distinction it is her business and not mine, and I will not quarrel with her for it. She can do as she pleases on this question if she minds her own business and we will do the same thing. Now, my friends, if we will only act conscientiously and rigidly upon this great

principle of popular sovereignty, which guarantees to each State and Territory the right to do as it pleases on all things local and domestic, instead of Congress interfering, we will continue at peace one with another. Why should Illinois be at war with Missouri, or Kentucky with Ohio, or Virginia with New York, merely because their institutions differ? Our fathers intended that our institutions should differ. They knew that the North and the South, having different climates, productions, and interests, required different institutions. This doctrine of Mr. Lincoln, of uniformity among the institutions of the different States, is a new doctrine, never dreamed of by Washington, Madison, or the framers of this government.

Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party set themselves up as wiser than these men who made this government, which has flourished for seventy years under the principle of popular sovereignty, recognizing the right of each State to do as it pleased. Under that principle, we have grown from a nation of three or four millions to a nation of about thirty millions of people. We have crossed the Alleghany Mountains and filled up the whole northwest, turning the prairie into a garden, and building up churches and schools, thus spreading civilization and Christianity where before there was nothing but savage barbarism.

Under that principle we have become, from a feeble nation, the most powerful on the face of the earth; and, if we only adhere to that principle, we can go forward increasing in territory, in power, in strength, and in glory until the Republic of America shall be the north star that shall guide the friends of freedom throughout the civilized world.

And why can we not adhere to the great principle of self-government upon which our institutions were originally

based? I believe that this new doctrine preached by Mr. Lincoln and his party will dissolve the Union if it succeeds. They are trying to array all the northern States in one body against the South, to excite a sectional war between the free States and the slave States, in order that the one or the other may be driven to the wall.

ALLEN G. THURMAN

ALLEN GRANBERY THURMAN, an American Senator and jurist, the son of a Methodist clergyman, was born at Lynchburg, Va., Nov. 13, 1813, and died at Columbus, O., Dec. 12, 1895. At an early age he removed with his parents to Chillicothe, O., where he lived until 1853, after which he made his home in Columbus, O. His early education was obtained at the Chillicothe Academy, and after some slight experience in surveying he took up the study of the law and was admitted to the Bar in 1835. His abilities soon secured him a considerable practice, and in 1845 he entered Congress as a Democrat. Declining a renomination, after the expiration of his term, he continued his practice until 1851, when he was elected to the Ohio supreme bench, and for the last year of his term was chief-justice of the State. In 1867, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Ohio, and in 1869 was elected to the United States Senate, of which he remained a member until 1881. During this period he was for a number of years chairman of the committee on the judiciary. He originated the "Thurman Act," which compelled Pacific railroad corporations to keep their obligations to the government, and endeavored to secure favorable reconstruction legislation for the States that had seceded. Several times he was brought forward as a Presidential candidate, and in 1888 was also Democratic candidate for Vice-president on the unsuccessful Cleveland ticket of that year. Thurman was a fair-minded, logical debater, who always retained the high regard of his political opponents, as well as the respect and attachment of his own party friends.

ADDRESS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

DELIVERED AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA, JUNE 26, 1872

THE theme upon which I propose to offer some observations to-night is the future of our country, or, rather, the dangers likely to menace the existence of the republic and the means of averting them.

In the outset I assume, what I believe to be true, that, whatever differences of opinion have existed or may yet exist as to the advantages or disadvantages of preserving the Union, every American citizen now wishes it to be preserved if at the same time liberty can be secured and the rights and interests of every section promoted.

The proposition that freedom has no safe dwelling-place save in small communities is an old idea, and, whether true or false, I have no quarrel with him who sincerely believes it. Nay, more, were the sad alternative forced upon us to choose between a splendid despotism ruling over a vast territory and an oppressed people on the one hand, and, on the other, freedom in a small state and an humble community, no true man should hesitate to choose the latter.

For freedom is of such transcendent value that it far outweighs all the distinction, pomp, and power that the most successful despotism can ever achieve. But the experiment has to be made whether a vast republic may not co-exist with freedom and with advantage to all its parts; and every one of us, I am sure, whatever may be his forebodings, is anxious to give the experiment a fair trial.

Therefore it is that I speak upon this theme to-night. I know of none more appropriate for an address to an assemblage of American youth. The mature men of to-day will ere long be gone. Whatever, of good or of evil, government may confer or inflict, will soon cease to trouble them. Their mantles will fall upon your shoulders and the shoulders of those who, like you, are just entering upon manhood, and upon you and your fellows will rest the grave responsibility of contributing to the happiness or the misery, not of one only, but perhaps of many generations. Wisely to prepare for that responsibility is a task than which none can be nobler, none more elevating, none that better deserves to engage the understanding or warm the heart.

The first danger to the duration of the republic of which I shall speak is that likely to result from its magnitude. It is a trite observation that nations, like men, have their infancy, youth, manhood, old age, decay, and dissolution.

Whether this analogy be fanciful or not, the history of the world gives no small support to the idea that nature has set a limit to the growth and duration of empire. The fate of Babylon, Nineveh, Assyria, Media, Egypt, of the empires of Alexander, the Cæsars, Genghis, Tamerlane, the Caliphs, Charlemagne, and Charles V, cannot, while it strikes our imagination, fail to arrest our attention. We pause and ask: "Is it ever thus to be?"

But let us not be too hasty in our conclusions. True, those great monarchies have been rent into pieces; true, the seats of some of them are now given up to desolation; but it does not follow that a similar fate awaits us. They were, for the most part, the product of conquest, and over their wide domains despotism held unlimited sway. Their fate teaches how insecure is the empire whose sole foundation is violence, and how powerless is tyranny to perpetuate its rule over an unwilling people.

But it does not teach — at least it does not prove — that a homogeneous people, under free institutions, may not attain and preserve a greatness that none of those States ever knew. To our country it was reserved to make this mighty experiment, than which nothing grander has ever engaged the sympathies or the efforts of man. Let us not, with despondent souls, rashly predict its failure — but rather, with hopeful hearts and patriotic zeal, let us manfully strive for its successful accomplishment. That our republic, if it hold together, will attain an unexampled and perilous greatness is certainly true.

Only fifty years hence our population will probably exceed 160,000,000, or four times the present population of France. At the end of a century, in 1972, if it increase in the same ratio that has hitherto marked its growth, the United States

will contain more than twice as many people as now inhabit the continent of Europe.

If it be inadmissible to suppose that this ratio of increase will continue, it is not irrational to affirm that within the lifetime of a child now born our population will equal that of the five great Powers of Europe combined. Such an aggregation of mankind, for the most part homogeneous, belonging to the most intellectual and energetic portion of the human race, speaking the same language, all more or less educated, occupying one of the fairest and most fruitful portions of the earth in that North Temperate Zone that seems to be the chosen habitation of civilization and progress, united under one government, and that a government of free institutions, will present a phenomenon such as never yet has been seen in the world.

History exhibits nothing like it, nothing that bears any close analogy to it. It strikes the imagination like the dawn of a millennium, and even the most sanguine and hopeful can scarcely regard it as more than a dream. But who is there wise enough to foresee that it will not be reality? Who is there bold enough to say that the Providence that creates will not preserve? Who is there authorized to condemn as blind and unreasoning optimism the hope that the experiment may be crowned with success?

It is true that a contrariety of interests is incident to so great and varied a territory. With but one interruption the republic extends from beyond the Arctic Circle in Alaska to the confines of the Torrid Zone, and from the Atlantic Ocean on the east to the Pacific on the west. In square miles its area nearly equals that of all Europe. It contains every variety of soil, from the most fertile plains to barren mountains and desert wastes. It holds in its bosom every earth

and mineral useful to mankind. Its water boundary, with the indentations, exceeds 14,000 miles. It thus presents a field for every industry known to man. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, mining,— every pursuit, in short, that serves to sustain or enrich a people,— are here seen in a state of unwonted and growing activity.

That there must be some clashing of interests between the different sections of such a country is obviously true. That each section, in maintaining the Union, must make some sacrifice of its peculiar interests, is almost as obvious. But the question to be answered is, not whether such sacrifices are made, but whether they are not compensated by the advantages resulting from the Union.

In my judgment they are far more than compensated. A particular section may be oppressed for a time by unjust laws — as some have been, and I think yet are; but in the long run justice is pretty sure to prevail. In the meantime the incalculable benefits of the Union — free trade between all its parts, unrestricted communication, highways that penetrate the most remote recesses, exemption from foreign aggression, and peace at home — amply repay all the local sacrifices that occur. It is no answer to this to say that peace has not always prevailed, that we have just emerged from the most fearful civil war the world ever saw.

True it is so, but for seventy-three years domestic peace did prevail. For seventy-three years no man lost his life in civil commotion, no man was executed for a political offence. The history of no other nation records a similar experience. Not one! No, not one! "To ensure domestic tranquillity" is declared in the preamble to the constitution to be one of the objects for which it is ordained. It did ensure it for nearly three quarters of a century, and if, at last, we fell

upon evil times, the exception only illustrates the generality of the rule.

The diversity of races and languages among us is considered by some to be fraught with danger to the duration of the republic. American, Goth, Celt, Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, Latin, African, all contribute to form our population. But I apprehend that the danger supposed to arise from this diversity is greatly exaggerated. Of the 38,500,000 of our people in 1870 but 5,500,000 were foreign-born, and they were scattered throughout every State and Territory of the Union. And for the most part they are intelligent, industrious, thriving, and sincerely attached to free institutions. With the increase of population the proportion of foreign-born to native citizens will decrease each year. The various elements of white population will become more and more blended until a homogeneous whole will be the result.

The American of a century hence may differ from the American of the past or the present century, but yet, whatever his origin, he will be an American. What people are more homogeneous than the French? And yet in their veins runs the blood of Celt, Roman, Goth, Teuton, to say nothing of lesser subdivisions of the human race. What more composite in his origin than an Englishman, to whose blood the Celt, the Roman, the Dane, the Angle, the Saxon, the Norman, all contributed? Yet what unification more complete than that of the English people of to-day?

We have nothing, then, to fear, as it seems to me, from the diversity of race among our white population. They will, before many generations shall have passed away, be merged into one common type, the American of the future, with the same language, the same literature, the same sentiments, and substantially the same characteristics.

The African presents a more difficult problem. By some it is supposed that, following an instinct of his nature, the negro will eventually drift into a more congenial clime for him,— the tropics. But a century — nay, many centuries — map elapse before this will occur, should it ever occur. The climate of the southern States is not unfriendly to the African, as his rapid increase there for nearly two hundred years attests. His exodus, unless precipitated by a war of races, which humanity and the interest of both white and black forbid, must necessarily be slow. Practically, then, it may be assumed that he is to remain a citizen of the republic. And the question is: Will his continued existence among us endanger its duration? As long as he was a slave he was a bone of contention between the Abolitionist, seeking to set him free at whatever cost, and the Southerner, insisting upon the guarantees of the constitution.

Then, indeed, he did endanger the republic. But, though he is to some extent a bone of contention yet, I do not see that he is longer a source of peril. His race now constitutes less than thirteen per cent of our population. With each returning census, although the absolute number of the race may be greater, the proportion will be found to be less. Its numerical strength may increase, but its relative strength will constantly diminish. As a cause of strife among the whites, as a facile instrument in the hands of designing and unscrupulous men, the negro is certainly a disturbing element, but, great as are his evils, they are not beyond the rectifying power of time, prudence, and patience.

Another cause of anxiety is found in the proneness of mankind to war and their love of military glory. It was a celebrated English philosopher who said that war is the natural condition of the human race. It is to be hoped for

the credit of the race that the saying is untrue. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that two or three hundred or more millions of people — the future population of the United States if they hold together — have never yet maintained perpetual peace. So inclined are men to war, so intoxicating is military glory, so great are the honors and emoluments awarded to successful chieftains, that peace, perpetual peace, over a continent, seems more like the dream of a visionary than the well-founded hope of common sense.

In the four hundred and fifty-odd years of the Roman republic the Temple of Janus was shut but once. In no year since history was written has peace prevailed over the entire globe. Even in this nineteenth century, which we are accustomed to call enlightened, there is scarcely a great Power in Europe that has for twenty consecutive years been exempt from war. In view of these facts it may well be asked where, if the republic be perpetuated, will be the outlet for the warlike spirit of as warlike a people as ever existed? Will it find occupation in war upon our neighbors? Where are the neighbors who could long resist? Will it make battle with the Powers of Asia or of Europe? The soldier would gather few laurels in a war necessarily waged upon the deep. Where, then, but in civil strife could the warlike temper be displayed and military honors be won? And could the republic long bear the strain of such strife? I can only answer that nations have survived the most dreadful and sanguinary civil wars. Not to multiply instances, witness France, Austria, England, Spain. It may be unwise to expect that we shall escape the calamities that have befallen other peoples, but it is not, I trust, unreasonable to believe, or at least to hope, that we may be able to survive them.

It is not uncommon to hear the remark that the passions

and prejudices excited by the late Civil War will long endure and cannot fail to imperil the Union. This is not the time or the place to discuss that war. Indeed many years must elapse before impartial and philosophic history will do exact justice to the actors in that mighty scene. But this much may now be safely affirmed, that if the North believed, as it did, that right was on its side in suppressing what it regarded as rebellion, the South had equal confidence in the justice of her cause. For four long and weary years, against the most fearful odds and in the midst of privation and suffering that might have appalled the stoutest heart, her people upheld that cause with a heroism and fortitude never surpassed.

To doubt their sincerity in the face of this fact is simply to shut one's eyes to the truth; to heap unmerited reproaches upon them is to disregard the plainest maxims of wisdom, charity, and justice. It is doubtless true that the great features of the struggle will never be forgotten. The influence of a contest that placed America in the front rank of the warlike nations of the earth; that developed characters whose names can never pass into oblivion; that made many a battle-field heroic ground to be reverentially trodden by the feet of pilgrims from age to age,— cannot be effaced in a day.

But, unless all history teaches a lesson that is false, the bitterness of feeling engendered by the strife will pass away and cease to shape the conduct of men. What nation has ever suffered more from civil wars than France, but what Frenchman now speaks of them save as of events of history? What Englishman inquires, unless from the instinct of a harmless curiosity, whether his neighbor's ancestors wore the red rose of Lancaster or the white rose of York, or whether

at a later day they were Roundheads under Cromwell or Cavaliers under Charles? When were the passions of men ever more excited than in the civil wars of Rome, that followed the passage of the Rubicon and ended only when the victory at Actium placed the imperial diadem upon the brow of Octavius? Yet more than three centuries elapsed before the empire was divided, and it was not until nearly eleven centuries more had rolled around that Mahomet II placed the Crescent above the Cross on the dome of St. Sophia and put an end forever to the Empire of the East.

But why dwell upon particulars when every nation that exists or has ever existed presents an example of the forgiveness or forgetfulness of injuries given and received. A wise Providence has ordained that hate shall not reign "eternal in the human breast." The violent passions of our nature may dominate for a time, but the strain is too great to last, and in the end the better and gentler emotions prevail. Every revolving year, though it may not blot out the memories of the past, will soften their asperities, and the time may come, more speedily than the most sanguine now hope, when a fraternal feeling will animate the breasts of all who find shelter and protection under the ægis of the republic.

SENATOR CHANDLER

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, American Senator, was born at Bedford, N. H., Dec. 10, 1813, and died at Chicago, Ill., whither he had gone to deliver a political speech, Nov. 1, 1879. He obtained his education in the common schools and at a seminary. Removing in 1833 to Detroit, Mich., he there became a wealthy merchant, and in 1851 was mayor of that city. From 1857 to 1875 he was United States Senator from Michigan. In Congress he was noted for his opposition to slavery and the extension of slave territory, and at the opening of the Civil War was outspoken in his advocacy of a vigorous prosecution of the war. In 1875, he was defeated in a senatorial election, but was appointed Secretary of the Interior, retiring from office in 1877. He was chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1868 and again in 1876, and in February, 1879, he returned to the Senate, where in the following month he trenchantly denounced Jefferson Davis.

CAMPAIGN SPEECH

[The following is a portion of Mr. Chandler's last speech, delivered at McCormick Hall, Chicago, on the evening of Oct. 31, 1879:]

WE have a matter under consideration to-night of vastly more importance than all the financial questions that can be presented to you, and that is, Are you, or are you not a nation? We had supposed for generations that we were a nation. In 1857 treason raised its head upon the floors of Congress. They said, "Do this, or we will destroy your government. Fail to do that, and we will destroy your government." One of them repeated this threat to old Ben Wade, and he straightened himself up and said, "Don't delay it on my account."

Careful preparations were made to carry out this treason. Arms were sent to the South. Ammunition and accoutrements followed; the navy was scattered; the credit of the government, whose six per cent bonds in 1857 sold for 122, was so utterly prostrated and debased that in February, 1862

— four years afterward — bonds payable, principal and interest, in gold, bearing six per cent, were sold for eighty-eight cents on the dollar, and no buyers for the whole amount. Careful preparations were made for the overthrow of your government, and when Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office as President of these United States there was nothing to protect the national life.

Yet with all these discouragements staring us in the face, the Republican party undertook to save your government. We raised your credit; we created navies; raised armies; fought battles; carried on the war to a successful issue, and finally when the rebellion surrendered at Appomattox they surrendered to a government. They admitted that they had submitted their heresy to the arbitrament of arms, and had been defeated, and they surrendered to the government of the United States of America. They made no claims against the government, for they had none. In the very ordinance of secession which they signed they had pledged themselves, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the overthrow of this government, and when they failed to do it they lost all they had pledged. They asked, as a boon, that their miserable lives might be spared to them. We gave them their lives.

They had forfeited all their property — we gave it back to them. We found them naked and we clothed them. They were without the rights of citizenship and we restored to them those rights. We took them to our bosoms as brethren, believing that they had repented of their sins. We killed for them the fatted calf and invited them to the feast, and they gravely informed us that they had always owned that animal, and were not grateful for the invitation. By the laws of war, and by the laws of nations, they were bound to pay every

dollar of the expense incurred in putting down that rebellion. But we forgave them that debt, and to-day you are being taxed heavily to pay the interest on the debt that they ought to have paid. Such magnanimity as was exhibited by this nation to these rebels has never been witnessed on the earth since God made it, and, in my humble judgment, it will never be witnessed again.

Mistakes we undoubtedly made, errors we committed, but, in my judgment, the greatest mistake we made, and the gravest error we committed, was in not hanging enough of these rebels to make treason forever odious. To-day, in Congress, the men have changed but not the measures. Twenty years ago they said: "Do this, or fail to do that, and we will shoot your government to death." If I am to die, I would rather be shot to death with musketry than starved to death. These rebels — for they are just as rebellious now as they were twenty years ago, there is not a particle of difference — I know them better than any other living mortal man; I have summered and wintered with them; these rebels to-day have thirty-six members on the floor of the House of Representatives, without one single constituent, and in violation of law, those thirty-six members represent 4,000,000 people, lately slaves, who are as absolutely disfranchised as if they lived in another sphere, through shot-guns, and whips, and tissue-ballots, for the law expressly says that wherever a race or class is disfranchised, they shall not be represented upon the floor of the House. And these thirty-six members thus elected constitute three times the whole of their majority upon the floor.

This is not only a violation of the law, but it is an outrage upon all the loyal men of the United States. It ought not to be. It must not be. And it shall not be. Twelve members

of the Senate — more than their whole majority — occupy their seats upon the floor by fraud and violence; and I am saying no more to you than I said to those rebel generals. With majorities thus obtained by fraud and violence in both houses they dared to dictate terms to the loyal men of these United States.

With majorities thus obtained they dared to arraign the loyal men of these United States, and say they want honest elections. They are mortally afraid of bayonets at the polls. We offered them a law forbidding any man to come within two miles of a polling-place with arms of any description, and they promptly voted it down, for they wanted their Ku-Klux. They were not afraid of the Ku-Klux, but of soldiers. In all the northern States there is less than one soldier to a county. There is about two thirds of a soldier to a county, and, of course, about two thirds of a musket. Wouldn't this great county of Cook tremble if it saw two thirds of a soldier with two thirds of a musket approaching.

But they (the South) are afraid of inspectors. Why? The law creating inspectors is imperative that one must be a Democrat and the other a Republican. They have no power whatever except to certify that the election is honest and fair. They are afraid of marshals at the polls. The inspectors can't arrest. The marshals, under the orders of a court, can arrest criminals; therefore, they said, "We will have no marshals." When we told them we could not have courts without marshals, they said, "We don't want marshals at all." And they don't. Marshals interfere with their "moonshiners" — the men who distill whiskey in the mountains of North and South Carolina, and Georgia; and they don't want any courts, because the courts interfere with their Ku-Klux at the polls.

It is a false assumption on their part. What they want is not free elections, but free fraud at elections. They have got a Solid South by fraud and violence. Give them permission to perpetrate the same fraud and violence in New York City and Cincinnati, and New York and Ohio, with the Solid South, will give them the presidency, and that once obtained by fraud and violence, they would hold it for a generation. To-day 8,000,000 of people in the southern States control the legislation of the country through caucus dictation, as they controlled their slaves when slavery existed.

When the Republican party took the reins of government we were the derision of the world. We had but one friend — little Switzerland. Not a nation but hoped and prayed that the government might be overthrown. Not a nation poor enough to do you reverence. We fought the battle through. We raised the national dignity and the national honor, power, and strength, until to-day, after eighteen years of Republican rule, there is no nation on earth strong enough not to do you reverence. Your credit stands higher than that of any other nation on the face of the earth. We saved the national life and the national honor.

Notwithstanding all this, there are persons who say that the mission of the Republican party is ended, and that it ought to die. If there ever was a political organization on the face of the earth which, so far as a future state of rewards and punishment is concerned, is prepared to die, it is that old Republican party. But we aren't going to do it. We have made other arrangements. The Republican party is the only party that ever existed that had not one single, solitary unfulfilled pledge left. I defy its worst enemy to name a single pledge it ever gave to the people who created it which is not to-day a fulfilled and established fact.

If we should die to-day, or to-morrow, our children's children, to the twentieth generation, would boast that their ancestors belonged to the old Republican party that saved the nation and wiped slavery from its escutcheon. Ben Hill said in my presence that he was an ambassador from the sovereign State of Georgia to the Senate of the United States. Suppose he should go into Africa or India and get into a little difficulty, do you think he would raise the great flag of Georgia over his head and say, "I claim protection?"

Take the biggest ship that sails the ocean, put on board of her the flags of all the States that were lately in rebellion, raise to her peak the Stars and Bars, and start her, with all her bunting flying, on a cruise around the world, and she wouldn't get the salute of one pop-gun. But take the smallest ship that floats, mark her U. S. A., raise to her peak the Stars and Stripes (the flag of this glorious Union), and start her around the world, and there is not a fort nor a ship-of-war of any nation on God's footstool that would not receive her with a national salute.

We took your government when despised, and raised it to this high position among the nations of the earth; and yet we are told that we ought to die. I tell you that the mission of the Republican party is not ended. Furthermore, that it has but just begun. And furthermore, that it will never end until you and I, Mr. Chairman, can start from the Canada border and travel to the Gulf of Mexico, making Black Republican speeches wherever we please, and vote a Black Republican ticket wherever we gain a residence, and do it exactly with the same safety that a rebel can travel throughout the North, stopping wherever he has a mind to, and running for judge in any city. [This reference to the rebel lieutenant, Adolph Moses, provoked the wildest kind of enthusiasm.] I hope

after you have elected him judge he will not bring in a bill for lost time.

You are going to hold an election next Tuesday that is of importance far beyond the borders of Chicago. The eyes of the whole nation are upon you. By your verdict you are to send forth greeting to the people of the United States, saying either that you are in favor of honest men, honest money, patriotism, and a national government, or that you are in favor of soft money, repudiation, and rebel rule. I want every single man in this vast audience to consider himself a committee of one, to work from now until the close of the polls; to go to the polls early and stay late; and let every mother's son of you decide that you will take one man besides yourself to the polls, who would not otherwise go. Find a man who might stay away, and see to it that he and yourself vote the Republican ticket.

If you cannot find just such a man, try to convert some sinner from the error of his ways. You have too much at stake to risk it at this election. The times are too good. You cannot afford to turn this government over to the hands of the repudiating rebels. Shut up your stores. Shut up your manufactories. Go to work for your country and spend two days, and on the night of the election send me, Mr. Chairman, a dispatch that Chicago has gone overwhelmingly Republican.

HENRY W. BELLOWS

HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWS, D. D., American Unitarian clergyman, pulpit orator, and philanthropist, was born at Boston, Mass., June 11, 1814, and died at New York, Jan. 30, 1882. Graduating at Harvard in 1832, he studied at Cambridge Divinity School, and, having been called to the Unitarian Church on Fourth Avenue, New York city, after its removal known as All Souls' Church, he soon became a power in the religious and social life of the metropolis. He was an eloquent speaker and took an active part in all patriotic and philanthropic enterprises, especially in the formation and conduct of the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. His writings include a work "On the Treatment of Social Diseases," an address on "The Relation of Public Amusements to Public Morality," and a collection of Sermons, "Restatements of Christian Doctrine."

ORATION AT THE FUNERAL OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1878

THE whole country is bending with us, their favored representatives, over the bier that holds the dust of Bryant! Private as the simple service is that consigns the ashes of our illustrious poet and journalist to the grave, there is public mourning in all hearts and homes, making these funeral rites solemn and universal by the sympathy that from every quarter flows toward them, and swells the current of grateful and reverent emotion.

Much as the modest, unworldly spirit of the man we mourn shrunk from the parade of public rites, leaving to his heirs the duty of a rigid simplicity in his funeral, neither his wishes nor theirs could render his death and burial less than an event of general significance and national concern. It is not for his glory that we honor and commemorate him. Public fame, for more than half a century, has made it needless, or impossible, to add one laurel to his crown. So long ago he took the place he has since kept in public admiration, respect,

and reverence, that no living tongue could now dislodge or add to the security and mild splendor of his reputation.

For three generations he has been a fixed star in our firmament, and no eulogy could be so complete as that which by accumulation of meaning dwells in the simple mention of his name.

Few lives have been as fortunate and complete as his. Born in 1794, when this young nation was in its teens, he has been contemporary with nearly the whole first century of its life. If no country ever experienced in the same period such a miracle of growth, if none ever profited so much by discoveries and inventions — never before so wonderful as those made in the half century which gave us steam navigation, the railroad, and the telegraph — he saw the birth, he antedates the existence of every one of the characteristic triumphs of modern civilization, and yet he has not died until they became wholly familiar and nearly universal in their fruitful influence!

Born and bred in New England, and on the summits of the Green Mountains, he inherited the severe and simple tastes and habits of that rugged region, and having sprung from a vigorous and intellectual parentage, and in contact with a few persons with whom nature and books took the place of social pleasures and the excitements of town and cities, his native genius made him, from a tender age, the thoughtful and intimate companion of woods and streams, and constituted him nature's own darling child. It was a friendship so unfeigned, so deep, so much in accordance with his temperament and mental constitution that it grew into a determining passion and shaped his whole life, while in the poetry to which it gave birth it laid the foundations and erected the structure of his poetic fame.

What Wordsworth did for English poetry, in bringing back the taste for nature, as the counterpart of humanity — a world to be interpreted not by the outward eyes, but by the soul — Bryant did for America. One who knew them both, as I did, could not fail to observe the strong resemblance in character and feeling, with the marked difference between them on which I will not dwell. Both were reserved, unsmiling, austere, or irresponsive men in aspect; not at home in cities or in crowds, not easy of access, or dependent on companionship; never fully themselves except when alone with nature. They coveted solitude, for it gave them uninterrupted intercourse with that beautiful, companionable, tender, unintrusive world, which is to ordinary souls, dull, common, familiar, but to them was ever new, ever mysterious, ever delightful and instructive.

Few know how small a part intercourse with nature, for itself alone,— not for what it teaches, but for what it is, a revelation of divine beauty and wisdom and goodness,— had even a half century ago for the common mind. Wordsworth in England, Bryant in America, awoke this sleeping capacity, and by their tender and awed sense of the spiritual meaning conveyed in nature's consummate beauties and harmonies, gave almost a new sense to our generation.

Before their day we had praises of the seasons and passages of poetry in which cataracts, sunsets, rainbows and garden flowers were faithfully described; but nature as a whole, as a presence, the very garment of God, was almost unheeded and unknown. When we consider what Bryant's poems — read in the public schools in happy selection — have done to form the taste and feed the sentiment of two generations, we shall begin to estimate the value of his influence.

And when we recall in all his writings not a thought or

feeling that is not pure, uplifting, and reverent, we can partly measure the gratitude we owe to a benefactor whose genius has consecrated the woods, and fields, and brooks and wayside flowers, in a way intelligible to plainer minds, and yet above the criticism of the most fastidious and cultivated.

But if fortunate in passing his early life in the country and forming his taste and his style in communion with nature, and with a few good books and a few earnest and sincere people, he was equally fortunate in being driven by a love of independence into the study of the law and a ten years' practice in a considerable town in western Massachusetts, and then drawn to this city where he drifted into the only form of public life wholly suited to his capacities — the editorial profession.

It was no accident that made Bryant a politician and an editor. Sympathy with individual men and women was not his strong point; but sympathy with our common humanity was in him a religious passion. He had a constitutional love of freedom and an intense sentiment of justice, and they constituted together his political creed and policy. He believed in freedom; and this made him a friend of the oppressed, an enemy of slavery, a foe to special and class legislation, an advocate of free trade, a natural Democrat, though born and reared in a federal community that looked with suspicion upon extensions of the suffrage and upon the growth of local and State rights.

But his love of freedom was too genuine to allow him to condone the faults even of his own party, when freedom's friends were found on the other side. He could bear, he did bear the odium of his unpopular conviction, when what was called the best society in New York was of another opinion

and belonged to another party — and he could bear with equal fortitude the ignominy of lacking party fidelity, when his patriotic spirit felt that his old political friends were less faithful than they should be to freedom and union.

The editorial profession enabled his shy and somewhat unsocial nature to work at arm's length for the good of humanity and the country; and I can conceive of no other calling in life that would have economized his temperament and faculties so fully in the public service. His literary skill, his industry, his humane philosophy, his sentiments of justice, his patriotism, his love of freedom, here found full scope without straining and tasking his personal sympathies, which lacked the readiness, the tact, and the geniality that in some men make direct contact with their fellow creatures an increase of power and of influence.

What an editor he made you all know. None could long doubt the honesty, the conscientiousness, the elevation and purity of his convictions or his utterances. Who believes he ever swerved a line, for the sake of popularity or pelf, from what he felt to be right and true? That he escaped all prostitution of his pen, or his conscience, in his exposed and tempted calling, we all admiringly confess. And what moderation, candor, and courage he carried into his editorial work. Purity of thought, elegance and simplicity of style, exquisite taste and high morality characterized all he wrote. He rebuked the headlong spirit of party, sensational extravagances of expression, even the use of new-fangled phrases and un-English words. He could see and acknowledge the merits of those from whom he widely differed, while unbecoming personalities found no harbor in his columns. Young men and women never found anything to corrupt their taste or their morals in his paper, and families could safely lay the

"Evening Post" upon the table where their children and their guests might take it up.

Uncompromising in what his convictions commanded, and never evading the frankest expression of his real opinion, however unpopular, he was felt to be above mere partisanship, and so had a decided influence with men of all political preferences. His prose was in its way as good as his poetry, and has aided greatly to correct the taste for swollen, gaudy and pretentious writing in the public press. He was not alone in this respect, for none can fail to recall the services in this direction of Charles King and Horace Greeley, not to name less conspicuous instances. But Bryant's poetic fame gave peculiar authority to his editorial example, and made his style specially helpful and instructive.

That he should have succeeded in keeping the poetic temperament and the tastes and pursuits of a poet fully alive under the active and incessant pressure of his journalistic labors,—making his bread and his immediate influence as a citizen and a leader of public sentiment by editorial work while he "built the lofty rhyme" for the gratification of his genius and for the sake of beauty and art, without one glance at immediate suffrages or rewards,—if not a solitary, is at least a perfect example of the union in one man of the power to work with nearly equal success in two planes where what he did in one did not contradict or conflict with what he did in the other, while they were not mingled or confounded. Nobody detects the editor, the politician, the man of business, in Bryant's poetry, and few feel the poet in his editorial writings; but the man of conscience, of humanity, of justice and truth, of purity and honor, appears equally in both.

This is somewhat the more remarkable, because affluence,

versatility, and humor are not characteristic of his genius. It is staid, earnest, profoundly truthful and pure, lofty and perfectly genuine; but not mercurial, vivacious, protean and brilliant. Like the Jordan that leaps into being full, strong, crystal-pure, but swells little in its deep bed all its course to its sea, admitting few tributaries and putting out no branches, Bryant's genius sprang complete into public notice when he was still in his teens; it retained its character for sixty years almost unchanged, and its latest products are marked with the essential qualities that gave him his first success. Never, perhaps, was there an instance of such precocity in point of wisdom and maturity as that which marked "Thanatopsis," written at eighteen, or of such persistency in judgment, force, and melody as that exhibited in his last public ode, written at 83, on occasion of Washington's last birthday. Between these two bounds lies one even path, high, finished, faultless, in which comes a succession of poems always meditative, always steeped in love and knowledge of nature, always pure and melodious, always stamped with his sign-manual, a flawless taste and gem-like purity — but never much aside from the line and direction that marked the first outburst and last flow of his genius.

Happy the man that knows his own powers — their limits and their aptitudes — and who confines himself rigidly within the banks of his own peculiar inspiration. Bryant was too genuine, too real a lover of nature, too legitimate a child of the muse, ever to strain his own gift. He never made verses, but allowed his verse to flow, inspired by keen observation and hearty enjoyment of nature, watching only that it flowed smoothly and without turbulence or turbidness, which his consummate art enabled him perfectly to accomplish.

Never, perhaps, was a natural gift more successfully

trained and cultured, without losing its original raciness and simplicity. Nothing less than the widest and deepest study of poetry, in all literatures, young and old, in all languages and schools, could have enabled him to keep his verse in such perfect finish for sixty successive years. He knew all the wiles of the poet, some of which he disdained to practise — but of no man in his time was it less safe to assume ignorance or neglect of anything that belonged to the poet's art. His knowledge of poetry was prodigious, his memory of it precise and inexhaustible. He had considered all the masters, and knew their quality and characteristics.

But marked as his own style is, it is marked only with its native hues. There is no trick in his adroitness, no artifice in his art; nothing that tires, except it be the uniformity of its excellence. Considering how long his genius has been known and acknowledged, and how thoroughly he represents the old school of Dryden in his purity and fastidiousness of language, it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that his popularity, as a citizen and a man, has even somewhat eclipsed his immediate popularity as a poet. I think him fortunate in not having the popularity of novelty, of fashion, of sing-song verse, of morbid sentiment, of mere ingenious thinking, or some temporary adaptation to passing moods of popular feeling, whether in universities or in social circles.

He curiously escaped, if indeed his truthful genuineness of nature did not give him an original defence against it, from the introversive, self-considering, and individualistic temper which has characterized much of the poetry of the highest academic culture in our time. Either he was born too early, or he emigrated from New England too early, to fall under the influence of this morbid subjectiveness; or his active and practical pursuits kept him in the current of real

life, and near to the universal feeling of men. At any rate,— free, rational, as his genius ever was,— there is not a suspicion of the sceptical or denying element in his works. He is not sick or morbid, or melancholy, or discouraged.

Sentiment enough he has, but no sentimentality; awe of the Infinite, but no agnosticism; a recognition of all human sorrows and sins, but no querulousness, much less any despair. He loved and honored human nature; he feared and reverenced his Maker; he accepted Christianity in its historic character; he believed in American institutions; he believed in the Church and its permanency, in its ordinances and its ministry; and he was no backward-looking praiser of the times that had been and a mere accuser and defamer of the times that are.

This made his poetry, as it made his prose and his whole influence, wholesome, hopeful, nutritious; young, without being inexperienced; ripe, without tending to decay. The very absence of those false colors which give immediate attractiveness to the clothing of some contemporary poetry, gives his undyed and natural robes a fadeless charm which future generations will not forget to honor. Every one must notice that great immediate popularity is not a good augury for enduring fame; and further, that poetry, like all the products of the fine arts, must have not only positive quality, power and harmony, but must add to these freedom from defects.

It is strange what an embalming power lies in purity of style to preserve thoughts that would perish, even though greater and more original if wrapped in a less perfect vesture. What element of decay is there in Bryant's verse? How universal his themes; how intelligible and level to the com-

mon heart; how little ingenious, vague or technical; how free from what is provincial, temporary, capricious; how unflawed with doubtful figures or strained comparisons or new and strange words; how unmarred by a forced order or weary mannerisms!

He is a rigid Puritan, alike in his morals and his vocabulary; there is scarcely a false foot, a doubtful rhyme, a luckless epithet, a dubious sentiment anywhere to be found in his works. And, perhaps nature withheld from him what is called an ear for music only to emphasize his ear for rhythm and save him from the danger of a clogging sweetness and a fatiguing sing-song.

It is the glory of this man that his character outshone even his great talent and his large fame. Distinguished equally for his native gifts and consummate culture, his poetic inspiration and his exquisite art, he is honored and loved to-day, even more for his stainless purity of life, his unswerving rectitude of will, his devotion to the higher interests of humanity, his unfeigned patriotism and his broad humanity. It is remarkable that with none of the arts of popularity a man so little dependent on others' appreciation, so self-subsistent and so retiring, who never sought or accepted office, who had little taste for co-operation, and no bustling zeal in ordinary philanthropy, should have drawn to himself the confidence, the honor and reverence of a great metropolis, and become, perhaps, it is not too much to say, our first citizen.

It was, in spite of a constitutional reserve, a natural distaste for crowds and public occasions, and a somewhat chilled bearing toward his kind, that he achieved, by the force of his great merit and solid worth, this triumph over the heart of his generation. The purity of the snow that enveloped him was more observed than its coldness, and his fellow citizens

believed that a fire of zeal for truth, justice, and human rights burned steadily at the heart of this lofty personality, though it never flamed or smoked.

And they were right! Beyond all thirst for fame or poetic honor lay in Bryant the ambition of virtue. Reputation he did not despise, but virtue he revered and sought with all his heart. He had an intense self-reverence, that made his own good opinion of his own motives and actions absolutely essential. And though little tempted by covetousness, envy, worldliness or love of power, he had his own conscious difficulties to contend with, a temper not without turbulence, a susceptibility to injuries, a contempt for the moral weaknesses of others.

But he labored incessantly at self-knowledge and self-control, and attained equanimity and gentleness to a marked degree. Let none suppose that the persistent force of his will, his incessant industry, his perfect consistency and coherency of life and character, were not backed by strong passions. With a less consecrated purpose, a less reverent love of truth and goodness, he might easily have become acrid, vindictive, or selfishly ambitious. But he kept his body under, and, a far more difficult task for him, his spirit in subjection.

God had given him a wonderful balance of faculties in a marvellously harmonious frame. His spirit wore a light and lithe vesture of clay — that never burdened him. His senses were perfect at fourscore. His eyes needed no glasses; his hearing was exquisitely fine. His alertness was the wonder of his contemporaries. He outwalked men of middle age. His tastes were so simple as to be almost ascetic. Milk and cereals and fruits were his chosen diet. He had no vices, and no approach to them, and he avoided any and everything

that could ever threaten him with the tyranny of the senses or of habit.

Regular in all his habits, he retained his youth almost to the last. His power of work never abated, and the herculean translation of Homer, which was the amusement of the last lustre of his long and busy life, showed not only no senility or decline in artistic skill, but no decrease of intellectual or physical endurance.

Perhaps the last ten years of his life have made him nearer and dearer to his fellow citizens than any previous decade; for he had become at last not only resigned to public honors, but had even acquired a late and tardy taste for social and public gatherings. Who so often called to preside in your public meetings or to speak at your literary or social festivals? who has pronounced as many hearty welcomes to honored strangers, unveiled as many statues, graced as many occasions of public sympathy? who so ready to appear at the call of your public charities, or more affectionately welcomed and honored on your platforms? All this, coming late in life, was a grateful, I might almost say a fond surprise.

He had wrapped himself in his cloak to contend with the winter wind of his earlier fortunes, and the harder it blew (and it was very rough in his middle life) the closer he drew it about him. But the sun of prosperity and honor and confidence that warmed and brightened the two closing decades of his life fairly melted away his proud reserve toward the public, and he lay himself open to the warm and fragrant breeze of universal favor. He was careful, however, to say that he did not hold himself at the public's high estimate.

In a long conversation I had with him at Roslyn, two years ago, he showed such a surprising self-knowledge and such a just appreciation of popular suffrages, that it was

impossible to doubt his genuine humility, or jealous determination not to be deceived by any contagious sentiment of personal reverence or honor springing up in a generation that was largely ignorant of his writings. Yet he fully and greatly enjoyed these tributes — and more and more, the longer he lived.

Of Mr. Bryant's life-long interest in the fine arts; his large acquaintance with our older artists and close friendship with some of them; of his place in the Century Club, of which he was perhaps the chief founder, and of which he died the honored president, I could speak with full knowledge; but artists and centurions both are sure to speak better for themselves in due time, as the city and the nation surely will.

I must reserve the few moments still left me to bear the testimony which no one has a better right to offer to Mr. Bryant's strictly religious character. A devoted lover of religious liberty, he was an equal lover of religion itself; not in any precise dogmatic form, but in its righteousness, reverence, and charity. What his theology was you may safely infer from his regular and long attendance in this place of Christian worship.

Still he was not a dogmatist, but preferred practical piety and working virtue to all modes of faith. What was obvious in him for twenty years past was an increasing respect and devotion to religious institutions and a more decided Christian quality in his faith. I think he had never been a communicant in any church until he joined ours, fifteen years ago. From that time, nobody so regular in his attendance on public worship, in wet and dry, cold and heat, morning and evening, until the very last month of his life. The increasing sweetness and beneficence of his character, meanwhile, must have struck his familiar friends. His last years were his

devoutest and most humane years. He became beneficent as he grew able to be so, and his hand was open to all just need, and to many unreasonable claimants.

The first half or even two thirds of his life had been a hard struggle with fortune. And he had acquired saving habits, thanks chiefly to the prudence of his honored and ever-lamented wife. But the moment he became successful and acquired the means of beneficence, he practised it bountifully, indeed, perhaps often credulously. For he was simple-hearted and unsuspecting, easily misled by women's tears and entreaties, and not always with the fortitude to say No — when only his money was at stake. Indeed he had few defensive weapons either against intrusion or supplication, and could with difficulty withstand the approaches of those that fawned upon him, or those that asked his countenance for selfish purposes. Perhaps he understood their weaknesses, but he had not the heart to medicine them with brave refusal.

He endowed a public library in Cummington, his birthplace, at a cost of many thousands. He built and gave a public hall to the village of Roslyn, L. I., the chosen and beloved summer home of his declining years. When, at his request, I went to dedicate it to public use, and at a proper moment asked, "What shall we call this building?" The audience shouted "Bryant Hall." "No," said the modest benefactor, "let it be known and called simply 'The Hall,'" and The Hall it was baptized.

I shall have spoken in vain if I have not left upon your hearts the image of an upright, sincere, humane and simple yet venerable manhood — a life full of outward honors and inward worth. When I consider that I have been speaking of one whose fame fills the world, I feel how vain is public report compared with the honor of God and the gratitude and

love of humanity! It is the private character of this unaffected, Christian man that it most concerns us to consider and to imitate. He was great as the world counts greatness, he was greater as God counts it.

He is gone! and the city and the country is immeasurably poorer that his venerable and exalted presence no more adorns and crowns our assemblies. But heaven is richer! The Church of Christ adds one unaffected, unsanctimonious saint to its calendar. The patriarch of American literature is dead. The faithful Christian lives evermore:

> "Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
> Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my very heart
> Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
> And shall not soon depart."

SAMUEL J. TILDEN

Samuel Jones Tilden, American statesman and lawyer, was born at Lebanon, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1814, and died near Yonkers, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1866. He was educated at Yale University and at the University of the City of New York. During his college career he wrote an able series of papers in defence of Van Buren's United States Bank policy, and in 1840 delivered a speech on currency and the history of the United States Bank. He was at this time studying law, and in 1841 was admitted to the Bar and began practice in New York city, where ere long he attained a high place in the profession and was employed in the management of many important cases. He early manifested a keen interest in politics, and in 1848 joined the Free-Soil wing of the Democratic party. During the Civil War he contended that the struggle with the Confederacy could be conducted without resort to extra-constitutional methods, and after 1868 he was the acknowledged leader of the New York Democracy. In the proceedings against the New York Tweed "ring," a few years later, Tilden took an active part. In 1874, he was elected Governor of New York, and in 1876 was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, receiving a popular majority of 250,000. The votes, however, of Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida were claimed by both parties, and after much controversy the decision was left to an Electoral Commission of fifteen members, which by a vote of eight to seven accepted the returns of the three States and, on March 2, 1877, reported a single vote in favor of the Republican candidate, Mr. Hayes. This decision was acquiesced in by the country, though not without more or less demurral. After this Tilden declined all further nominations and resumed his professional practice, dying at his country seat of Greystone, near Yonkers. His fortune, of nearly $5,000,000, was bequeathed to found a free library for New York city, but the will was broken by his heirs, whose donation ultimately was much reduced. Tilden's "Writings and Speeches" were issued in 1885, edited by John Bigelow, who also wrote a Life of the eminent statesman.

ADDRESS ON ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM

DELIVERED AT SYRACUSE ON HIS NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR, SEPTEMBER 17, 1874

FELLOW CITIZENS,— I thank you for the honor you do me. I know it is the cause, more than its representative, that in such a storm calls out this manifestation of interest and enthusiasm. And well it may!

A peaceful revolution in all government within the United

States is going on to a sure consummation. Ideas of change pervade the political atmosphere. They spring up from the convictions of the people. The supporters of the administration have lost confidence in it and themselves. The Opposition become more intense in their convictions and in their action. Multitudes pass over from support to opposition, or sink into silent discontent.

Are we asked the causes? The answer is found in the condition of our country. The fruits of a false and delusive system of government finances are everywhere around us. All business is in a dry-rot. In every industry it is hard to make the two ends meet. Incomes are shrinking away, and many men hitherto affluent are becoming anxious about their means of livelihood. Workingmen are out of employment. The poor cannot look out upon the light or air of heaven but they see the wolf at the door.

Inflation no longer inflates. Even while paper money is swelling out a new emission, values sink. Bankers' balances in the monetary centres are increased, and call loans are cheaper; but those who need more capital can neither buy nor borrow any of the forty-four millions of new greenbacks. The truth is that our body politic has been over-drugged with stimulants. New stimulants no longer lift up the languid parts to a healthy activity, they merely carry more blood to the congested centres.

Only one thing remains in its integrity,— that is our taxes. Amid general decay, taxation puts out new sprouts and grows luxuriantly. If I may borrow a figure from the greatest of our American poets,—

> "It seats itself upon the sepulchre,
> And of the triumphs of its ghastly foe
> Makes its own nourishment."

national taxes, State taxes, county taxes, town taxes, municipal taxes! The collector is as inevitable as the grim messenger of death. Incomes, profits, wages, all these fall; but taxes rise.

Six years ago I had occasion to say that while values were ascending, and for some time after, it might be easy to pay these taxes out of the froth of our apparent wealth; but that when the reaction of an unsound system of government finance should set in, the enormous taxation which that system had created would not only consume our incomes and profits, but trench upon our capital. What was then prediction is now experience. Retrenchment in public expenditure; reform in public administration; simplification and reduction of tariffs and taxes; accountability of public officers, enforced by better civil and criminal remedies,— the people must have these measures of present relief, measures of security for the future.

The federal government is drifting into greater dangers and greater evils. It is rushing onward in a career of centralism, absorbing all governmental powers and assuming to manage all the affairs of human society. It undertakes to direct the business of individuals by tariffs not intended for legitimate taxation, by granting special privileges, and by fostering monopolies at the expense of the people. It has acquired control of all banks. It has threatened to seize on all the telegraphs. It is claiming jurisdiction of all railroad corporations chartered by the States, and amenable to the just authority of the States. It is going on to usurp control of all our schools and colleges. Stretching its dragnet over the whole country, and forcing editors and publishers away from their distant homes into the courts of the District of Columbia, it is subjecting the free press of the whole United States, for criticism of the administration, to trial by creatures

of the administration, acting under the eye of the administration. It has dared to enforce this tyranny against a freeman of the metropolis of our State.

These tendencies must be stopped, or before we know it the whole character of our government will be changed; the simple and free institutions of our fathers will not only have become the worst government that has ever ruled over a civilized people, but it will also be the most ignorant. A distinguished Republican statesman — I mean Senator Conkling — lately told me that more than five thousand bills were before Congress at its last session. In a little time, as we are now going on, there will be twenty thousand. Nobody can know what is in them.

We have a country eighteen times as large as France, with a population of forty-three millions, doubling every thirty years, and full of activities and interests. A centralized government, meddling with everything and attempting to manage everything, could not know the wants or wishes of the people of the localities; it would be felt only in its blunders and its wrongs. It would be the most irresponsible, and therefore not only the most oppressive, but also the most corrupt, with which any people have been cursed.

To-day the advances which we have made toward this system are maturing their fatal fruits. The federal administration is tainted with abuses, with jobbery, and with corruption. In the dominion which it maintains over the reconstructed southern States, organized pillage, on a scale tenfold greater than that of the Tweed ring, is the scandal and shame of the country.

Civil liberty is endangered. It is now certain that President Grant nourishes the bad ambition of a third term. If the sacred tradition established by Washington, Jefferson,

Madison, and Jackson can be broken, the President may be re-elected indefinitely; and wielding from the centre the immense patronage which will grow out of such vast usurpation of authorities by the federal government, he will grasp the means of corrupt influence by which to carry the elections. There will be no organized thing in the country of sufficient power to compete with him or to resist him. The forms of free government may remain, but the spirit and substance will be changed; an elective personal despotism will have been established; Roman history, in the person of Augustus Cæsar, will be repeated.

Thoughtful men are turning their minds to the means of escape from these overshadowing evils. The Republican party cannot save the country. Ideas of governmental meddling and centralism dominate it; class interests hold it firmly to evil courses. Throngs of office-holders, contractors, and jobbers, who have grown up in fourteen years of administration, in four years of war, and during an era of paper money, are too strong in the machinery of the party for the honest and well-intending masses of the Republicans. The Republican party could contribute largely to maintain the Union during the Civil War; it cannot reconstruct civil liberty and free institutions after the peace.

A change of men is necessary to secure a change of measures. The Opposition is being matured and educated to take the administration. The Democracy, with the traditions of its best days, will form the nucleus of the opposition. It embraces vastly the larger body of men of sound ideas and sound practices in political life. It must remove every taint which has touched it in evil times. It must become a compact and homogeneous mass. It must gather to its alliance all who think the same things concerning the interests of our

Republic. It is becoming an adequate and effective instrument to reform administration and to save the country. It reformed itself in order that it might reform the country.

And now in your name and in the name of five hundred thousand voters we represent, we declare that in this great work we will tread no step backward. Come weal or come woe, we will not lower our flag. We will go forward until a political revolution shall be worked out, and the principles of Jefferson and Jackson shall rule in the administration of the federal government.

Let us never despair of our country. Actual evils can be mitigated; bad tendencies can be turned aside; the burdens of government can be diminished; productive industry will be renewed; and frugality will repair the waste of our resources. Then shall the golden days of the Republic once more return, and the people become prosperous and happy.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, American Universalist clergyman and lecturer, was born at Union Village, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1814, and died at New York city, Dec. 26, 1880. Educated at a seminary in Bennington, Vt., he studied law for a time, but relinquished it for theology, and was ordained in the Universalist ministry in 1837. For the next two years he was pastor of a church at Richmond, Va., and from 1840 to 1846 of a church in Charlestown, Mass. After two years further as pastor of a Boston church, he was called to the Fourth Universalist Church in New York city. In 1866, his congregation built the Church of the Divine Paternity on Fifth Avenue, of which he was incumbent at the time of his death. He was popular as a preacher and a favorite on the lecture platform. In 1850, he delivered a fine address before the Peace Convention at Frankfort-on-the-Main, to which he had been sent as a delegate. Among the opponents of slavery he was long conspicuous, and during the Civil War he made many patriotic addresses which were instrumental in moulding and directing public sentiment. For many years Dr. Chapin was the foremost man in his denomination, though his sympathies were not confined to those within the Universalist fold. His writings include "Duties of Young Men" (1840); "Hours of Communion" (1844); "Duties of Young Women" (1849); "Discourses on the Lord's Prayer" (1850); "Moral Aspects of City Life" (1853); "Characters in the Gospels" (1852); "Discourses on the Beatitudes" (1853); "True Manliness" (1854); "Humanity in the City" (1854); "Select Sermons Preached in the Broadway Church" (1859); "The Crown of Thorns, a Token for the Suffering," his best-known book (1860); "Living Words" (1861); "Lessons of Faith" (1871); "Discourses on the Book of Proverbs" (1881); "Church of the Living God, and Other Sermons" (1881), and "God's Requirements" (1881). In 1872, Dr. Chapin was editor for a time of the "Christian Leader."

EULOGY OF HORACE GREELEY

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES, DECEMBER 4, 1872

AS I stand here to discharge no mere professional function, to do that which I feel is no more imperative for me as a pastor than a personal friend, I still must beg leave to limit myself quite closely to the offices of the hour. I cannot attempt here and now to unfold the life or estimate the worth of Horace Greeley. Such an attempt would, on one

hand, be premature, and on the other hand, be unnecessary. Premature, because the traits and lessons of a great life can best be summed up and fixed in history in calmer moments, when the first vibrations of grief and excitement have ceased. This work ought to be done, and, I trust, will be done, in the utterances of public memorial service, which will deserve and receive a much wider hearing than I can claim. On the other hand, this work of appreciation is unnecessary; it has already been done. There have been but few instances in our history when the salient points of a man's character have been so instinctively apprehended; but very few instances when the expressions of regret and regard have been so spontaneous, so widespread and so similar.

The record of Mr. Greeley's life, like his person, was known everywhere. These eulogies that pour in so thick and fast from every quarter of the land are not made up with artificial rhetoric. They are genuine. Those tears, as freely shed to-day by country fireside, and in distant States as under the shadowing drapery of these walls, are not conventional tears. They are no official symbols of mourning that hang around us; they represent the people's thought, and are twined about the people's heart. A career of honest purpose and beneficent tendencies vindicates itself under all transient misconception. Where to-day are our party badges and political distinctions? They coil to ashes! Where in the reverent sadness of this hour are differences of creed? They melt away in the broad light of Christian recognition that testifies to a true man's life and arches over a good man's grave. All this, then, I say, indicates an instructive appreciation of character that could not be made more distinct by any labored analysis.

And, now, my friends, as one lesson adapted to this place

and this hour, I ask you before the face of the dead to consider for a moment or two what it was to which this affectionate remembrance attaches, and which draws this spontaneous regard. It was not mere intellectual ability, large and undeniable as it was in the present instance. It was not official station. Mr. Greeley held no official station. The will of the people, expressed through its Electoral College, to-day decreed that he should hold no such station. To-day the will of God elects him to a place from which all human honors look small and dim. No, my friends, the attraction in this instance is the magnetism of simple goodness. I need not say that Mr. Greeley's heart was as large as his brain — that love for humanity was an inwrought element of his nature. This was so complete, so broad in him, that it touched all sides of humanity, so to speak. It was manifest in a kindness and regard that keep their silent record in many private hearts; in a hand ever open and ready to help; in one of the kindest faces ever worn by man, the expression of which was

"A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

The hundreds of poor, toil-worn men who yesterday passed through the crowd to take a last look at that worn countenance were moved by no idle curiosity. They went there, not merely to gaze at the face of a great journalist and a famous politician; they were drawn by the conviction that he was the poor man's friend, the sympathetic champion of workingmen, who had struggled through their experiences and never forgotten their claims. Mr. Greeley's public action was directed by the same impulse. It was the motive power of his entire efforts, his almost unprecedented work for so many years and in so many ways. It enlisted him in the

service of every humane cause. Not only did it inspire his life-long war with oppression, and evil, and meanness of every sort — it made him exceptionally generous and tolerant. Some may think that he erred on the side of mercy against justice. Perhaps so; but if we must err at all, that is a good side to err on. A sweet disposition may hold even an error in harmless solution, while there is a precision that is as sour as it is sound. But let it be remembered that often mercy is the synonym of justice. Another danger attendant upon such a spirit is credulity — too much readiness to believe the most and to believe the best. But this human nature of ours, which, discipline it as we may, will still be fallible, is full as likely to be wise at this extreme as at the other. Truth is better than fiction. Nevertheless, if the disparaging estimate of humanity is the true one, then fiction is better than fact. The doctrine of a trust in man, however qualified by painful experiences, is necessary as the inspiration to all noble effort, and for any content of mind, for the working machinery of life, and for every fibre of the social organism. Do you tell us that there is no substance in human virtue? — that all honesty is marketable, and all love a selfish mask? — that in this world there are no loyal friendships, no unpurchased benefits, no faithful hearts, no incorruptible souls? Is all that sentimental illusion? Then, I say, let us be cheated by that illusion, always shutting out minor truths, and deceiving us even to the grave.

Whatever may have been the mistakes of him who lies dead before us, there was no mistake in the main current of that principle which inspired his labors and characterized his life. And here, I repeat, is a lesson for us all. In trying to do the work of life, one may be discouraged by instances of conspicuous greatness,— at least greatness that

expresses intellectual power and achieves splendid success. It may seem to us that because we cannot do great things, we can do nothing that is of worth, and that it matters little what we do. But goodness is richer than greatness. It lifts us nearer to God than any intellectual elevation, and, moreover, it is accessible for the humblest life. I do not say that all duty, that all religion is expressed in love for man — though we have ample warrant for belief that all the law is fulfilled in this one word, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The love of God, however, is the spring of, and kindles and nourishes love to man. But how is the love of God to be manifested? It is to be manifested according to our abilities, within our sphere, whether broad or narrow, and every day I bless God that the great necessary work of the world is so faithfully carried on by humble men in narrow spaces and by faithful women in narrow circles, true to the impulse of the divine love within them, performing works of simple goodness. And so we are encouraged, not discouraged, when the greatness which the world confesses is the greatness of goodness, because that, unlike intellectual power, is a communicable power for the goodness of the community. Therefore, from the cup of our sorrow here to-day we may drink inspiration for our best endeavors, while we are thankful for the achievement that in this instance was so large and so effective.

To men of different power different kinds of work are assigned. Some are discoverers of truth; some are vehicles of inspiration; some are inventors of instruments; some are builders of states. But truly has it been said that the philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real "fellow workmen of the Most High." Other agents explore God's works and illustrate this truth.

But this is of little value save as it diffuses his blessedness and confesses his help. Therefore, they who by earnest effort against evil, by indignant rebuke of wrong, by steadfast advocacy of truth, justice and freedom, work beneficently for man, most truly work for God and work with God. How faithfully, how effectively he, for whom we hold these solemnities to-day, wrought his work to those ends it is superfluous for me to show. He enlisted in that war from which there is no discharge. He contended against what he believed to be wrong — inspired not less by the goodness of his heart than by the strength of his mind. He struck for what he believed to be right until mind and heart gave way, and, marked by scars and honors, he lies dead upon the field.

Permit me still further to say — as unfolding, also, in this hour, its practical lesson for ourselves — that Mr. Greeley's work in life was eminently practical work; his goodness was no mere sentiment; for him it was an organic force. There are those, also, who regarded him as what they call a "visionary man." For my part, I am thankful for all such visions as rest upon such solid ground of usefulness and precipitate such concrete results. No man, it seems to me, was less given to mere idle speculation by speech or pen, or used more telling words to tangible effects. How wide, how manifold was the circle of interests which he touched! How close to men's homes and bosoms the convictions which he wrought! How many, many minds has he instructed with practical wisdom! How many lives had he stimulated to wholesome energy! How many young men gratefully acknowledge him as their teacher and guide! What various interests of arts and labor, of education and temperance, of domestic purity, and of freedom miss him, mourn for him to-day. Wielding with so much power the mightiest engine

of the times — placed in the editorial chair, which in our day, whether for good or evil, exercises an influence greater than any official seat or throne on earth — it is no light thing to say that, however strenuously, and some may think severely, he used it as the instrument of his own thoughts and purposes — he never debased it as a stimulant of impurity, or made it a vehicle of a single social wrong.

His work was wide and various — how wide and how various this spectacle here to-day bears witness. The associations represented here are of all opinions, all differences of pursuit. They are composed of men who disagreed with Mr. Greeley upon many points, yet who truthfully claim fellowship with him upon some one point, and spontaneously honor his memory. All these testify how closely his life was incorporated with the practical interests of men. At least they testify that while Horace Greeley had many antagonists, he had few, if any, enemies. May I not, without violating any of the proprieties of this occasion, express my satisfaction that while all political issues, as it were, lie sealed within those inclosing lids in demonstration of the truth that peace has victories more renowned than war, the highest representative of the nation joins with this national testimony in honor of the thinker, the worker, the patriot, and the man.

Let me refer to one more lesson of the hour, and I will relieve your patience. It is the lesson of Horace Greeley's life, it is the lesson of his death; would that in life and death it might be the lesson illustrated by us all — the lesson of the power, sufficiency of the Christian faith! Far be it from me to take advantage of this occasion, which has assembled men of different creeds and different forms of worship, to urge the point of Mr. Greeley's sympathy with those inter-

pretations of Christianity which usually find expression here. Only suffer me to say, however, that he found at least, whatever errors may be mixed with his view — he found in it strength to live and strength to die by. But it is a grander fact than this that upon the essential truth of Christianity, the truth which all believers trust in, Horace Greeley leaned his weary head and weary heart and died. Now, my friends, not because it is my office, not because it is a professional duty that I should speak so, do I say that the more I see, the longer I live, the more I believe in every fibre of my heart that in Christian faith alone is true peace and quiet in our life and in our death. The mere intellect may find satisfaction in speculation concerning God, or whether there be any God at all, or in scientific excursions through the universe. In the seeming remote prospects of our own dissolution we may raise curious queries about a future life; whether this still old form which lies before us is itself the compact substance, the finality of our being, or whether from this motionless frame there has not vanished something that thought, and knew, and spoke, and lived, and evidently is not here.

In the assumptions of our modern wisdom, knowing so many things, and as we think impartially, we may criticise the claims of the ancient Bible, and of the historical Christ; but when the forces of nature press upon the life-springs of our own being, and we want to know something of the power that bears us up and carries us along — when the lamp of our conscious being flickers in the advancing darkness of the grave, and the question rises straight before us — "Is this the end of all, or is there something more?" Oh! when our evil habits accuse us, and our false lives rebuke us, and we feel our moral weakness, and know we cannot

erect ourselves, then, indeed, does it come to us as a joy and as a victory — the truth that was uttered by Horace Greeley —"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Job was a great sufferer. Affliction after affliction came upon him with whirlwind blast and lightning stroke. He mourned and wept, and looked through a tumultuous struggle that came upon him; he ended with the peace of the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; but still, through and beyond all, he recognized this truth, that there was to him a Helper, a Vindicator, a Redeemer, and that was his strength and his victory. Our friend and brother had his hour of desolation and darkness. Affliction after affliction fell upon him, and he longed for rest. No doubt he breathed the spirit of the simple verse:

—— "Life is the torrid day
Burned by the wind and sun;
And death the calm, cool, evening hour
When the weary day is done."

But he looked through and beyond this. Those were the transient shadows, and I thank God from my heart and from my soul, not only for myself, but for all, that, when all earthly good was crumbling like scaffolding, this dying man was so strong and triumphant as to utter from his soul this simple sentence that is written over me.

My friends, that was the victory of Horace Greeley's life, as well as the lesson of his death. It is the consolation of the hour. I dare not trust myself to speak to those smitten hearts. I dare not trust words to convey even one atom of human sympathy, for they would fail me before those who have thus repeatedly been smitten. There, there is your consolation! "I know that my Redeemer liveth." And now, as we take the body of our friend and brother, and bear

it to its final rest, from these walls that have known him so often, but shall know him no more — now, as we bend over him with these tears that will not be restrained, God grant that this may be our consolation.

"Farewell, dear friend! farewell, honored associate! farewell, noble champion!" each may say, speaking for some great interest and affection of his life. Farewell! We know that our Redeemer liveth! and God grant that we may know it in that final hour, when, like him, there is nothing for us but to turn to God.